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HENLEY EDITION

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

Volume 3

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST
MERCHANT OF VENICE
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
ROMEO AND JULIET

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LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The earliest edition of *Love's Labor's Lost* appeared in 1598, with the following title-page:—"A Pleasant conceited Comedie called Loues Labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented *by W. Shakespere.* Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Cuthbert Burby.*" (Reproduced in photo-lithography by W. Griggs with forewords by Dr. Furnivall, Shakespeare-Quarto Fascimiles, No. 5.)

The Folio Edition of 1623—probably reprinted from the Quarto—gives on the whole a somewhat better text of the play, though in two or three instances the earlier Quarto is helpful in restoring correct readings; both editions are marked by carelessness; some of the errors are of singular interest as throwing light on Shakespeare's workmanship. The title-page of the Quarto indicates that the play as published in 1598 represents a revised version of an earlier production. Various attempts have been made to separate the earlier and later portions; the text of the Quarto and Folio gives us a valuable clue; Act IV, iii, 299–304, and Act V, ii, 827–832, are obviously parts of the first sketch of the play printed by mistake; had the proofs of Quarto 1 been carefully read these lines would most certainly have been deleted; the former passage represents the rough draft of the great speech in which they occur; the latter gave place to Rosaline's speech "Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron" (V, ii, 851–864). Probably a great part of the last Act has been rewritten, especially the close of the play from the entrance

of Mercade. Mr. Spedding as far back as 1839 pointed out that the inequality in the length of the Acts gives us a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations: in Act I Biron's remonstrance, and in Act IV nearly the whole of the close and a few lines at the opening of the Act, may probably be classed with the passages already noted as belonging to Shakespeare's maturer work.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

All the recognized tests place *Love's Labor's Lost* among the earliest of Shakespeare's regular plays; it may certainly be regarded as among the first of his comedies. External evidence bearing on the date is somewhat scanty; in addition to a mention of the play in *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, we have some lines by Robert Tofte in a poem entitled *Alba; or, the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, published the same year, wherein our play is referred to in words suggesting that it was not then a recent production:—"Love's Labour Lost I *once* did see." Similarly in a letter by Sir Walter Cope to Lord Cranborne (1604) similar mention is made of this as "an old play":—"Burbage is come and says there is no new play that the queen hath not seen, but they have revised an old one, called *Love's Labour Lost*, which for wit and mirth, he says, will please her exceedingly." [1]

All this, however, adds little to the information given on the title-page of the first Quarto.

Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Robert Southwell, contends that certain lines, written about 1594, apply to the eyes of Christ the idea contained in Biron's speech in the fifth Act:—

> "O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
> The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell. . . ."

[1] Tofte and others call the play *Love's Labour Lost;* it is doubtful whether the correct title is *Love's Labours Lost,* or *Love's Labour's Lost;* the apostrophe is found in the headline of Quarto 1.

There is a valuable piece of confirmatory evidence for the early date of this play and its companion play *Love's Labor Won*" (whatever this may have been) in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I, sc. i, 29–33.

> "To be in love, what scorn is bought with groans . . .
> If happy won, perhaps a hapless gain,
> If lost why then a grievous labor's won."

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

The metrical tests place *Love's Labor's Lost* first of the plays of the first (or rhyming) period; its lyrical character is perhaps its most noteworthy feature: it contains in its present state twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, and there can be little doubt that in its original form the proportion was even greater. In addition to three Sonnets and a Song [1] there is doggerel in abundance, as well as alternate rhymes and six-line stanzas; but throughout the play the thought, quite as much as the metrical form, reminds us that Shakespeare has not yet divorced his poetical from his dramatic genius. "The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron," Mr. Pater justly observes, "have something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression."

Among other marks of its early date are the following: —Its symmetrical arrangement of the characters; its introduction of the standing characters of the older plays ("the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy"); its quibbling, repartee, and word-play; its sketchy characterization (Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice; Armado and Jaquenetta anticipate Touchstone and Audrey); the obvious influence of the Courtly dramas of John Lily. Finally, no other

[1] Jaggard put two of the Sonnets and the Song into *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; the Song was also printed with Shakespeare's name attached in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

play gives us such glimpses into Shakespeare's youth; none has such delightful reminiscences of his child-life at Stratford: in more senses than one *Love's Labor's Lost* is "a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!"

THE PLOT

Love's Labor's Lost has the slightest of all Shakespeare's plots; it may be described as a drama of dialogue and satire; intrigue plays practically no part in it. It would seem, indeed, that Shakespeare's first comedy owed its main interest to topical allusions, no doubt readily understood by his audience. This topical character of the play explains its popularity in Elizabethan days, and its neglect in modern times. Mr. S. Lee (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880) has called attention to its quasi-historical framework, and its many references to contemporary events and personages:—(1) The leading element of the play refers to English volunteers, who, under Essex, had just joined Henry of Navarre in France. Note the name of the hero of the play; his associates are named after Navarre's generals; of these Biron was the best known and the most popular in England, and Shakespeare seems to have given us a life-like portraiture; (in later years Chapman made him the hero of two of his plays;) (2) the meeting of the King of Navarre and the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the King and Catherine de Medici in 1586 to settle disputes between Navarre and the reigning king, her son, "decrepit in mind and body"; (3) the references to Russian diplomacy; (4) the question of academies;[1] (5) "the ludicrous side of contemporary country life, with its inefficient constable, its pompous schoolmaster, and its ignorant curate"; (6) contemporary affectations of speech and dress.

It is customary to class all the extravagances of speech characteristic of the Elizabethan age as Euphuism; Shake-

[1] From this point of view and in other respects the play should be compared with its Victorian counterpart, Tennyson's *Princess*.

speare, however, carefully differentiates the pedantry of the New Learning, as exemplified by Holofernes; the fantastic extravagance of the Newer Learning, as exemplified by Armado; and the refined charm, the fascination, as well as the dangers, of the poetic diction of the age, as exemplified by Biron,—Shakespeare's own mouthpiece when he forswears his

> "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical."

Shakespeare may well be identified with his favorite character, and Biron's plea may well be taken as the poet's own:—

> "Yet have I a trick
> Of the old rage;—bear with me, I am sick;
> I'll leave it by degrees."

It is noteworthy that even "the fanatical phantasm" Armado was drawn from the life; he was a well-known character of the time, and Thomas Churchyard commemorated his death in a poem entitled "The Phantasticall Monarchoes Epitaph."

Certain critics have discovered in Holofernes a caricature of Florio, but there is no reason for supposing that Shakespeare wished to hold up to ridicule a distinguished scholar, to whose work he was indebted. The name Holofernes was possibly derived from Rabelais; Tubal Holophernes taught Gargantua his A B C: in his general characteristics he resembles Rombus, the Schoolmaster, in Sydney's *The Lady of the May.*

The close of the play suggests that Shakespeare had been reading Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules.* Perhaps even the song at the end may justly remind one of the fact that in Chaucer's poem also the birds sing their song as they disperse, though Shakespeare's song, as far as its form is concerned, is a medieval "debate." "The debate and strife between summer and winter" was imprinted by Laurence Andrews. "The pageant of the Nine Worthies" was a

frequent subject of exhibition by the "base mechanicals" of country towns. "Divers play Alexander in the villages," observes Williams in his *Discourse of Warre*, 1590, "but few or none in the field."

DURATION OF ACTION

The action of the play lasts probably two days. Acts I and II cover the first day, Acts III and IV the second (*cp.* P. A. Daniel's "Time Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays," *New Shakespeare Society*, 1877–9).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Love's Labor's Lost was first published in a quarto pamphlet of thirty-eight leaves in 1598, the title-page reading as follows: "A pleasant-conceited Comedy called Love's Labor's Lost: As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas: Newly corrected and augmented: By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby: 1598." There was no other known edition of the play till the folio of 1623, where it is the seventh in the division of Comedies. From the repetition of certain errors of the press, it is quite probable that the second copy was reprinted from the first; while, on the other hand, there are certain differences that look as if another authority had in some points been consulted: the editors of the folio probably taking the quarto as their standard, and occasionally having recourse to a play-house manuscript. In the quarto neither scenes nor acts are distinguished; in the folio only the latter; and even here, as may easily be seen, the division into acts is very unequal and inartificial: yet no modern edition has ventured upon any change in this respect.

In the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, under the date of January, 1605, occurs the following entry: "Between New-years Day and Twelfth Day, a play of *Love's Labor's Lost.*" As success on the public stage was generally at that time the main reason of a play's being selected for performance at court, we may infer that this play continued popular after many better ones had been written. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Books, January 22, 1607, the right of it being passed over from Burby

to Ling, probably because the latter contemplated a new edition. The design, however, if any such there were, seems to have been given up, as no impression of that date has come down to us.

Love's Labor's Lost is mentioned in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in 1598. The same year one Robert Tofte put forth a poem entitled "Alba, the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover," wherein the play is thus referred to:

> "Love's Labor Lost! I once did see a play
> Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
> Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
> Giving attendance on my froward dame:
> My misgiving mind presaging to me ill,
> Yet was I drawn to see it 'gainst my will.
>
> This play no play, but plague, was unto me,
> For there I lost the love I liked most;
> And what to others seemde a jest to be,
> I that in earnest found unto my cost.
> To every one, save me, 'twas comicall,
> While tragic-like to me it did befall.
>
> Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
> But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
> Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
> They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care;
> 'Twas I that grief indeed did beare in brest;
> The others did but make a shew in jest."

These are all the contemporary notices of the play that have reached us. That this play was among the earliest scarce admits of question, from the character of the thing itself. Though it be apparently designed as a satire upon book-men in general, yet it displays in almost every part, and a good deal more than any other of the Poet's dramas, just such a preponderance of book-knowledge as were to be looked for in one fresh from school. Moreover, after the first writing a considerable time must naturally have passed before it was "newly corrected and augmented," as stated in the title-page of the quarto. There

may be some question as to what year "it was presented before her Highness;" but as the year was then reckoned from the twenty-fifth of March, it seems quite likely that "this last Christmas" refers to the Christmas of 1598. Though we need not suppose so many as ten years to have elapsed between the writing and the revising, yet there is nothing that apparently makes against such a supposal. And Tofte's expression, "I once did see a play," may well enough infer that it was some years since he saw it.

The fact of the play's having been "corrected and augmented," of course invalidates whatsoever of evidence on this score might else be drawn from allusions to contemporary matters. The "dancing horse," spoken of in Act I, sc. ii, is plainly an allusion of this sort. Bankes and his wonderful horse made their debut in London in 1589. But all that can be thence inferred is, that the passage in question was written after that date; and Bankes and his horse were so much and so long distinguished, that the reference may well enough have been made eight or nine years after their first appearance, when the play was revised. The many allusions to the same matter in other writers of the time show that it was a more remarkable performance than to pass out of thought with the day that brought it forth; though much of this celebrity was doubtless owing to the alleged fate of Bankes and his horse when they fell under the papal discipline. The "finished representation of colloquial excellence," as Dr. Johnson calls it, at the opening of Act V, has been thought to have been borrowed from a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which came out in 1590. But the resemblance is not so close but that it may very well have been a mere coincidence. The passage is Sir Phillip's fine description of Parthenia: "That which made her fairness much the fairer was that it was but the fair embassador of a most fair mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itself than to show itself: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullenness; her modesty without affectation; her shamefastness without ignorance: in sum, one that to

praise well, one must first set down with himself what it is to be excellent." Even granting the imitation in this case, still there is no reason but that the similar passage may have first appeared in the augmented copy of the play. We lay no stress on the circumstance that the *Arcadia* was considerably read in manuscript before it was printed, and so may have come to the Poet's knowledge before the original writing of *Love's Labor's Lost;* for we suppose this play to have been one of the exhibitions that brought the Author into Sir Philip's acquaintance, and recommended him to Southampton's patronage. As for the notion of certain critics, that Holofernes was meant for satire upon John Florio, whose *Second Fruits* appeared in 1591, containing some reflections on the indecorum of the English stage, we cannot discover the slightest ground for it. Shakespeare, no doubt, had ample occasion to laugh at the pedantry of pedagogues long before he knew any thing of Florio.

Internal evidence in such questions is necessarily a matter of individual judgment and opinion; so that no great weight can be given it, save where we have a concurrence of several experienced and judicious minds. Here, however, the best critics all agree in fixing the date in accordance with whatsoever of evidence is thus producible from without. Coleridge in 1819 set it down as a "juvenile drama," and as "Shakespeare's earliest dramatic attempt,—perhaps even prior in conception to the *Venus and Adonis*, and planned before he left Stratford;" and his judgment herein is the more considerable, forasmuch as he once thought otherwise. He remarks, that "the characters of this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a schoolboy's observation might supply;" and that "the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the meter and the number of acute and fancifully-illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth." Making due allowance for certain passages which show a more experienced

hand, and were probably written in at the revisal, we apprehend that few will dissent from the judgment here given, so far as it bears upon the date of the original composition; though, as to the characters, we confess that the higher ones seem "impersonated" rather at second hand and from books, than either out of the Poet's "observation" or out of his "own multiformity."

For the plot and matter of this play no foreign sources have been identified; and the amount of research spent for that purpose in vain leaves little room to doubt that the whole was the offspring of the Poet's invention. Which only favors the conclusion, that Shakespeare, in common with the greatest dramatists before him, though probably without knowing it, in proportion as he came to understand his art and to be formed and furnished for its service, cared less for mere novelty, and took more to such subjects as were already fixed in the popular belief and familiar to the minds of his audience. It should be observed, however, that in the original copies Armado and Holofernes are often designated by their characters, not by their names, the former being called The Braggart, the latter The Pedant; which Mr. Collier regards as indicating that at the time of writing this play the Author had some acquaintance with the nature of the Italian comic performances, where such characters were quite common; and he points out a strong resemblance between these personages and two that figure in *Gl' Ingannati*, the braggart under the name of Giglio, and the other under that of M. Piero Pedante. Besides the scarce-perceptible footprints in this quarter, the Poet's reading may be more clearly traced among the Spanish romances of chivalry; and indeed, as a clever writer hath remarked, "the story has most of the features which would be derived from an acqaintance with the ancient romances." An apt instance of this is furnished in the King's description of "this child of fancy, that Armado hight," in the first act. And Coleridge speaks of the extravagant whim of the leading characters as being "not altogether improbable to those who

are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theater of a domain or principality."

We have already remarked upon the higher characters of this play as appearing to have been drawn rather from books than from life. They have little of the close compacting of living power, which so marks the Poet's delineations generally, and which naturally results in distinctive features and characteristic traits. We can scarce distinguish and remember them as individuals: they run together, as it were, in our thoughts, as being rather personified whimsicalities and affectations than affected and whimsical persons; are not fully cut out and rounded into severalty; but appear somehow too much like the same thing under several variations: in short, they affect us more as ingeniously-wrought figures and images of men and women, than as real men and women themselves; though we must confess that something of a determinate and specific individuality is given to Biron and Rosaline, so that we take up a more distinct impression and carry away a much clearer remembrance of them. Thus they differ from Shakespeare's other representations very much as a portrait taken from the life differs from a mere copy; which a practised eye will readily distinguish, without being told the facts. So that the play thus far almost reverses the Poet's general rule; the characters existing rather for the sake of the plot, than the plot for the sake of the characters; these being indeed mainly used as a sort of ground for the projecting and carrying on of a dramatic device. Thus the thing, at least in this part, is not so much a play as a show. Hence, perhaps, the comparatively little interest that readers generally take in it: for a mere story or show is interesting only while it is new; whereas a work of

art, a real expression of character and life, grows in interest as we grow more acquainted with it.

The other set of characters, however, especially Costard, Armado, and Moth, are of a very different stamp. Here the Poet was evidently feeding of the fruit that grows from observation, not "of the dainties that are bred in a book:" here he is plainly at work in a vein where his eye and hand are at home; molding his forms out of the materials amidst which his life has been passed and his thinking shaped. For whatsoever prototypes of Armado may be found in Italian comedies, there is no denying that Shakespeare constructed that "mighty potentate of nonsense" in the strength of a knowledge far more living and operative than could have been gained by mere reading. In this case only a Spanish name was given to an old English substance: Coleridge informs us that even in his time the character was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales. As for Holofernes the schoolmaster, and Sir Nathaniel the curate, those prodigious epicures of learned vocables, who "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," Shakespeare's age was just the time for such characters to be generated, and trained on into ludicrous perfection. The traits uppermost in them were but the natural working down of what was then a leading aim with the highest and wittiest in society,—a continual effort to appear clever and spirited, to shine and entertain by talking out of the common way; so that "the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present." This straining after mental ornament, which so filled the palace and the cottage with every variety of small wit, was indeed a disease, and perhaps this play yields proof enough that Shakespeare viewed it as such: yet there is no telling how much it may have had to do with the discipline, which taught Hooker to write the richest, noblest, most varied and musical prose style that has yet been written in the English tongue. Nor

in our time, as perhaps in all times when learning is duly prized, is there wanting a class of men whose ordinary talk shows them to "have lived long on the alms-basket of words;" thus reversing the fine old maxim of Roger Ascham, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

Whatsoever, therefore, may have been the Poet's design, at all events the play, throughout, is a sham-fight of words; and perhaps it may be justly regarded as a piece of good-natured irony on the abuse of learning and a merry caricature of intellectual vanity and display. In this view the whole forms a capital take-off of the shallow, vain philosophy which puts men upon the study of words to the neglect of things, and prompts them to seek after wisdom by using other people's eyes instead of their own; —the same habit of mind which may be so often seen drawing out the smallest possible amount of matter into an infinite agitation of wit. It is not without significance, therefore, that the higher characters are represented all along as hunting and straining after puns, and quibbles, and clenches, and conceits, thus spending their superfluous mental activity in learned trifling and elaborate folly. Perhaps Biron is the only one of them that has wisdom enough to catch and save him when his wit breaks down. Meanwhile the lower characters, though seemingly the opposite of the former, in reality but present the more ludicrous and farcical side of the same thing; the readiness with which they rattle off quips and quirks, and twist language into fantastical shapes, being an apt commentary on the tendency of the study, to which their betters have vowed themselves, to degenerate into verbal tricks and bookish formalities.

As a work of art, perhaps the chief merit of the play lies in the unity and harmony of feeling that pervade it. The leading characters are all young, and there is an answering spirit of youth in every thing about them, as if surrounding objects had caught from them the trick of hilarity, and must needs keep time with the beating of their

hearts. It is by thus diffusing over all things the tone and temper of his persons, that the Poet often so completely transports us into their whereabout, and makes us see with their eyes. Here as elsewhere, however, the means whereby he does this are so cunningly hidden as to suggest that art with him was instinct. The two sets of persons, moreover, are wrought in together with great skill; while with the higher ones are interwoven several passages of superb poetry, as if on purpose to make up in some measure for the comparatively unvital and inorganic structure of the characters. One need not be very deeply skilled in Shakespeare, to be able to distinguish with great probability the main passages that appeared first in the augmented copy. At the head of these, of course, stands Biron's speech near the close of the fourth act, to "prove our loving lawful and our faith not torn;" which Coleridge thus describes: "It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakespeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character." Scarcely inferior to this, except as being shorter, are two speeches of Rosaline, one near the opening of Act II describing Biron, the other at the close of the play laying down the terms upon which he may gain her hand. Of the strange song at the end, made up as it is of the most homely and familiar words and images, Mr. Knight has remarked, what is indeed sufficiently obvious, how fitly it serves "to mark, by an emphatic close, the triumph of simplicity over false refinement."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

BIRON

It is well to be practical; but to be practical, and also to have a capacity for ideas is better. Berowne [Biron], the exponent of Shakspere's own thought, who entered into the youthful, idealistic project of his friends with a satisfactory assurance that the time would come when the entire dream-structure would tumble ridiculously about the ears of them all,—Berowne [Biron] is yet a larger nature than the Princess or Rosaline. His good sense is the good sense of a thinker and of a man of action. When he is most flouted and bemocked, we yet acknowledge him victorious and the master; and Rosaline will confess the fact by and by.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

Berowne [Biron] is keenly intellectual; no trickery is needed to lure him into love; he falls in love with Rosaline at first sight; when he discovers it, his thoughts are first centred in himself, and, in revolt against it, he even vilifies Rosaline beyond propriety,—beyond what he, in his heart, knows to be the truth. We discern no development of character in him. What he is when we first meet him, he is, when he goes that way, we this way,—ever plausible, brilliant, poetic. Although in his heart of hearts he knows that love gives to every power a double power, and that its voice makes heaven drowsy with the harmony, yet when we part from him we doubt much that his voice will echo in his soul throughout his year of penance. His fertile wit will devise many a mean to stifle it should his task to move wild laughter in the throat of death prove too irk-

some. His present love's labor will be lost, and Jack will never have his Jill.—Furness, *Love's Labour's Lost* in the *Variorum Shakespeare.*

YOUTHFUL PECULIARITIES

The peculiarities of Shakespeare's youthful pieces are perhaps most accumulated in this play. The reiterated mention of mythological and historical personages; the air of learning, the Italian and Latin expressions, which here, it must be admitted, serve a comic end; the older England versification, the numerous doggerel verses, and the rhymes more frequent than anywhere else and extending over almost the half of the play; all this places this work among the earlier efforts of the poet. Alliteration, a silent legacy from Anglo-Saxon literature, and much more in use in the popular and more refined poems of England than in any other language, is to be met with here still more than in the narrative poems, the sonnets, and the Two Gentlemen of Verona; it is expressly employed by the pedant Holofernes, who calls the art "to affect the letter." The style is frequently like that of the Shakespeare sonnets; indeed the 127th and 137th of Shakespeare's sonnets bear express similarities to those inserted here as well as to other passages of the play (Act IV, sc. iii). The tone of the Italian school prevails more than in any other play. The redundancy of wit is only to be compared with the similar redundancy of conceit in Shakespeare's narrative poems, and with the Italian style in general which he at first adopted.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

What he wrote in that play is of his earliest manner, having the all-pervading sweetness which he never lost, and that extreme condensation which makes the couplets fall into epigrams, as in the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece.* In the drama alone, as Shakspere soon found out, could the sublime poet and profound philosopher find the conditions of a compromise. In the *Love's Labor's*

Lost there are many faint sketches of some of his vigorous portraits in after life—as for example, in particular, of Benedict and Beatrice.—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

A PLAY OF CONTRASTS

We are dealing with a play of antitheta, a "Venus" and a "Lucrece," a "L'Allegro and an Il Penseroso," a plea for mirth and for seriousness, for action and for contemplation, a display of almost all topics set in almost all lights, of opinions, therefore, that are no more final than are the considerations of mere vocabulary and language. We are aware, however, that in his first essay this great genius condemns the falsehood of extremes, recognizes the essentials among the accidents, the follies of our existence, puts philosophy above dogma, and common sense in its due season above both; and plucks from the tree of knowledge the fruit which hangs so high that few may reach it—the fruit of perfect charity. Hereby at the very outset you may know Shakespeare—perhaps from all his contemporaries except Spenser, Hooker, and Bacon.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

A CARICATURE OF THE PERIOD

Armado's bombast may probably be accepted as a not too extravagant caricature of the bombast of the period. Certain it is that the schoolmaster Rombus, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Lady of the May*, addresses the Queen in a strain no whit less ridiculous than that of Holofernes. But what avails the justice of a parody if, in spite of the art and care lavished upon it, it remains as tedious as the mannerism it ridicules! And this is unfortunately the case in the present instance. Shakespeare had not yet attained the maturity and detachment of mind which could enable him to rise above the follies he attacks, and to sweep them aside with full authority. He buries himself in them, circumstantially demonstrates their absurdities, and is still too in-

experienced to realize how he thereby inflicts upon the spectator and the reader the full burden of their tediousness. It is very characteristic of Elizabeth's taste that, even in 1598, she could still take pleasure in the play. All this fencing with words appealed to her quick intelligence; while, with the unabashed sensuousness characteristic of the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, she found entertainment in the playwright's freedom of speech, even, no doubt, in the equivocal badinage between Boyet and Maria (IV, i).—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, *Love's Labor's Lost* is perhaps that which bears most appearance of being a definite satire on his contemporaries. Some traces of individual satire (Florio has been thought to be satirized as Holofernes) have been challenged, but not more than have seemed traceable in other plays; it is in the agreement in general color, and in detailed manners of the follies exhibited, with those which were rife under Elizabeth, that we trace "the form and pressure" of her time. In truth, there seems, to a reader at the present day, to be the essential weakness in the execution of the play, that it contains too much of the very faults it would expose; he becomes weary of the quaint verbalism, the strained affectation of phraseological acuteness, the slowness of the action, either retarded by distinctions and divisions of refinement entirely, or when it should become most lively and excited, losing itself in the crosspaths and byeways of indirect and sophisticated contrivance—the sacrifice of plainness and simplicity, not unfrequently involving loss of true sensitive consideration for the claims and feelings of others. The mirror, I suspect, reflects the age too truthfully,—at least a certain class of its faults; and the social exaggerations in language and demeanor, true as they are to general human nature, are still not at present so abundant in these forms, as to prepare us to relish a still more concentrated version on the stage. It seems supererogatory for the dramatist to set such whims and motives in action, and to

conduct them elaborately to their catastrophe, when we turn away from them at the first instance with disgust, and cannot have patience to sympathize with them so strongly as is requisite, if we would completely understand them. It was otherwise, no doubt, in the days of yore.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE PITH OF THE PLAY

Clearly, the pith of the play lies in the pleasant exposure of these affectations of Elizabethan culture. It is a "comedy of humors,"—Shakespeare's one experiment in the genre which a decade later Jonson made his own. Shakespeare, like Jonson after him, has his fling at the "vainglorious knight," "the profane jester," "the affected courtier"; but the animus of their satire is not altogether the same. Jonson assails these affectations with the downright scholar's scorn for shams; Shakespeare laughs at the "lost labor" of those who, in one or other of these ways, insist (in Biron's phrase) on "climbing over the house to unlock the little gate." But his laughter is not all in the same key. Holofernes and Armado are purely comic figures, commended to us by no single sympathetic touch, and sent off the stage sadder, but in no degree wiser than they entered it. Armado serves for the "quick creation" of Navarre and his bookmen. But Shakespeare has not a whit more respect for their own projected Academy of study, fasting and seclusion, and mercilessly derides it through the lips of Biron. But when they "of mere necessity" forswear their asceticism, and the "lost labors of love" actually begin, the satiric note becomes more equivocal. In the finest scene of the drama,—one of the finest comic scenes in all the early dramas,—where their perjury is discovered (IV, iii), the ridiculous situation of the perjured students contrasts strangely with the lyric beauty of the love-strains put into their mouths. The King's has a burlesque touch or two, but Dumain's is full of charm, and Longaville's is hardly distinguishable in tone

from the most ardent of Shakespeare's sonnets. If Shakespeare was here, as has been said, lashing the "Petrarcan sonneteers" of his time, it was with the mild stroke that became one who was himself to be so great a master in this form of love-labor. And as with the love-lyrics, so it is with the "taffeta phrases and silken terms" which Biron likewise renounces at Rosaline's feet. They were not for him, like Holofernes' Latinisms and Armado's fire-new terms, things wholly alien and apart; they were symbols of a phase of culture and refinement through which he was himself passing, of which he recognized the limits, but had not overcome the charm. We may surely recognize something of Shakespeare himself in the curious ambiguities in the fine character of Biron, who, after renouncing his silken terms precise, leaves his sickness by degrees, and has yet a trick of the old rage; and who is by turns a Romeo and a Mercutio in his view of love.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this. Yet we should be loth to part with Don Adriano de Armado, that mighty potentate of nonsense, or his page, that handful of wit; with Nathaniel the curate, or Holofernes the school-master, and their dispute after dinner on "the golden cadences of poesy"; with Costard the clown, or Dull the constable. Biron is too accomplished a character to be lost to the world, and yet he could not appear without his fellow courtiers and the king: and if we were to leave out the ladies, the gentlemen would have no mistresses. So that we believe we may let the whole play stand as it is, and we shall hardly venture to "set a mark of reprobation on it." Still we have some objections to the style, which we think savors more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespear's time than of his own genius; more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the Muse. It transports us quite as much to the manners of the court, and the quirks of courts of law, as to the scenes of nature

or the fairy-land of his own imagination. Shakespear has set himself to imitate the tone of polite conversation then prevailing among the fair, the witty, and the learned, and he has imitated it but too faithfully. It is as if the hand of Titian had been employed to give grace to the curls of a full-bottomed periwig, or Raphael had attempted to give expression to the tapestry figures in the House of Lords. Shakespear has put an excellent description of this fashionable jargon into the mouth of the critical Holofernes "as too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it"; and nothing can be more marked than the difference when he breaks loose from the trammels he had imposed on himself, "as light as bird from brake," and speaks in his own person.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

The inner and ideal center upon which this graceful piece turns—in the light, playful movement of its humor—is the significant contrast between the fresh reality of life which ever renews its youth, and the abstract, dry and dead, study of philosophy. This contrast, when, in absolute strictness, it completely separates the two sides that belong to one another, at once contains an untruth which equally affects both sides, deprives both of their claim of right, and leads them into folly and into contradiction with themselves. That philosophy which disregards all reality and seeks to bury itself within itself, either succeeds in entombing itself in the barren sand of a shallow, absurd and pedantic learning, or else—overcome by the fascinations of youthful life—it becomes untrue to itself, turns into its opposite, and is justly derided as mere affectation and empty pretense. One of these results is exhibited here in the case of the learned Curate Sir Nathaniel, and the Schoolmaster Holofernes, two starched representatives of the retailers of learned trifles, and in the pompous, bombastic Spanish Knight, a very Don

Quixote in high-flown phraseology; the other is exhibited in the fate of the King and his associates. Owing to their capricious endeavor to gain knowledge and to study philosophy by living an entirely secluded life, they at once fall into all the frivolities and follies of love; in spite of their oaths and vows of fraternity, nature and living reality assert themselves and win an easy victory. And yet the victory of false wisdom is in reality nothing more than a victory of folly over folly. For nature and reality, taken by themselves, are only changing pictures, transient phenomena to interpret which correctly is the task of the inquiring mind. When they are not rightly understood, when the ethical relations forming their substance are not recognized, then life itself degenerates into a mere semblance, all the activity and pleasure in life become mere play and frivolity; without the seriousness of this recognition, love is mere tinsel, while talent, intelligence and culture become mere vain wit and an empty play of thoughts. This recognition is not, however, attained by communities for philosophical study and discussions, but by serious self-examination, by the exercise of self-control and the curbing of one's own lusts and desires, by seclusion only in this sense, and for this end. This, therefore, is imposed upon the Prince and his companions by their ladies as a punishment for their arrogance. The fine and ever correct judgment of noble women is here as triumphant as their great talent for social wit and refined intrigue. The moral of the piece may be said to be contained in the speech of the Princess where she condemns the King to a twelvemonth's fast and strict seclusion, in the sense intimated above, and again in the words of Rosaline, in which she makes it a condition to the vain Biron—a man who boasts of the power of his mind and wit in social intercourse—that, to win her love he shall for a twelvemonth from day to day visit "the speechless sick" and "converse with groaning wretches," and, in order to exercise all the powers of his wit, demands of him "to force the pained impotent to smile." The end of the

comedy thus, to a certain extent, returns to where it began: both sides of the contrast out of which it arose prove themselves untenable in their one-sided exclusiveness; the highest delight and pleasure of existence, all wit and all talents are mere vanity without the earnestness and depth of the thoughtful mind which apprehends the essence of life; but study and philosophy, also, are pure folly when kept quite apart from real life. It is the same contrast as that between Spring and Winter (cuckoo and owl): if separate from one another they would lead either to excessive luxuriousness or to a deadly state of torpidity; but they are not separate and are not intended to be separate, their constant change in rising out of and passing over one into the other, in short, their mutual inter-action produces true life. —Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE POET'S METRICAL REPERTOIRE

Love's Labor's Lost has claims to be considered Shakespeare's earliest original play, and it is found to be the one in which his metrical repertoire is most varied. We may erect a metrical scale, at the bottom of which is prose; next in order comes blank verse; rhymed couplets are a degree more elevated; and at the top come measures more lyrical than the couplet, such as alternate rhyming, or even trochaic and anapæstic rhythms. The alternation of these metrical styles is well illustrated in the central scene of the play, when the perjured celibates discover one another. Biron is the first on the ground and his soliloquy is in prose. The scene can hardly be said to have commenced until the arrival of another of the band, to be followed at intervals by the rest, each to expose in fancied solitude the perjury which is to be overheard. From this point the scene may be said to be in the medium measure of rhymed couplets, broken by brief drops to prose or irregular verse where the different parts of the scene join on to one another, and rising to climaxes of the elaborate lyrics. Thus three of the lovers read amatory effusions in lyrics; the

comments on these are in couplets, and often a line of comment from one place of concealment is, to the ear of the audience, capped by a rhyme from another. When the lovers spring in succession from their concealment the battle still rages in couplets, until a great change is made in the spirit of the scene by Biron, who abandons his annoyance at being discovered for justification of his perjury on the ground that his Rosaline surpasses the mistresses of all the rest. This change is reflected in a change to alternate rhyming, and in this meter the climax of the scene continues. At last another break in the scene comes when the king proposes to take things as they are and boldly justify them, and he calls in Biron for reasons, such as may serve to cheat the devil. Biron responds and his immensely long speech is in blank verse, here heard for the last time in the scene. This continues to the end, except that a scene of such metrical varieties cannot be wound up with merely the ordinary couplet, but has for its coda a couple of couplets followed by a quatrain of alternate rhymes.—Moulton, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre*

BIRON,
DUMAIN,
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King*

BOYET,
MERCADE, } *lords attending on the Princess of France*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster*
DULL, *a constable*
COSTARD, *a clown*
MOTH, *page to Armado*
A Forester

The PRINCESS of France

ROSALINE,
MARIA,
KATHARINE, } *ladies attending on the Princess*

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Navarre*

There is no list of "Dramatis Personæ" in the Quartos and Folios: it should be remembered that "Biron" is spelled "Berowne," rhyming with "moon" in Act IV. iii. 233; "Moth" was probably pronounced "Mote"; "Mercade" is generally "Marcade"; "Armado" is sometimes given as "Armatho"; "Boyet" rhymes with "debt" in V. ii. 334; "Longaville" with "ill" in IV. iii. 126, and with "mile" in V. ii. 53.—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Ferdinand, king of Navarre, and Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, three of his lords, covenant together to spend three years in study and in that time to forego the society of women and to live monk-like lives. A proclamation is issued forbidding any woman to come within a mile of the court "on pain of losing her tongue." Costard, the king's clown, is ordered imprisoned for a week and to fast with bran and water because he was seen in the company of Jaquenetta, a country maid. His keeper is a Spanish gentleman, Armado by name, who is also a victim of Jaquenetta's charms.

ACT II

The daughter of the king of France comes to the court of Navarre on state business and she and her attending ladies are, because of Ferdinand's oath, lodged outside the gates of the city. The king and his three friends call on the princess and her ladies and each gentleman falls in love with one of the ladies.

ACT III

Armado releases Costard so that he may be employed in carrying a message to Jaquenetta. Biron also entrusts him with a note—this one addressed to the Lady Rosaline, one of the princess's ladies.

ACT IV

Costard confuses the missives, giving Armado's note to the Lady Rosaline and Biron's to Jaquenetta. The princess and her train get a great deal of enjoyment from the reading of Armado's letter. The country-maid, unable to read her message, carries it to the school-master. He, being conscientious and remembering the king's edict, directs Jaquenetta to take it to the king. Ferdinand and his other two gentlemen are each caught by another of his friends writing verses to the lady of his choice. Biron jeers at them for their weakness, but he is soon obliged to confess his own short-comings, for Jaquenetta brings his letter to the king. All having broken their vows, they now plan to win the ladies.

ACT V

The princess and her attendants receive letters and love-tokens from their lovers. The gentlemen visit them in disguise, but the ladies were warned in time to disguise themselves and the king and his friends each woo the wrong lady. Then the courtiers retire and unmask. On their return they are surprised and downcast over their blunders. A playlet is presented but the fun is interrupted by news of the death of the princess's father, the king of France. The gentlemen plainly ask the ladies to marry them, but they, unwilling to consent, impose a penance of a year's waiting on their lovers.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

The king of Navarre's park.

Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavor of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honor down
That violates the smallest breach therein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,

23. *"It"* evidently refers, not to *oaths,* but to the preceding clause: keep your *subscription,* or what you have sworn. So that the changing of *oaths* into *oath,* or of *it* into *them,* is quite unnecessary.—H. N. H.

And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Aye, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

62. *"feast"*; Quartos and Folios *"fast,"* corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!

82. *"Who dazzling so"*; "that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a *fairer* eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed*, his direction or *lodestar*, and give him light that was blinded by it."—Johnson.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

104. *"Any abortive,"* the reading of the Quartos and Folios; probably an error for "an," as corrected by Pope.—I. G.

106. *"shows";* Theobald substituted *"earth"* for the sake of the rhyme; Walker proposed *"mirth."* Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 104.—I. G.

108–109. *"So you to study . . . little gate";* this is one of the instances where the reading of the first Quarto is better than that of the Folio:—

"So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate."

Various emendations have been proposed; the only real difficulty is in the loose use of the word *"so."* Biron says that he likes of each thing that in season grows; "so" presupposes, however, some statement to this effect; "to wish for, or to do, a thing out of season is huge folly"; (*so* you, now that it is too late to study, climb o'er the house, &c.).—I. G.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'on pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;

129. *"Gentility,"* that is, *politeness, civility;* referring to the influence of woman in bringing or keeping man out of barbarism and brutality.—H. N. H.

For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Aye, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveler of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.

185. *"Tharborough";* the reading of the Quarto *"farborough"* probably gives us Dull's actual pronunciation of his office.—I. G.

There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The matter of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form; and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

196. *"heaven,"* so Quartos and Folios. Theobald proposed *"having";* whatever may be the exact force of the phrase, it seems most probable that *"heaven"* is the right word, and no emendation is necessary.—I. G.

205. *"taken with the manner"* (mainour), "with the thing stolen upon him," a legal phrase. There is thus a threefold quibble upon the word.—C. H. H.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention!

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. 'Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-colored melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I

did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a

253. Ancient gardens abounded with *knots* or figures, of which the lines intersected each other. In the old books of gardening are devices for them.—H. N. H.

man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Aye, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*
Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.
Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.
Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

5. "*Imp*" literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree, hence

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or child. Thus, in the Introduction to Book i. of *The Faerie Queene:*

> "And thou, most dreaded *impe* of highest Jove,
> Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
> At that good Knight so cunningly didst rove,
> That glorious fire it kindled in his hart."

And again, in the interview of Una and Prince Arthur, Book i. Can. 9, stan. 6:

> "'Well worthy *impe,*' said then the Lady gent,
> 'And pupil fitt for such a tutor's hand!'"

Of course everybody knows the word is now used only for a wicked or mischievous being,—a child of the devil.—H. N. H.

Arm. In thy condign praise.
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.
Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?
Moth. That an eel is quick.
Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.
Moth. I am answered, sir.
Arm. I love not to be crossed.
Moth. [*Aside*]. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.
Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.
Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.
Arm. Impossible.
Moth. How many is one thrice told?
Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.
Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.
Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.
Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.
Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

58. The *"dancing horse"* was a very celebrated wonder of the Poet's

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as

time. He was the pupil and property of a person named Bankes. Sir Kenelm Digby says,—"He would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master." Bankes showed his horse upon the continent, and in France had a narrow escape from the Capuchins, who suspected him of being in league with the devil. There was a report that he fell a victim to a similar suspicion at Rome. Ben Jonson, in his *Epigrams*, speaks of

> "Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
> Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which
> Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
> Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."—H. N. H.

822.33c

thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;

85. *"complexion,"* temperament. The four "complexions" were those in which one of the four "humors" was predominant, *i. e.* the "sanguine," "phlegmatic," "choleric," "melancholy" dispositions. The word had also its modern sense, on which Moth plays.—C. H. H.

97. *"A green wit":* a probable allusion, according to the Cambridge editors, to the "green withes" with which Samson was bound.—I. G.

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to

117. The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.—I. G.

take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offenses ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up,

139. A *"day-woman"* is a *dairy-woman.* Johnson says *day* is an old word for milk. A dairy-maid is still called a *dey* or *day* in the northern parts of Scotland.—H. N. H.

143. Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross-purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the common people of some counties) in the sense of *as it may happen.* He takes it in the sense of *just by.* —H. N. H.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier!

be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth

Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
[*Exit Boyet.*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:

45. *"Well fitted in arts";* the second Folio inserts "the," omitted in the earlier editions.—I. G.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow. Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard the truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales.

And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord? 80

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?

114–128. The speakers in Quarto 1 are "Berowne" and "Katharine." —I. G.

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,

129. Shakespeare may have got a hint for this passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, according to which Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships for the Duchy of Nemours and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns (*vide Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, Part I. Vol. i.).—I. G.

Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.
Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honor, without breach of honor, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbor in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says 'aye.'

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my color is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*

Biron. What 's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I a pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviors did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

223. A quibble is here intended upon the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of separate, distinct, signified also an enclosed pasture, as opposed to an open field or common. Thus, in Lord Bacon's Apothegms: "There was a lord that was leane of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him,—'Your lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they first wax lean, and you wax fat.' Sir Walter Raleigh stood by, and said,—'Why there is no beast, that if you take him from the *common*, and put him into the *several*, but he will wax fat."—H. N. H.

238. "*Impatient to speak and not see*," *i. e.* "not able to endure merely the faculty of speech without that of sight."—I. G.

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I 'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

239. Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, yet the sense appears to be, that his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance as they in their perception. —H. N. H.

246. In Shakespeare's time, notes, quotations, &c., were usually printed in the *margin* of books.—H. N. H.

Boyet. When then, do you see?
Ros. Aye, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT THIRD

Scene I

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

3. The songs formerly used on the stage were often popular ditties, and therefore were omitted in the writing of a play. Such is apparently the case here; *"Concolinel"* being the first word of Moth's "sweet air." The song is probably lost; at least, it has not been identified.—H. N. H.

9. *"Brawl,"* from the French *bransle,* is a kind of dance mentioned by several old writers, and thus described by Marston: "The *brawl!* why, 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honor." Ben Jonson gives it a most poetical dash in *The Vision of Delight:*

> "In curious knots and mazes so
> The Spring at first was taught to go;
> And Zephyr, when he came to woo

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away.

His Flora, had their motions too:
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian *brawls,* and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

And Gray thus alludes to Elizabeth's "dancing Chancellor," while describing the ancient seat of the Hattons:

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the *brawls;*
The seals and maces danc'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."
—H. N. H.

12. *"Canary"* was the name of a sprightly dance, sometimes accompanied by the castanets.—H. N. H.

21. "It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some part of the drapery, to avoid the labor of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety."—Steevens.

These are compliments, these are humors; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in

32. The *"Hobby-horse"* was a personage belonging to the ancient Morris dance, when complete. It was the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man, his own legs going through the body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but concealed by a long foot-cloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man should be at the side of the horse. The Puritans waged a furious war against the Morris dance; which caused the Hobby-horse to be often left out: hence the line or burden of the song, which passed into a proverb.—H. N. H.

35. Dr. Johnson says,—"A colt is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow." *"Hackney"* seems to have been a cant term for a prostitute, or a stale.—H. N. H.

love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l' envoy; begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain! 80

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

75. *"Costard,"* that is, a head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head: hence the "wonder" of the thing.—H. N. H.

76. *"L'envoy,"* an old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.—H. N. H.

78. A *"mail"* or *male* was a budget, wallet, or portmanteau. Costard, mistaking *enigma, riddle,* and *l'envoy* for names of slaves, objects to the application of any *salve* in the budget, and cries out for a *plantain* leaf. There is a quibble upon *salve* and *salvé,* a word with which it was not unusual to conclude epistles, and which therefore was a kind of *l'envoy.* Tyrwhitt aptly proposed to read, —"No salve in *them all,* sir": but as the meaning is the same either way, perhaps it is best not to admit the change.—H. N. H.

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; aye, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

108. That is, hath made a fool of him; or, as we should say, has come it over him.—H. N. H.

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta:

118. Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a *goose* make a *market*."—H. N. H.

there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honor is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that 's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What 's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I 'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go. [*Giving him a shilling.*
Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*
Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Aye, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

200. *"Colors";* it was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colors. It appears that a tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with colored ribands.—H. N. H.

202. Clocks, which were usually imported from Germany at this time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of mechanism, soon deranged, and frequently "out of frame." Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman,* Act iv. sc. 1, thus describes a fashionable lady: "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German clock.*"—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The same.

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, 11
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

1–4. These lines, as Spedding pointed out, were most probably introduced in the corrected copy. "It was thus that Shakespeare learnt to shade off his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage." —I. G.

For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

41. The Princess calls Costard *"a member of the commonwealth,"* because he is one of the attendants on the king and his associates in their new-modeled society.—H. N. H.

42. *"God dig-you-den,"* a corruption of God give you good even.—H. N. H.

56. *"Break up this capon,"* that is, open this letter. The Poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet;* which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. To *break up* was a phrase for to *carve.* —H. N. H.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar! —videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love?

I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

103. *"Monarcho";* the allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. Thus Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598: "Popular applause doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." He is called an Italian

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Aye, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

by Nashe, and Churchyard has written some lines which he calls his Epitaphe. By another writer it appears that he was a Bergamasco. —H. N. H.

112. An equivoque was here intended; it should appear that the words *shooter* and *suitor* were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvelous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

139. *"Wide of the bow-hand";* this is a term in archery still in use, signifying "a good deal to the left of the mark." Of the other expressions, the *clout* was the white mark at which the archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail in the center of it.—H. N. H.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan! 151
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*
[*Exit Costard, running.*

150. *"Armado o' th' one side";* the reading is due to Rowe; the first Quarto has *"Armatho ath toothen side,"* and the Folio *"Armathor ath to the side."* Possibly the whole passage from *"O my troth . . . nit"* should have been printed in the previous scene, after line 140, and some editors make the transposition.—I. G.

Scene II

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished,

11. In *The Return from Parnassus,* 1606, is the following account of the appellations of deer at their different ages: "Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck. Likewise, your hart is, the first year, a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is, the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."—H. N. H.

uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather,
unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humor the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.
The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

44. *"The allusion holds in the exchange," i. e.* "the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when I use the name of Cain."—I. G.

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

63. *"one sorel";* the first Quarto has *"o sorrell,* and the Folios *"O sorell";* Capell proposed *"O sore L,"* which is generally adopted. —I. G.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good luster of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as to read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveler doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are

103. *"Mantuan,"* Baptista Mantuanus (1448–1516), general of the Carmelite order, whose *Eclogues* were used in the English grammar schools, and hence familiar to Shakespeare. *Fauste, precor,* etc., is the opening of the first eclogue.—C. H. H.

105–106. The first Quarto and Folio give the following reading:—

"Vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche";

the reading adopted by the Cambridge editors is from Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591), whence Shakespeare probably took it.—I. G.

the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Aye, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [*reads*].

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Aye, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this

129. *"apostrophas";* this is taken by some editors to refer to the apostrophies in *vow'd* and *bow'd* (ll. 116, 118), and the words are accordingly printed *"vowed"* and *"bowed";* this interpretation seems unsatisfactory, but so far nothing better has been advanced. Does not Holofernes' criticism bear directly on the last line of the canzonet? Nathaniel should have read:—

"That singës heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

It was usual to mark *es* with two dots when sounded: Holofernes may mean by *"apostrophas," "diæreses."* The poem is printed with a few variant readings (*e. g. "to sing"*) in the *Passionate Pilgrim,* where also are found ll. 62–75 and ll. 101–120 of the next scene, also with some interesting points of difference.—I. G.

Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colorable colors. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvelous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you

too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the

other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!
[*Stands aside.*

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Aye me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O, queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I 'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Long. Aye me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. 50

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose: 60
Disfigure not his slop.

50. The ancient punishment of a perjured person was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.—H. N. H.

55. By *"triumviry"* and the *"shape of love's Tyburn,"* Shakespeare alludes to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally *triangular.* —H. N. H.

61. *"Slops"* were wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in Shakespeare's time.—*"Guards"* are facings, trimmings.—H. N. H.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me:
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

76. The *"liver"* was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "If ever *love* had interest in his *liver.*" —H. N. H.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumain with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted. 89

Biron. An amber-color'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Aye, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

83. *"More sacks to the mill";* Mr. Collier says this is a well-known game still played among boys. A passage in Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote* gives it another meaning more apt to the occasion: "Who were oppressed and overladen with heavy packs, and ought not to have laid more sacks to the mill." *"All hid,"* three lines above, of course is the child's play, *hide and seek.*—H. N. H.

84. A *"woodcock"* means a foolish fellow; that bird being supposed to have *no brains.*—H. N. H.

89. *"Quoted"* signifies *marked* or *noted.* The construction of this passage will therefore be: "Her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves."—H. N. H.

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprison!
Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [*reads*]
On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;

111. *"Wish,"* so the Quartos and first Folio; in the *Passionate Pilgrim "wish'd";* similarly in line 115 *"thorn"* is due to the version printed in *England's Helicon;* the other editions read *"throne."* Rowe first proposed the change.—I. G.

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*advancing*] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have seen closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion;
Aye me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

145. The second Folio omits *one*. Walker's suggestion *"One's"* makes the line rhythmic.—I. G.

You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To Dum.*
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You 'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

149. *"Faith infringed,"* the reading of the Quartos and the Folio; *"faith so infringed"* seems the most satisfactory emendation proposed.—I. G.

To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

169. *"a gnat,"* perhaps alluding to the fact that it sings, as it flies. Biron refers probably to the King's sonnets.—I. G.

King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

215. *"sirs."* The term could be used, in the unceremonious sense, in addressing inferiors of both sexes, and even women alone.—C. H. H.

Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair

251. *"wood"*; Quartos and Folios read *"word."*—I. G.

258. *"school of night"*; so the early editions; *"scowl," "stole," "soul," "scroll," "seal," "shade,"* have been proposed by various scholars; possibly, as the Cambridge editors suggest, *"school"* is an error for *shoote, i. e. suit.*—I. G.

262. This alludes to the fashion, prevalent among ladies in Shake-

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favor turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

speare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men.—H. N. H.

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Aye, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires

The sinewy vigor of the traveler.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practicers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valor, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

344. *"Hesperides,"* that is, the Garden of the Hesperides. Some of the commentators have made a very needless ado about the Poet's mistake, as they call it, in thus putting the name of the owners for the name of the thing owned. But the same thing was done by several writers of that time; and indeed similar forms of elliptical expression often occur in all sorts of writing and conversation. Gabriel Harvey, a man of unquestionable learning, uses Hesperides in the same way. Thus, also, in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:*

> "Show the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
> Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
> That watch'd the *garden call'd Hesperides.*"—H. N. H.

348. Heath thus explains this passage: "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." The sleep-persuading powers of music have been much celebrated by poets of all times, and are probably well known to all who have been children. Shirley in his *Love Tricks* carries the thing about far enough:

> "The tongue that's able to rock heaven asleep,
> And make the music of the spheres stand still,
> To listen to the happier airs it makes,
> And mend their tunes by it."—H. N. H.

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men:
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfills the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours

Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbos-

1. *"Satis quod sufficit,"* enough's as good as a feast.—H. N. H.

ity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor, vocatur nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath

33. In Quarto and Folio the line reads:—

"*Bome boon for boon priscian,* a little scratcht 'twil serve."—I. G.

44. "*Alms-basket,*" that is, the refuse of words. The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket,* and given to the poor, in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

47. *"honorificabilitudinitatibus."* This word, the longest word in mediæval Latin, was a proverbial example of elaborate word-formation in the Latin schools of the sixteenth century. It occurs in MS. at least as early as the twelfth century; in the *Catholicon* of Johannes of Janua (1286), in Dante's *De vulgari eloquio,* and in late Middle Latin dictionaries. It was an abstract of *honorificare,* and meant (in the nominative) the state of being loaded with honors. A verse was current in the Middle Ages: *"Fulget honorificabilitudinitatibus iste."*—C. H. H.

48. A *"flap-dragon"* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.—H. N. H.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine

Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offense gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

142. Capell proposed *"or"* for *"and"*; the passage is evidently corrupt.—I. G.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Aye, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favor too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favor were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Aye, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!

46. *Katharine's* face, it seems, was *pitted,* she having had the *small-pox:* hence the "pox of that jest"; the Princess turning off the talk, lest it get too personal.—H. N. H.

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her Grace?

67. *"perttaunt-like";* this word is the *crux* of the play: the early editions read *"perttaunt-like"* and *"pertaunt-like."* Theobald reads *"pedant-like,"* and other editors suggest *"portent-like," "pageant-like," "potently," "persaunt-like."* It is perhaps worth while suggesting that the phrase (*tant*) *pour tant* (*quasi* "tit for tat") perhaps underlies the word: it may well have been used in some game: Mr. Marshall quotes *pur Tant* from a poetical description of an old game, but no explanation has as yet been advanced.—I. G.

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defense;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbor thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'

With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do 't, come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know

117. That is, a *fit* of laughter. The spleen was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So the old Latin verse: *"Splen* ridere facit, cogit amare jecur."—H. N. H.

121. Hall, describing a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors at Westminster, in the first year of Henry VIII, says, there "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Which may serve to show that a mask of Muscovites was a court recreation, and at the same time convey an idea of the dress used on the present occasion.—H. N. H.

By favors several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favors too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favors most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames [*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—
Boyet. True; out indeed.
Moth. Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—
Biron [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

187. A grave, solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. As it was of so solemn a nature, it was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *"treading a measure."* Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it.—H. N. H.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There 's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so! Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favors; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

281. An act was passed in 1571, "for the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers, providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should, on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." The meaning of this passage probably is, "better wits may be found among plain citizens." So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608: "It is a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."—H. N. H.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

297. *"Ladies unmasked"* are like *angels vailing clouds,* or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness *sink* before them.—H. N. H.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou

332. *"To show his teeth as white as whale's bone";* this should certainly be printed *whalës bone,* the regular name for walrus tusk in old English.—I. G.

Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honor yet as pure
As the unsullied lily I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

338. *"Madman,"* obviously an error for *"man";* "mad" probably due to *"madam"* in the next line.—I. G.

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Aye, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they 'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swound! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la,—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

419. This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses *infected* with the plague. The *tokens* of the plague were the first spots of discolorations of the skin.—H. N. H.

427. That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The quibble lies in the ambiguity of the word *sue*, which signifies to *proceed to law*, and to *petition*.—H. N. H.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honor, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favors; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: 490
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

490. In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo,* under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject. Such a person, when this grant was asked, was said *to be begged for a fool.* One of the legal tests appears to have been, to try whether the party could answer a simple arithmetical question. —H. N. H.

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things laboring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again

546. *"Throw at novum";* a game at dice, properly called *novem quinque,* from the principal throws being *nine* and *five. Abate* obviously means, *leave out* or *except.*—H. N. H.

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee. 550

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And traveling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth, but I hope I was 560 perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

550. This alludes to the old heroic habits, which, on the knees and shoulders, had sometimes by way of ornament the resemblance of a *leopard's* or lion's head.—H. N. H.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on

568–569. According to Plutarch, Alexander's head had a twist towards the left; he states also that Alexander's skin had "a marvellous good savor."—I. G.

"Lion . . . close-stool"; this alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent." There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jackes,* by no means uncommon at the time.—H. N. H.

a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvelous good neighbor, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

593. *"Canis"; "canus"* in the old editions, required for the sake of the rhyme.—I. G.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Aye, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Aye, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

614. The *"cittern,"* a musical instrument like a guitar, had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board; hence these jests.—H. N. H.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Judas, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Aye, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.
Boyet. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick;

the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Aye, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for 't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;
I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome
for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn,
he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's
and that a' wears next his heart for a favor.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath.
I have seen the day wrong through the little
hole of discretion, and I will right myself
like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*
King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavors; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.

750–751. The meaning of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be that "the latest minute of the hour (*cp.* line 797) often fashions or molds all causes or questions to the purposes of his speed, that is, to his own intents"; "the extreme parts are the end parts, *'extremities'*—as, of our body, fingers; of chains, the final links; of given portions of time, the last of those units into which we choose to divide them." Observe *"forms"* for *"form"* by attraction of *"time."* In the next lines the metaphor is derived from archery.—I. G.

762. *"Double";* so Quartos and Folios; many modern editors adopt *"dull"* from the Collier MS.—I. G.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favors, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time;
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

773. *"strange"*; the Quartos and Folios read *"straying,"* probably merely a variant spelling of *"strange."*—I. G.

In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favor mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

828–832. The justice of Coleridge's remarks upon these lines is obvious enough: "There can be no doubt indeed about the propriety of expunging this speech of Rosaline's; it soils the very page that retains it. But I do not agree with Warburton and others in striking out the preceding line also. It is quite in Biron's character, and, Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question for him, and, after he and Longaville are answered, Biron, with evident propriety, says,—'*Studies* my lady?'" &c. Nevertheless, we would not venture to strike it out; though we have little doubt it was retained by mistake when the Poet rewrote the play; and perhaps the two speeches may be taken as an apt illustration of the difference between the original and the augmented copies.—H. N. H.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I 'll stay with patience: but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamors of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Aye, sweet my Lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

885. *"Jack hath not Jill," cp. Midsummer Night's Dream,* III. ii. 461:—

"Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill:
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."—I. G.

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;

906. Gerarde in his *Herbal,* 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine,* &c., are called "in English *cuckoo flowers,* in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks.*" In Lyte's *Herbal,* 1578, it is remarked, that *cowslips* are, in French, of some called *coquu* prime vere, and brayes de *coquu. Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip,* which it seems probable is the flower here meant.—H. N. H.

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way. [*Exeunt.*

935. The *crab-apple,* which used to be roasted and put hissing hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast, and spice, and sugar. How much this was relished in old times, may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy. Warner thus speaks of a shepherd:

"And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then, jogging home betime,
He *turns a crab,* or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme."—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A,' he; V. ii. 13.

Abate, deduct, leave out, except; *vide* Novum; V. ii. 547.

Academe, Academy; I. i. 13.

Address'd, prepared; II. i. 83.

Affection, affectation; V. i. 5.

Affect, adore; I. ii. 175.

Affect the letter, use alliteration; IV. ii. 56.

Affects, affections, inclinations; I. i. 152.

Ajax, probably used with a play upon *a jakes*, a well-known coarse joke of the time; V. ii. 581.

All hid, the children's cry in the game of "hide and seek"; IV. iii. 80.

Allow'd, privileged (as a fool); V. ii. 478.

An if, if (emphatic); I. i. 50.

Annothanize (so Folio 1 and Quartos; the other Folios "anatomize"), probably Armado's rendering of "anatomize"; IV. i. 69.

Antique, antic; V. i. 127.

Apple of her eye, "upon the a." ="in obedience to her glance"; V. ii. 475.

Art, science; "living art," *i. e.* "immortal science"; I. i. 14.

Ates, mischiefs, instigations; (Até the goddess of mischief that incited to bloodshed); V. ii. 694.

Bandied; *vide* Set.

Bargain, "to sell a bargain" seems to have consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself a fool; III. i. 108.

Base, mean, mere; I. i. 87.

Bate, blunt; I. i. 6.

Beg; "you cannot beg us," *i. e.* you cannot prove us to be idiots and apply to be our guardians; you cannot beg the wardship of our persons and property; V. ii. 490.

Ben venuto, welcome (Italian); IV. ii. 172.

Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; V. ii. 46.

Betime, betide, chance; IV. iii. 385.

Bias, preponderant tendency (originally a term in bowling); IV. ii. 119.

Bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; IV. iii. 27.

Blood, "in blood," used technically in the sense of "in full vigor"; IV. ii. 4.

Bold of, confident in; II. i. 28.

Bombast, padding (cotton used to stuff out garments); V. ii. 791.

Brawl, a kind of dance, "wherein many (men and women) holding by the hands some-

times in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move all together"; III. i. 9.

Breathed, endowed with breath, vigorous; V. ii. 659.

Button-hole; "let me take you a b. lower," *i. e.* "let me speak without ceremony"; V. ii. 706.

Butt-shaft, a kind of arrow used for shooting at *butts,* or targets; I. ii. 186.

Can, did; an old corruption of "gan" (*cp.* the version printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*), with which word it was frequently confused; IV. iii. 109.

Canary, to dance the canary, a fantastic savage dance, said to have been brought from the Canary Islands; III. i. 12.

Capon, used like *poulet* in French for a love-letter; "break up this capon," *i. e.* open this letter; IV. i. 56.

Career, encounter of knights at full gallop; V. ii. 482.

Carve, to show amorous courtesy; V. ii. 323.

Caudle, a warm drink of gruel with wine and spice added, often given to the sick; IV. iii. 177.

Cause, used in the technical sense of "cause of quarrel"; I. ii. 189.

Chapmen, sellers; II. i. 16.

Charge-house, a school-house, not found elsewhere; printed "charg-house" in Fol. 1. and Q. 1.; perhaps =="church-house" as pronounced by Armado: "charter-house," "large-house," etc., have been suggested; V. i. 91.

Chose, choice, well-chosen; V. i. 104.

Chuck, a term of endearment; V. i. 125.

Circum circa (Quartos and Folios "unum cita," emended by Theobald), round and round; V. i. 76.

Cittern-head, "the cittern had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board"; V. ii. 614.

Claws, scratches in a pleasing manner, humors, flatters; IV. ii. 66.

Clean timbered, well-made, faultlessly shaped; V. ii. 642.

Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim; IV. i. 140.

Cockled, enclosed in a shell; IV. iii. 341.

Codpiece, part of the male dress of the period; III. i. 196.

Cog, deceive; V. ii. 235.

Colorable colors, specious pretexts; IV. ii. 164.

Common sense, ordinary sight, or perception; I. i. 57, 64.

Competitors, associates; II. i. 82.

Complements, accomplishments, probably with the idea of "formal accomplishments," "external shows"; I. i. 169.

Complexion, temperament, disposition (used quibblingly); I. ii. 85.

Compliment, formality; IV. ii. 155.

Conceit's, thought's; II. i. 72.

Concolinel, probably the beginning or burden of a song; III. i. 3.

Consent, compact; V. ii. 460.

Contempts = contents; I. i. 191.

Converse of breath, conversation; V. ii. 745.

Convince, overcome; V. ii. 756.

Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 4.

Corner-cap, the beretta, or three-cornered cap of a Roman Catholic priest; IV. iii. 55.

Corporal of the field, an officer similar to our aide-de-camp; III. i. 199.

Couplement, couple (used by Armado); V. ii. 535.

Coursing, chasing; IV. iii. 1.

Courtesy, curtsy; I. ii. 68.

Crabs, crab-apples; V. ii. 935.

Crack, boast; IV. iii. 271.

Crest, badge; "beauty's crest becomes the heavens well" (*i. e.* the brightness which is the badge of beauty); IV. iii. 259.

Critic, carper; III. i. 188.

Critic, cynical; "critic Timon," the misanthrope *par excellence;* IV. iii. 173.

Crosses, used quibblingly in the sense of money; many old coins were marked with a cross on one side; I. ii. 37.

Cuckoo-buds, probably the buttercup, or the bud of the cowslip, the name is now given to the meadow cress; V. ii. 906.

Curious-knotted, elaborately laid out in knots, intricately-devised beds in which flowers were planted; I. i. 253.

Curst, shrewish; IV. i. 36.

Dancing-horse; an allusion to a famous performing horse often alluded to by contemporary writers as "Bankes' horse"; he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's in 1600; (*cp.* Chambers's *Book of Days*); I. ii. 58.

Day-woman, dairy-woman; I. ii. 139.

Dazzling, being dazzled; "who dazzling so," *i. e.* "that when he has his eye made weak" (by fixing it upon a fairer eye); I. i. 82.

Dear, used intensitively ("dear groans"); V. ii. 874.

Dearest, best; II. i. 1.

Debate, contest; I. i. 174.

Depart, to part; II. i. 147.

Dictynna (Dictisima, Dictissima, Dictima, in Folios and Quartos), one of the names of Diana; IV. ii. 39, 40.

Digression, transgression; I. ii. 123.

Disgrace, disfigurement; I. i. 3.

Disposed, inclined to be somewhat wantonly merry; II. i. 250.

Dominical, the red letter which in old almanacs denotes the Lord's day; "red d. my golden letter" referring to the fashionable color of Katharine's hair; V. ii. 44.

Doubt; "made a d."="expressed a fear"; V. ii. 101.

Dry-beaten, cudgeled; V. ii. 263.

Epitheton, epithet (used by Armado); I. ii. 15.

Extemporal, unpremeditated; I. ii. 189.

Fadge, turn out well; V. i. 154.

Fair, beauty; IV. i. 17.

Fairings, presents (originally the nicknacks bought at fairs); V. ii. 2.

Familiar, familiar spirit, demon; I. ii. 181.

Fasting, hungry; IV. iii. 125.
Favor, leave, pardon; III. i. 72.
Favor, a present, token of love; V. ii. 30; with a quibble on "favor"="face"; V. ii. 33.
Festinately, quickly; III. i. 6.
Fierce, ardent; V. ii. 863.
Filed, polished; V. i. 13.
Fire-new, brand-new; I. i. 179.
Fitted, equipped; II. i. 45.
Flap-dragon, a small substance set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming; V. i. 48.
Flask, a powder-flask; V. ii. 619.
Fleer'd, laughed; V. ii. 109.
Force, to care; V. ii. 440.
Form, bench, used quibblingly; I. i. 209.
Fortuna de la guerra (Spanish), fortune of war (used by Armado); V. ii. 533.
Frame, order; III. i. 203.

Gallows, used playfully for a mischievous knave (*cp.* wag = wag-halter); V. ii. 12.
Gelded, maimed; II. i. 149.
Gentility, good manners (Theobald conjectured "garrulity"); I. i. 129.
Get the Sun; in the days of archery it was an advantage to get the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy; IV. iii. 372.
Gig, a kind of top; IV. iii. 170.
Glozes, sophistries; IV. iii. 370.
God dig-you-den, *i. e.* "God give you good evening"; IV. i. 42.
Greasily, grossly; IV. i. 143.
Guards, trimmings, ornaments; IV. iii. 60.

Half-cheek, profile; V. ii. 620.
Hands; "of all hands"="in any case"; IV. iii. 222.
Hay, an old country-dance; V. i. 161.
Head, "a buck of the first head" ="a buck of the fifth year"; IV. ii. 12.
Heed, protection, lodestar; I. i. 82.
Hereby, used by Jaquenetta in the sense of "as it may happen"; Armado takes it to mean "close by"; I. ii. 143.
Hid, *vide* "All hid."
Hight, is called; I. i. 171.
Hind, boor, peasant (with a quibble on "hind," the beast; hence "rational hind"); I. ii. 126.
Hobby-horse, one of the principal characters in the old Morris-dance, but growing out of use after the Reformation; "The hobby-horse is forgot" was a well-known quotation from some popular ballad ("But O," or "For O," preceded); III. i. 32.
Home, a home thrust; V. i. 67.
Honorificabilitudinitatibus, a word often mentioned as the longest in the language; its source is not known; V. i. 47.
Horn-book, primer; V. i. 53.
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 177.

Imp, youngster; V. ii. 592.
Incision, blood-letting; IV. iii. 100.
Incony, nice, smart; III. i. 144.
Inkle, tape; III. i. 148.
Insanie (Folios and Quartos, infamie), insanity, madness; V. i. 28.
Intellect, signature; IV. ii. 145.
Inward, confidential; V. i. 108.
It, used with general reference to a plural substantive preceding; I. i. 23.

Jaques (dissyllabic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare); II. i. 42.

Joan, common designation for a peasant girl; III. i. 217.

Juvenal, juvenile, youth (used by Armado); I. ii. 8.

Keel, to cool by stirring, or perhaps to scum the pot in order to keep it from boiling over; V. ii. 930.

Kersey, a coarse woollen stuff; V. ii. 413.

Kingly-poor (not hyphened in Folios and Quartos); "K. flout"= (?) "poor mockery of a king," or "poor mockery given with the airs of royalty"; ("poor-liking," "poor kingly," have been suggested); V. ii. 269.

Lady-smocks, probably the flowers of the *Cardamine Pratensis*, so called from the resemblance of its flowers to little smocks hung out to dry; or perhaps the name is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock"; V. ii. 905.

Lances, lancers; V. ii. 650.

Last, continue, remain, "l. love," *i. e.* "continue to be love"; V. ii. 813.

L'envoy, often used at this period with the article or pronoun prefixed, hence "thy l'envoy"; III. i. 76.

Libbard's, leopard's; V. ii. 551.

Lie, lodge; I. i. 149.

Liver-vein, the style and manner of men in love; IV. iii. 76.

'Long of, owing to; II. i. 119.

Loose, loosing of the shaft; V. ii. 752.

"Lord have mercy on us," the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected with the plague; V. ii. 419.

Loves, affects; IV. iii. 361.

Magnificent, pompous; III. i. 190.

Mail, bag (the Quartos and Folio 1 read: "in the male"; Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation "in them all" has been adopted by many editors); III. i. 78.

Malmsey, a kind of sweet wine; V. ii. 233.

Manage, government, training (of horses); V. ii. 482.

Manager, one who wields arms; I. ii. 193.

Manner, a law term (=mainour); "taken with them," *i. e.* "taken with the thing stolen upon him"; I. i. 205.

Mantuan, Giovanni Battista Spagnoli, named Mantuanus, was the author of certain eclogues written in Latin which were read in schools; Holofernes quotes the first line of the first eclogue; IV. ii. 103.

Margent, margin (an allusion to the custom of writing notes in the margin of books); II. i. 246.

Market, "he ended the market," alluding to the proverb, "three women and a goose make a market"; III. i. 117.

Mean, tenor; V. ii. 328.

Measure, a stately dance; V. ii. 187.

Mere, absolute; I. i. 149.

Mess, a set of four; "at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours"; IV. iii. 210.

Mete at, to measure with the eye in aiming, to aim at; IV. i. 138.

Metheglin, a drink made of honey and water fermented; V. ii. 233.

Minstrelsy, the office of a minstrel; I. i. 177.

Misprison, misapprehension; IV. iii. 101.

Monarcho, the name of a fantastic Italian resident in London; often alluded to by contemporary writers; IV. i. 103.

Native, produced by nature; I. ii. 113.

New-fangled, delighting in novelty; I. i. 106.

Nice, coy; V. ii. 219.

Nit, applied to anything very small; IV. i. 150.

Novi hominem, etc. ("I know the man as well I do you"), a well-known sentence in the Latin phrase-books; V. i. 11.

Novum, a game at dice, "properly called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five"; "abate throw at n."="except in a throw at novum, the whole world could not furnish five such"; V. ii. 546.

O'erparted, overweighted in his part, or *rôle;* V. ii. 588.

Of, during; I. i. 43.

Opinion, self-conceit; V. i. 6.

O's, the marks left by the small-pox; V. ii. 45.

Parcel, company, party; V. ii. 160.

'Paritors, apparitors, *i. e.* inferior officers of the bishop's court whose duty it was to serve citations; III. i. 198.

Parle, parley; V. ii. 122.

Passado, thrust in fencing; I. ii. 189.

Passion, grieve; I. i. 268.

Passion's, sorrow's; V. ii. 118.

Patch, used with a quibble or "patch" in the sense of fool; IV. ii. 34.

Pathetical, seemingly used by Armado and Costard in the sense of "pleasing in a high degree," "touching"; I. ii. 103; IV. i. 154.

Pedant, pedagogue; III. i. 189.

Penance, misused by Dull; I. ii. 136.

Pencils, small brushes used by painters to lay on color; "ware pencils"="beware of pencils," *i. e.* "of drawing likenesses"; V. ii. 43.

Penthouse-like, hanging over like a penthouse, a porch with a sloping roof; III. i. 18.

Peremptory, unawed, bold; IV. iii. 229.

Perjure, perjurer; (perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offense); IV. iii. 50.

Perttaunt-like, *vide* Note.

Phantasime, a fantastic; IV. i. 103.

Pia mater, the membrane which covers the brain, used for the brain itself; IV. ii. 73.

Picked, over-refined; V. i. 15.

Pied, variegated; V. ii. 904.

Pin, the wooden pin that upheld the clout; IV. i. 142.

Pitched a toil, set a net; IV. iii. 2.

Plackets, stomachers, or petti-

coats, or some portion of female attire; III. i. 196.

Please-man, pickthank; V. ii. 463.

Point, suggest; II. i. 245.

Point, used with a quibble on the French negative particle; II. i. 190.

Point-devise, over-exact, precise; V. i. 22.

Pole, the long quarter-staff, in the use of which the northerners were skilful; V. ii. 700.

Pomewater, a kind of apple; IV. ii. 4.

Present, document to be presented; IV. iii. 192.

Pricket, a buck of the second year; IV. ii. 14.

Print, "in p.," *i. e.* "accurately"; III. i. 183.

Priscian, "P. a little scratched," alluding to the common phrase *diminuas Prisciani caput,* applied to such as speak false Latin; V. i. 33.

Prisons up (Folios and Quartos "poisons up"), confines; "up" used as an intensive particle; IV. iii. 308.

Proceeded, used with a play upon "proceed" as an academical sense, *i. e.* "to take a degree"; I. i. 95.

Pruning, adorning; IV. iii. 186.

Push-pin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately; IV. iii. 172.

Qualm, probably used with a play upon "calm"; V. ii. 279.

Quillets, casuistries; IV. iii. 291.

Quote, regard; V. ii. 796.

Raught, reached; IV. ii. 43.

Reasons, arguments; V. i. 2.

Remember, "r. thy courtesy," a common phrase of the time, bidding a person who had courteously taken off his hat to put it on again; V. i. 109.

Repasture, repast, food; IV. i. 97.

Resolve, answer; II. i. 110.

Respects, considerations; V. ii. 792.

Rhetoric; II. i. 229.

Russet, homespun (commonly of russet color); V. ii. 413.

Saint Denis, the patron saint of France; V. ii. 87.

Salve, ointment; III. i. 76; used perhaps with a quibble on Latin *salve,* a word of greeting, and sometimes also a parting salutation; III. i. 88.

Satis quod sufficit, "enough's as good as a feast"; V. i. 1.

Saw, maxim; V. ii. 932.

Self-sovereignty, "not a sovereignty *over* but *in* themselves"; or perhaps one should read "that self-sovereignty," *i. e.* "that self-same s."; IV. i. 36.

Set, *i. e.* a set at tennis; "to bandy" (*cp.* "well-bandied both") = to send the ball to and fro; V. ii. 29.

Several (used quibblingly) = an enclosed field, the private property of an individual, as opposed to a common, which was used by the public generally; II. i. 223.

Shapeless, unshapely, ugly; V. ii. 303.

Shrewd, mischievous; V. ii. 12.

Shrows, shrews; V. ii. 46.

Significant, symbol (used by Armado); III. i. 137.

Simplicity, silliness; V. ii. 78.

Sit out, not to take part (an expression derived from the card-table); I. i. 110.

Skipping, frivolous, flighty; V. ii. 771.

Slop (the Quartos and Folios "shop," corrected by Theobald), usually used only in the plural = large loose trousers; IV. iii. 59.

Small, the small of the leg; V. ii. 646.

Sneaping, snipping; I. i. 100.

Snuff, used equivocally for (1) the wick of a candle, and (2) a huff expressed by a snuffing of the nose, resentment; "to take in snuff" = "to take offence"; V. ii. 22.

Solémnized; II. i. 42.

Sore, a deer of the fourth year; IV. ii. 60.

Sorel, a deer of the third year; IV. ii. 62.

Sorted, associated; I. i. 265.

Spleen, sudden impulse; fit of laughter; V. ii. 117.

Squier, square, foot-rule; "to know my lady's foot" = "to know her humors exactly"; V. ii. 474.

Stand, used technically for hunter's station; IV. i. 10.

Staple, thread, pile; V. i. 20.

State, attitude; IV. iii. 188.

States, estates; V. ii. 425.

Statute-caps, woollen caps, which by Act of Parliament in 1571 were worn by the citizens of London on Sundays and holidays; V. ii. 281.

Stoop, (?) crooked, or perhaps used as a substantive; IV. iii. 91.

Sue, used equivocally for (1) to prosecute, and (2) to beg, entreat; V. ii. 427.

Suggested, tempted; V. ii. 780.

Suggestions, temptations; I. i. 159.

Suitor, spelled "shooter" in the Folios and Quartos, for the sake of the quibble; IV. i. 112.

Swound (spelled "sound" in old eds.), swoon; V. ii. 392.

Taffeta, a rich, smooth stuff of silk (perhaps used for the ladies' masks); V. ii. 159.

Talent, used quibblingly with a play upon "talon"; IV. ii. 66.

Teen, grief; IV. iii. 167.

Tharborough = thirdborough constable; I. i. 185.

Thin-belly; "t. doublet," opposed to "great-bellied doublet," the lean belly being characteristic of a man in love; III. i. 20.

Thrasonical, boastful (derived from the character of Thraso in Terence's Eunuchus); V. i. 15.

Three-piled, superfine; V. ii. 407.

Tired, attired, clothed in trappings; IV. ii. 138.

To, compared to; II. i. 63.

Toy, trifle; IV. iii. 201.

Trencher-knight, serving-man; V. ii. 464.

Treys, threes (as in dice and card-playing); V. ii. 232.

Triumviry, triumvirate; IV. iii. 55.

Troyan, Trojan (used often as a term of contempt); V. ii. 640.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iii. 215.

Tyburn, the usual place of exe-

cution in London; "the shape of Love's Tyburn," alluding to the triangular form of the gallows; IV. iii. 56.

Unconfirmed, ignorant; IV. ii. 21.

Unhappy, roguish; V. ii. 12.

Unpeeled (the reading of Q. 1; the Folios "unpeopled"), stripped, desolate; II. i. 88.

Usurping, counterfeit, false; IV. iii. 262.

Vailing, letting fall; V. ii. 297.

Veal; used by way of punning as the pronunciation of "well" among Dutchmen (*i. e.* Germans); according to others the word alluded to is "Viel," in the phrase "zu viel" (too much), but this seems doubtful; the joke occurs elsewhere, with a play upon "well"; V. ii. 247.

Venue, a single hit; a fencing term; V. i. 66.

Via, an Italian adverb of encouragement; used here probably for *di via, i. e.* "say on," "speak out!"; V. i. 165.

Volable (Folios, Q. 1, *voluble*), nimble-witted; III. i. 71.

Ward, guard; III. i. 139.

Ware, beware of; V. ii. 43.

Wax, grow (with a quibble on "sealing-wax"), alluding to previous line; V. ii. 10.

Week; "he were but in by the week," a cant phrase, probably derived from the hiring of servants,=if I had him at my command; if he were deep in love; V. ii. 61.

Weigh, used equivocally for (1) to be equivalent to in weight, and (2) to care for; V. ii. 26, 27.

Well advised, sane, in right mind; V. ii. 434.

Whale's bone, (*i. e.* whalës bone), the tooth of the walrus; V. ii. 332.

Where, whereas; II. i. 103.

Whitely (Quartos and early Folios "whitly"), misspelling of "wightly," *i. e.* "wimble"; (Rosaline was a brunette, and the strange epithet "whitely" seems inappropriate); III. i. 208.

Wimpled, blindfolded; III. i. 191.

Wink, to shut the eyes; I. i. 43.

Wit-old, used with a quibble on "wittol" (=a cuckold); V. i. 70.

Woodcocks, fools; the woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became the emblem of stupidity; IV. iii. 84.

Woolward, with the wool next to the skin; V. ii. 717.

Wort, a sweet unfermented beer; V. ii. 233.

Wreathed, folded; IV. iii. 138.

Ycliped, yclept (introduced for a play upon "clipt"); V. ii. 602.

Years, "in years"="into wrinkles"; V. ii. 465.

Zany, buffoon; V. ii. 463.

Zenelophon (so the Folios or Quartos; the name in the old ballad is "Penelophon," which is the form substituted here in many editions); IV. i. 68.

STUDY QUESTIONS

GENERAL

1. What are the leading elements of the play?

2. What does the close of the play suggest that Shakespeare had in mind?

3. What made the whim of the leading characters perfectly natural for the time in which the play is cast?

4. In what main element do the higher characters of this play differ from the Poet's other representations?

5. To what order of foreign performances and literature does this play bear certain resemblances?

6. What characters in the play bear the stamp of life-likeness pre-eminently?

7. Of what conditions of society does the play appear to be in great measure a caricature?

8. What is the chief merit of the play as a whole; as a work of art?

9. What especially distinguishes the character of Biron?

10. Comment on the peculiarities of style in this play.

11. Cite instances of the use of varied meters and the dramatic effect of their use.

12. What serious deductions may be made from the theme?

13. In what way is Biron, in the determining of his character and expression, coincident with the resolution of the essential and serious element of the theme?

14. In what other ways and through what other characters and passages are the serious truths of the theme noticeably carried?

ACT I

15. What is the covenant made by the three nobles and the king in the first scene?

16. What is the substance of Biron's remonstrance against the terms of the vow imposed upon them?

17. What proclamation is issued in accordance with the covenant?

18. What is the first punishment to go into effect following the covenant?

19. Who is Armado? How does he express himself?

20. What characterizes Armado's page?

21. Whom does Armado choose for a sweetheart?

22. Describe the impression of the entire act. What characterizes its expression throughout?

ACT II

23. What happens to embarrass the King with regard to his new oath?

24. How does he settle the difficulty?

25. What is the errand of the Princess of France?

26. How do the members of the Princess's train describe the three Lords Attendant of the King?

27. What characterizes the dialogue of Rosaline and Biron?

28. What results for the King and his three gentlemen follow their call of state upon the Princess?

29. How does Boyet explain the situation as he has viewed it?

30. In what spirit do the ladies receive Boyet's enlightenment in this matter?

ACT III

31. Why is Costard released by Armado?

32. What is meant by "a French brawl," spoken of by Moth?

33. What sort of character is Costard?

34. What does Biron get Costard to do for him?

35. What does Biron mean by his references to "colors like a tumbler's hoop,"—and to woman's being like a "German clock"?

36. What is the trend of Biron's final reflections on the matter of his having fallen in love with Rosaline?

ACT IV

37. What does Costard do with the commission entrusted to him?

38. What letter is brought to the ladies? What is its nature and style? Who wrote it? How do the ladies receive it?

39. How does Costard describe Armado?

40. Describe Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel. What especial dramatic purpose does Dull serve in his scene with them?

41. Who brings these two characters a letter in scene ii? What are their comments upon the style of it?

42. How do the three gentlemen and the King betray themselves to each other? Describe the scene.

43. What is next done with the letter taken to Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel? Whose confusion and confession does it cause?

44. What do the lovers resolve to do?

ACT V

45. How does Holofernes describe Don Armado?

46. What is the character of the passages between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel?—and between them and Armado and Moth?

47. How do Costard and Moth comment on their betters' discourse? What relation has their comment to the purpose of the theme?

48. What is Armado's errand to the schoolmaster and the curate?

49. How do the lovers begin their active courtship of the ladies?

50. In what guise do they visit them? How do the ladies receive them, and with what result?

51. What thread of the action does Boyet sustain?

52. Explain the reference to "statute-caps," in line 281, scene ii.

53. What is the final move of the King and the Lords towards gaining the favor of the Princess and her ladies?

54. Describe the interlude of the playlet.

55. How does the Princess comment on Armado?

56. What interrupts the amusement?

57. What finally happens when the lovers address themselves directly to the ladies' favor?

58. What are the penances imposed by the ladies upon their lovers, severally?

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,* 1600. This Quarto had been registered on July 22, 1598, with the *proviso* "that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as "the first Quarto." (ii.) *The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jew towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on October 28 of the same year "under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes." It seems therefore likely that "I. R." are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, which were evidently printed from different transcripts of

the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the whole a more accurate text; in a few instances it is inferior to Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in 1637, the only addition being a list of "The Actors' Names"; in one instance it improved on the previous editions ("in measure reine thy joy," III, ii, 112, instead of "rain"). A fourth Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, appeared in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the publication of this Quarto was connected with the proposed re-admission of the Jews into England, which was bitterly resented by a large portion of the nation; "the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to soften this general disposition."

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents that of the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of "the Scottish lord" into "the other lord," evidently in deference to the reigning king.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a "low comedy" version, *The Jew of Venice*, by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play, and held the stage from the date of its appearance in 1701; Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Drury Lane in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's monstrosity, and restored again to the stage

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK

In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbadge, "who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March 1618," there is a valuable reference to Burbadge's impersonation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;

What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

(For the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Kean, Irving, and Booth, *cp.* Furness' *Variorum Edition*, pp. 371–385.)[1]

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The Merchant of Venice is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; in the same year Roberts entered it on the books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. In Henslowe's Diary under the date August 25, 1594, mention is made of *"The Venesyon Comodey"* (*i.e.* *"The Venetian Comedy"*) as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice*, though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial revision of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily re-written to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on June 7, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King of Spain to poison the Queen (*cp.* *The Original of Shylock*, by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1880; the article on *Lopez* in the *Dictionary of National Biography; the Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez, The Historical Review*, July, 1894). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender Don Antonio.[2] A noteworthy imitation

[1] The most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by Lippencott, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness.

[2] Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicester. James Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of "the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players" must have had many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor was attending the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the traditional red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally accepted on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered throughout England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal re-admission was brought about by Cromwell.

of the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica occurs in the play *Wily Beguiled*, probably written in 1596–7; similarly in a Latin play, *Machiavellus*, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas, 1597, (preserved in the Bodleian Library), there is the incident of a Jew whetting his knife, which may well have been taken from Shakespeare.

Finally, Shakespeare's debt to Silvayn's *Orator* has an important bearing on the date of the play; the English translation appeared in 1596; it is just possible, but unlikely, that Shakespeare had read the work in the original French. The play may perhaps safely be dated "about 1596"; the evidence will allow of nothing more definite.

THE SOURCES

In 1579 Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer of plays, published his *School of Abuse*, containing a pleasant invective against "Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise, etc., etc."; the book is a vigorous attack on the acted drama; yet he confesses that some of their plays are without rebuke; "which are easily remembered as quickly reckoned"; he proceeds to enumerate four plays; one of these *The Jew*, shown at the Bull, seems to have been the groundwork of Shakespeare's play, "representing," as Gosson tells us, "the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers." It is clear from these words that the blending of the bond story and the three caskets was already an accomplished fact in English dramatic literature as early as 1579. There is probably a reference to this old play in a letter of Spenser to Gabriel Harvey of the same year, 1579, in which he signs himself "He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there"; and again perhaps the Jew Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (printed in 1584), who tries to recover a loan of "three thousand ducats for three

month" from an Italian merchant Mercatore may have been derived from the same source. "Gernutus" was possibly the name of Shylock's prototype; he is the hero of an old ballad dealing with the bond story. Its omission of all reference to Portia, makes it probable that this ballad preceded Shakespeare's play, though the extant text belongs to the end of the sixteenth or to the beginning of the seventeenth century.[1]

There are many analogues in European and Oriental literature to the two stories which constitute the main plot of *The Merchant of Venice.* As far as the pound of flesh and the lady-judge is concerned, the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino is alone of direct importance as an ultimate source of the play (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakspere's Library,* Part I, Vol. i). There can be no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to this novel.

The Gesta Romanorum—Richard Robinson's English version entitled, *Records of Ancyent Historyes* (1577)—contains the nearest approximation to the story of the three caskets as treated in this play.[2]

Shylock's argument in the trial scene (Act IV, i, 89–102) bears a striking resemblance to "Declamation 95" in Silvayn's *Orator* (referred to above) "of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian."

The elopement of Jessica has been traced by Dunlop to the *Fourteenth Tale of Massucio di Salerno,* who, enamored of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, carries her off much in the same way as in the play. It is not improb-

[1] *"A new song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed.* To the Tune of Black and Yellow" (*cp.* Percy's Reliques, etc.; the text will be found in most editions of the play). This ballad must be distinguished from Jordan's ballad of 1664 (*cp.* Furness' Variorum ed., p. 461), in which the author took strange liberties with Shakespeare's story.

[2] The various analogues of both stories are given in Furness' edition, pp. 287–331.

able that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and ducats, may have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta;* the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ("Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss"); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's "counter-argument ad Christianos," as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

DURATION OF ACTION

Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play; we know that the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III, i; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III, ii, cannot have been long; Portia bids him "pause a day or two. . . . I would detain you here some month or two." So many events have, however, happened during the first

two acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespere's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot follow him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last as long as three months:—

Day 1. Act I. Interval—say a week.
Day 2. Act II, i–vii. Interval one day.
Day 3. Act II, viii–ix. Interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.
Day 4. Act III, i. Interval—rather more than a fortnight.
Day 5. Act III, ii–iv.
Day 6. Act III, v—Act IV.
Days 7 and 8. Act V.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In 1598, under date of July 22, the following entry was made in the Stationers' Register by James Roberts: "A book of *The Merchant of Venice*, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice. Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts, or any other whatsoever, without licence first had from the right honorable the Lord Chamberlain." It was also included in the list given the same year by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. These are the earliest certain notices of the play that have come down to us; though there is some ground for thinking that it was on the stage four years earlier. In Henslow's *Diary*, under date August 25, 1594, occurs an item relating to the performance of a play called *The Venetian Comedy*, which Malone conjectured might be the same as *The Merchant of Venice*. In 1594 the company to which Shakespeare belonged was playing at the theater in Newington Butts; and, so far as can now be learned, Henslow's company was playing there at the same time: which lends some support to Malone's conjecture.

Touching the entry in the Stationers' books, it should be noted that the purpose of the proviso was, to prevent the printing of the play, till the company's permission were given through their patron. *The book of the Merchant of Venice* was again entered in the same Register, by Thomas Heyes, October 28, 1600, the Lord Chamberlain's license having probably been obtained by that time. The same year two editions were put forth, in quarto pamphlets, one of which had thirty-eight leaves, and a title-page reading as follows: "The most excellent History of the

Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London: Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Green Dragon. 1600." The other quarto was "printed by J. Roberts;"—the same J. R., most likely, who printed the edition for Heyes. But though both were by the same printer, and issued the same year, they were entirely distinct impressions. Of course Roberts was both printer and publisher; Heyes only the latter. Of these two editions it seems questionable which is to be preferred: both appear to have been equally authorized, and were probably from different manuscripts; at all events, neither was printed from the other. There was no other issue of the play, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the ninth in the list of Comedies. The repetition of various misprints shows the folio to have been printed from the edition of Heyes.—Two other contemporary notices of the play are found in the account of expenses for the year 1605, as kept by the Master of the Revels, and preserved at the Audit Office: "By his Majesty's Players. On Shrove-Sunday a play of the Merchant of Venice." And "on Shrove-Tuesday a play called the Merchant of Venice again, commanded by the King's Majesty." Which argues that the play gave good satisfaction at court. "Shaxberd" is set down as "the poet which made the play;" the name having been written by the same hand, no doubt, which gave us a like specimen of orthography in the case of Measure for Measure.

The Merchant of Venice, then, was certainly written before the Author's thirty-fifth year, perhaps before his thirty-first. If it were clear that the notice in Henslow's *Diary* referred to this play, that of course would settle the question in favor of the earlier date. But the best that can be said on that side is, that no other play has come

down to us which answers so well to the title there given;—a thing of little weight, considering how many dramas of that period are known to have been lost. And the play exhibits throughout such variety and maturity of power, as make strongly for the later date: the style is every where so equal and sustained; every thing is so perfectly in its place and fitted to its place; the word and the character are at all times so exactly suited to each other, and both to the paramount laws of dramatic proportion; and the work is so free from any jarring, or falling-out, or flying-off from the due course and order of art, as almost to compel the belief that the whole was written in the same stage of intellectual growth and furnishing. And the play evinces in a remarkable degree the easy, unlaboring freedom of conscious mastery; the persons being so entirely under his control and subdued to his hand, that he seems to let them talk and act just as they have a mind to.

Perhaps there is no one of his plays in which the Poet has drawn more largely from preceding writers: novelty of plot or story there is almost none; his mind being apparently so drawn off in creative exercise as to generate an utter carelessness of what is usually termed invention. If any one infer from this that the play is lacking in originality, we can only advise him to think again, and not to speak until he thinks differently. Some of the materials here used were so much the common stock of European literature before his time, and had been run into so many variations, that it is not easy to say what sources he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are found separately in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a very ancient and curious collection of tales. To set this matter clear, it must be noted that there were two collections bearing this title, the one in Latin, the other in English; and that the incidents in question occur in both, though with considerable variations. Of the Latin *Gesta* no printed copy of so early a date as the Poet's time has been discovered; but Mr. Tyrwhitt gives some extracts from a manuscript in the British Museum, which he thinks

may have been the remote originals of the play. The immediate originals were probably in the English *Gesta*. Of the story containing the choice of caskets a version was put forth by Robert Robinson as early as 1577, and has been lately reprinted in the *Shakespeare Library*. The Poet is clearly traced in this quarter, as will appear from the following abstract of so much as relates to the matter in hand, and especially from the inscriptions, which we give just as they stand in the old copy.

A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselme, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Ampluy. On her way to the prince's country the young lady was shipwrecked, none of the crew but herself escaping. In this condition an earl, named Parris, found her as he was walking by the sea-shore, and took her under his protection, and, having heard her story, made it known to the emperor. To ascertain whether she were worthy of his son, he set before her three vessels; the first of gold, filled with dead men's bones, and bearing the inscription,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth;" the second of silver, filled with earth, and inscribed,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth;" the third of lead, full of precious stones, and having the motto,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him." He then told her to choose one of the vessels, and that if she made the choice of that wherein was profit to herself and others, she should have his son; if not, she would lose him. After praying to God for assistance, she made choice of the leaden casket. He then told her she had chosen wisely, and immediately gave order for the marriage.

There is also a choice of caskets in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, though not much like that in the play; nor does any one pretend that Shakespeare made any use of it.

In the story of the bond as told in the *Gesta*, the parties are simply a knight and a merchant, and therefore act from no such prejudices as move Antonio and Shylock. The knight undertakes a love suit to the daughter of

Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome, and certain strange terms are agreed upon between them as the condition of her favor. As fast as he fulfills these terms, he is yet more strangely thwarted of his purpose, until, being thereby at length reduced to poverty, he applies to the merchant for a loan of money, to carry him through one more trial. The merchant agrees to furnish him "on condition that if thou keep not thy day of payment, it shall be lawful to me for to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword." Accepting these terms, and binding himself accordingly, the knight, thus furnished, wins the lady, and, in the sweetness of wedlock, forgets the bond till the day of payment is past. When his wife learns how the case stands, she directs him to pay the merchant whatever sum he may ask. Upon this business he departs; but the merchant, refusing the money, insists upon the covenant, and judgment is rendered in his favor. The rest of the story must be given in good old English, as printed by Mr. Douce from a manuscript written in the time of Henry VI.

"Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sent knights for to espy and enquire how the law was pursued against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all they trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge enquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is a law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he shall be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom,

be slain? it were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for without doubt I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desired him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and thou shalt trow me afore you, sir judge, and afore you all, with a right wisdom of that that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all, and asketh the law, and that liketh me much; and therefore, lordings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight bound him never by letter but that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood; thereof was nothing spoke; and therefore let him set hand on him anon; and, if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny; for afore all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst with a loud voice, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him; but look that thou shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, went away confounded. And so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

As this work is not known to have been in print till put forth by Mr. Douce, it appears not but that the Poet may have read it in manuscript. This, to be sure, is no proof that he did so, for many things in print then have been lost altogether: but perhaps it should make men cautious how

they limit his reading to such printed books of that time as have come down to us.

The same incident is again met with in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which was written as early as 1378, but not printed till 1550. The earliest known translation of this tale was made in 1755, which, together with the original, has been republished by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare Library*. No version of so early a date as the play having been heard of, we have no means of knowing whether the Poet read it in Italian or in English. In the novel the residence of the lady, who answers to Portia, is placed at Belmonte, an Italian seaport. Being mistress of the port and the country round, she offers herself and all that belongs to her in marriage upon certain conditions, which we cannot stay to repeat, and would not if we could. In the pursuit of this prize many gentlemen have been ruined, as all the wealth they brought with them was to be forfeited unless they fulfilled the conditions; which her wise ladyship still disabled them from doing by giving them sleeping potions. Her last suitor is a young Florentine named Giannetto, who, first for his father's sake, then for his own, is greatly beloved by Ansaldo, the richest merchant in Venice. Three times Ansaldo fits him out with fine ships and rich cargoes to trade in company with several friends at Alexandria, and as often the young gentleman, though a miracle of virtue and talents, contrives to steal away from his companions into the port of Belmonte. Twice he falls a victim to the lady's potions, and returns poor and ashamed to Venice, but keeps up his credit by inventing such causes of miscarriage as leave him unblamed. To complete his third outfit, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, and gave a bond that if payment were not made by a certain day, the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. This time, upon his arrival at Belmonte, one of the lady's maids whispers in his ear how to succeed. The intoxication of his new state drowns the memory of his benefactor till the very day of payment comes. Being

then by an accident reminded of it, and greatly troubled thereat, he makes known the cause of his distress, and forthwith sets out for Venice, with ten times the sum due. No sooner is he gone than his wife follows him in the disguise of a lawyer, and, arriving in Venice, gives herself out as a graduate of the law-school at Bologna. Lawyers being then rather scarce, she is called in to the trial, which under her conduct turns out much the same as in the play. In his fullness of gratitude Giannetto offers her the ten thousand ducats, and she refuses them, declaring she will accept nothing but his marriage ring, which he at last gives her. Afterwards she banters him upon the loss of it, and then discloses what she has done; and finally Giannetto rewards his benefactor with the hand of the servant-maid who whispered in his ear the way of success.

This outline is enough to certify the reader that Shakespeare had access to the novel in some form or other; though no one can well conceive the wealth of his adding without reading the original story. It should be remarked withal, that evident as are the Poet's obligations in this quarter, he varies from it in such a way as to show an acquaintance with the similar tale in the *Gesta Romanorum;* while his substituting the caskets for the unhandsome conditions, imposed by the heroine of the novel, illustrates how well he understood the moral laws of his art; that whatsoever offends against virtue and honor is so far forth offensive to nature and good taste.

The matter of the bond and its forfeiture is again found in *The Orator,* a book containing "a hundred several Discourses," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn by Anthony Munday, and published in 1598. A Christian merchant owed a Jew nine hundred crowns, which he bound himself to pay within three months, or to give him a pound of his flesh. The time being passed, the Jew refused the money, and stood upon the bond. The ordinary judge of the place appointed him to cut a pound of the merchant's flesh, and, if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sen-

tence to the chief judge; and the Discourse in question is made up of the Jew's argument and the Christian's answer. Shakespeare has no signs of obligation in that quarter; so that the matter as there handled is of no consequence in this connection, save as showing the commonness of the incident. Mr. Douce indeed says, "Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed" from *The Orator;* which breeds some doubt whether he had ever read the latter.

In Percy's *Reliques,* among the "ballads that illustrate Shakespeare," we have "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." Some question has been made whether the ballad or the play were written first; but we are satisfied, for reasons which need not be stated here, that the ballad was before the play; and the first stanza suggests the novel, of which we have given an outline, as the probable foundation of it:

> "In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie, as Italian writers tell."

Here again the Poet is clearly traced by certain resemblances of expression: in the play we have,—"Go with me to a notary, seal me there your single bond; and in a merry sport," etc.; and again,—"Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?" and in the ballad,—"But we will have a merry jest for to be talked long;" and again,—"The bloudie Jew now ready is with whetted blade in hand."—Some lines of the same story are traceable in various other quarters: in fact, it has been seen in so many places, that nobody can tell whence it came or whence it was seen first. Probably it was of eastern origin; one of the many things which, originally set on foot by Arabian fiction or some neighboring authority, have been happening from time to time ever since.

Thus far we have not seen the two incidents of the bond and the caskets united; yet it is by no means certain that

Shakespeare was the first to unite them. In 1579, one Stephen Gosson, having, as would seem, been certified of his own election in such sort and manner as left him full leisure to hunt up and whip the faults of others, put forth a tract entitled "*The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillers of the commonwealth.*" He was pleased, however, to except from the general censure "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers." No performance answering to this description has in modern times been discovered; but the expressions, "worldly choosers" and "bloody minds of usurers," look as if the two incidents in question had been combined before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. The praise which has been, perhaps justly, bestowed upon this feature of the play, naturally makes us curious to know how far it was original with Shakespeare; but there is little prospect that such curiosity will ever be gratified. Most likely, however, the knowledge of the whole truth would cause no great abatement in the Poet's fame.

Mr. Verplanck has raised an interesting inquiry as to what may have put Shakespeare upon such a choice of subject. The old form of a bond for the payment of money was an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless payment were made at the stipulated time. The common law held that on the forfeiture of the bond the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity stepped in, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought;" that is, the sum lent, with interest and costs, and the damages, if any there were, caused by non-performance of some other contract. Hence a struggle between what were called the old-school and new-school lawyers, which began in the time of Henry VIII, and continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was settled by statute in favor of the equitable doctrine. This legal controversy was at its height in Shakespeare's time; and as it entered largely into the concerns of busi-

ness, it became a matter of general popular interest. That there were many cases of hardship, in enforcing penalties, well known to the people of London, is quite probable; and something of the kind seems referred to in the ballad of Gernutus the Jew:

"Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day."

Mr. Verplanck thinks, and with great apparent reason, that this controversy may have suggested the subject of the play; not indeed that the Poet had any thought of writing a law-lecture or an argument on the point, but that he saw the advantage of using a traditionary plot involving a principle familiar to the minds of his audience, and pregnant with allusions of immediate interest.

The praise of *The Merchant of Venice* is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved, appears in that, from the reopening of the theaters at the Restoration till the present day, the play has kept possession of the stage, while at the same time it is among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten, its interest being as inexhaustible in the closet as upon the stage. Well do we remember it as the very beginning of our acquaintance with Shakespeare; one of the dearest acquaintances that we have ever made, and which has been to us a source of more pleasure and profit than we should dare undertake to tell. Whatsoever local or temporary question may have suggested the theme, the work strikes at once upon cords of universal and perpetual interest: if it fell in with any prejudices or purposes of the time, this was to draw men's thoughts the more surely, because secretly, into the course and service of truth; to open and hold their minds, without letting them know it, to grave, solemn lessons of wisdom and humanity; thus, like a wise master-builder, using the transient and popular for the building up of the permanent and beautiful. It is this power of causing that men be really elevated while thinking they are but pleased; of raising us above our

self-ends by seemingly ministering to them; that often renders poetry so much more effectual for moral instruction than lectures and sermons: these, by telling men they ought to be better, are apt to foster in them the conceit that they are so; whereas the other, even because it does not tell them this, is more apt to make them so: in a word, it instructs them all the better forasmuch as it does not stir up in them any notion or fancy that they have been instructed.

Critics, no doubt, have too often entertained themselves and others with speculations as to the Poet's specific moral purpose in this play or that. Wherein their great mistake is the not duly bearing in mind, that the special proposing of this or that moral lesson is quite from or beside the purpose of art. As already hinted, a work of art, to be really deserving the name, must needs be moral, because it must be proportionable and true to nature, thus falling in with the preëstablished harmonies between our inward being and the measures of external order and law: otherwise it is at strife with the compact of things; a piece of dissonance; a part all out of concert and tune with itself; a jarring, unbalanced, crazy thing, that will die with the screechings and gratings of its own noise. If, therefore, a work be morally bad, this proves the author more a bungler than any thing else; and if any one admire it or take pleasure in it, he does so, not from reason, but from passion, or from something within him which his reason, in so far as he hath any, necessarily disapproves: so that he is rather to be laughed at as a dunce, than preached to as a sinner.

Touching the moral design of *The Merchant of Venice*, critics have differed greatly, some regarding it as teaching the most large and liberal toleration, others as caressing the narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age. This difference among the critics is a strong argument of the Poet's impartiality; for where no one view is specially prominent, there is the more room for men to attribute such as they may severally prefer, and for each to show

his own mind in the work of interpretation. For our own part, we are satisfied that in this case, as in others, the choice and treatment of the subject were mainly for poetic and dramatic effect; but for such effect in the largest and noblest sense,—the sense intended by Ben Jonson in that great and most apt expression.—"He was not of an age, but for all time." And the highest praise that the nature of the work might allow is justly his, in that he did not let the prejudices of his age sway him either way from the just measures and proportions of art. On this point, therefore, we do greatly approve the remarks of Mr. Verplanck: "When the subject expanded itself in his mind, he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them;—the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hardened to inflicting insolence and injury;—the injured, the insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrongs into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and enlisted our sympathies wholly on his side, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality."

In point of characterization *The Merchant of Venice* is exceedingly rich, whether we consider the quantity or the quality; and the more we think and study the work, the more we cannot but wonder that so much of human nature in so great a variety of development should be crowded into so small a space. The persons naturally fall into three several groups, with each its several plot and action; yet the three are most skillfully complotted, each standing out clear and distinct in its place, yet concurring with the others in dramatic unity, so that every thing helps on every other thing, without either the slightest confusion or the slightest appearance of care to avoid it. Of these three groups it is hardly needful to add that Antonio, Shylock, and Portia are respectively the centers; while the part of

Lorenzo and Jessica, though strictly an episode, seems, nevertheless, to grow forth as an element of the original germ, a sort of inherent superfluity, and as such essential, not indeed to the being, but to the well-being of the work: in short, a fine romantic undertone accompaniment to the other parts, yet contemplated and provided for in the whole plan and structure of the piece; itself in harmony with all the rest, and therefore perfecting their harmony with one another.

It is observable that the first entry in the Stationers' Register speaks of the play as "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice;" as if it were then in question whether to name the piece from Antonio or Shylock. Individually considered, Shylock is altogether the character of the play, and exhibits perhaps more strength and skill of workmanship than all the others. So that, viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called *The Jew of Venice*. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the preëminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the center and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity; yet this strange, un-

Lorenzo and Jessica are in such a lyrical state of mind as naturally keeps their characters in the background. Both are indeed overflowing with beauty and sweetness of mind, but more as the result of nuptial inspiration than of inherent qualities; though the instrument had need be pretty well tuned and delicately strung, to give forth such tones, be it breathed upon never so finely. Jessica has been well described as a "child of nature, hurried along by the deep enthusiasm of Eastern love and passion." Her elopement in itself and its circumstances forces us to the alternative, that either she is a very bad child, or Shylock a very bad father; and there are enough other things to persuade us of the latter, though not in such sort but that some share of the reproach falls upon her. For if a woman have so bad a home as to justify her in thus deserting and robbing it, it can scarce be but that the qualities of its atmosphere will have wrought themselves somewhat into her temper and character; so that she will seem without spot or blemish only while in a condition to move our pity. Jessica's lover stands fair in our sight, negatively, because he does nothing unhandsome, positively, because he has such good men for his friends. It is a curious instance of the Poet's subtlety, that what they thus do for him should be in some measure done for her by such a person as Launcelot Gobbo. The better parts of Jessica and the Clown are reflected from each other: we think the better of her that she has kindled something of poetry in such a clod, and of him, that he is raised above himself by the presence of such an object. And her conduct is further justified to our feelings by the odd testimony he furnishes to her father's badness;—a testimony which, though of no great weight in itself, goes far to confirm all that is testified against him by others. We see that the Jew is much the same at home as in the Rialto; that let him be where he will, it is his nature to snarl and bite. Such, in one view of the matter, is the dramatic propriety of this queer being; his part, though often scouted as a hindrance by such critics as can see but one thing at a time, is neces-

sary to the completeness of the work; since without him we could not so well have sufficient knowledge either of Jessica or of her father. But though his main title to the place he fills be on account of others, still he has a value in himself, quite independently of such reference; his own personal rights enter into the purpose of his introduction, and he carries in himself a part of the reason why he is so and not otherwise: for Shakespeare seldom if ever brings in a person merely for the sake of others. A mixture, indeed, of conceit and drollery, and hugely wrapped up in self, yet he is by no means a commonplace buffoon, but stands firm and secure in the sufficiency of his original stock. His elaborate nonsense, his grasping at a pun without catching it, yet feeling just as grand as if he did, is both ludicrous and natural: his jokes, to be sure, are mostly failures; nevertheless they are laughable, because he dreams not but that they succeed. Thus, as hath been well said, "he proves that the poverty of a jest may be enriched in a fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he deals it out; and because there are few things that provoke laughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a small matter." In Launcelot, moreover, the principle and mother element of the whole piece runs out in broad humor and travestie; he exhibits under an intensely comic form the general aspect of surrounding humanity; his character being at the same time an integral part in that varied structure of human life, which it is the genius and office of the Romantic Drama to represent. On many accounts, indeed, he might not be spared.

In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood.

As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at the same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be more fitting and well-placed than her demeanor, now bracing her speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or innocent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character is scarce the less lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet always so becomingly that we hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jameson, with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that honorable as the issue of her course at the trial would be to a man, she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of her triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's honor and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these causes no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for once the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarce go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill wherewith the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substantial dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the "rich-souled" creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to be.

Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the dramatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man of nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon him as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shakespeare had no less a task than to inform with individual life and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national character in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; wherein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to provoke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it left them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus Shylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and antipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he can have no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnity out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became congealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian virtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that could be done him.

With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, and his "dry, mummy-like tenacity" of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting sarcastic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble nature, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much elasticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes but the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance cannot move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate

him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be bent.

These several elements of character are so complicated in Shylock, that we cannot distinguish their respective influence. Even his avarice has a smack of patriotism. Money is the only defense of his brethren as well as himself, and he craves it for their sake as much as his own; feels indeed that wrongs are offered to them in him, and to him in them. Antonio has scorned his religion, thwarted him of usurious gains, insulted his person: therefore he hates him as a Christian, himself a Jew; as a lender of money gratis, himself a griping usurer; as Antonio, himself Shylock. Moreover, who but a Christian, one of Antonio's faith and fellowship, has stolen away his daughter's heart, and drawn her into revolt, loaded with his ducats, and his precious, precious jewels? Thus his religion, his patriotism, his avarice, his affection, all concur to stimulate his enmity; and his personal hate, thus reënforced, for once overcomes his avarice, and he grows generous in the prosecution of his design. The only reason he will vouchsafe for taking the pound of flesh is, "if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge;"—a reason all the more satisfactory to him, forasmuch as those to whom he gives it can neither allow nor refute it: and until they can rail the seal from off his bond, all their railings are but a foretaste of the revenge he seeks. In his eagerness to taste that morsel sweeter to him than all the luxuries of Italy, his recent afflictions, the loss of his daughter, his ducats, his jewels, and even the precious ring given him by his departed wife, all fade from his mind. In his cool, resolute, unrelenting, imperturbable hardness at the trial, there is something that makes our blood to tingle. It is the sublimity of malice! We feel, and tremble as we feel, that the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other cares and all other thoughts. Fearful, however, as is his malignity, he comes not off without moving our pity. In the very

act whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs, the national curse overtakes him: in standing up for the law he has but strengthened his enemies' hands, and sharpened their weapons against himself; and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable, heart-broken Shylock.

The Merchant of Venice is justly distinguished among Shakespeare's dramas for the beauty of particular scenes and passages. For descriptive power, the opening scene between the Merchant and his friends is not easily rivaled, and can hardly fail to live in the memory of any one that has an eye for such things. Equally fine in its way is the scene between Tubal and Shylock, where the latter is so torn with the struggle of conflicting passions, his heart now sinking with grief at the account of his fugitive daughter's expenses, now leaping with malignant joy at the report of Antonio's losses at sea. The trial scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion and its hush of terrible expectation, now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's noble gushes of friendship, is hardly surpassed in tragic power any where; and as it forms the catastrophe, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play. Scarce inferior in its kind is the night scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, bathed as it is in love, moonlight, "touches of sweet harmony," and soul-lifting discourse, followed by the grave moral reflections of Portia, as she approaches her home, and sees its lights, and hears its music. The bringing in this passage of ravishing lyrical sweetness, so replete with the most soothing and tranquilizing effect, close upon the intense dramatic excitement of the preceding scene, is such a transition as we may find nowhere but in Shakespeare, and shows his unequaled mastery over the mind's capacities of delight. The affair of the rings, with the harmless perplexities growing out of it, is a well-managed device for letting the mind down from the tragic height, whereon it lately stood, to the merry conclusion which the play requires. Critics,

indeed, may easily quarrel with this merry after-piece; but it stands justified by the tribunal to which criticism itself must bow, the spontaneous feelings of all such as are willing to be made happier and wiser, without beating their brains about the how and wherefore.

Before leaving this fruitful theme, it may be worth the while to consider, for a moment, what a wide diversity of materials are here drawn up and moulded into unity of life and impression. Ben Jonson, in his preface to *The Alchemist*, sets it down as "the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed." A principle very well illustrated in the play before us. One can hardly realize how many things are there brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony; the greatness of the work being thus hidden in its fine proportions. In many of the Poet's dramas we are surprised at the great variety of character: here, besides this, we have also a remarkable variety of plot; and, admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters, severally considered, the interweaving of so many several plots, without the least confusion or embarrassment, evinces a still higher mastership. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life, they all emphatically live together, as though they had but one circulation. So that the play is like a large, full-grown, fair-spreading tree, which we know is made up of divers smaller trees, all developed from and cohering in one common life.

Now, admitting the excellence of workmanship shown in the several plots and characters, there is a further question, namely: What business have they here? by what law or principle are they thus brought together? A question that has been handled with so much of ingenuity, or of something better, by Ulrici the German critic, as may well entitle his view to a place in this connection. He regards the whole play as a manifold working out of the principle, that all forms of right and justice, if pushed beyond a

certain point, pass over into their opposites, so that extreme right becomes extreme wrong, thus verifying the old maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*. Which is best exemplified in Shylock, who has formal right on his side, in that he claims no more than Antonio has freely bound himself to pay; but in the strict rigid exacting of this claim he runs into the foulest wrong, because in his case justice is not justice unless it be tempered with mercy; that is, to keep its own nature, it must be an offshoot from the higher principle of charity. So, also, the tying up of Portia's hand to the disposal of chance, and robbing her of all share in the choice of a husband, rests ultimately on paternal right; yet this extreme right is an extreme wrong, because it might involve her in misery for life, but that chance, a lucky thought of the moment, leads to a happy result. Likewise in case of Jessica; her conduct were exceedingly wrong, but that she has good cause for it in the approved malignity of her father's temper; for justice cannot blame her for forsaking both the person and the religion of one, even though her father, whose character is so steeped in cruelty. Again, in the matter of the rings, the same principle is reflected, right and wrong being here driven to that extreme point where they pass over into each other: only Portia understands or feels this truth, because her mind lives in the harmonies of things, and is not poisoned with any self-willed abstraction. Which yields a further justification of the fifth act: "it effaces the tragic impression which still lingers on the mind from the fourth act; the last vibrations of the harsh tones which were there struck here die away; in the gay and amusing trifling of love the sharp contrarieties of right and wrong are playfully reconciled." Thus while the several parts are disposed with clearness and precision, each proceeding so naturally of itself, and alongside the others, that we never lose the thread, at the same time a free living principle pervades them all, rounding them off into a perfect organic whole. And the several parts and persons not

only cohere with one another, but with the general circumstances wherein they occur. Thus in the character of Portia, for example, the splendor of Italian skies, and scenery, and art, is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination, and is complicated with all she does and says.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

ANTONIO

In Antonio, the royal merchant, who, amid all his fortune and splendor, is a victim to melancholy and spleen induced by forebodings of coming disaster, Shakespeare has certainly expressed something of his own nature. Antonio's melancholy is closely related to that which, in the years immediately following, we shall find in Jaques in *As You Like It*, in the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, and in Hamlet. It forms a sort of mournful undercurrent to the joy of life which at this period is still dominant in Shakespeare's soul. It leads, after a certain time, to the substitution of dreaming and brooding heroes for those men of action and resolution who, in the poet's brighter youth, had played the leading parts in his dramas. For the rest, despite the princely elevation of his nature, Antonio is by no means faultless. He has insulted and baited Shylock in the most brutal fashion on account of his faith and his blood. We realize the ferocity and violence of the mediæval prejudice against the Jews when we find a man of Antonio's magnanimity so entirely a slave to it. And when, with a little more show of justice, he parades his loathing and contempt for Shylock's money-dealings, he strangely (as it seems to us) overlooks the fact that the Jews have been carefully excluded from all other means of livelihood, and have been systematically allowed to scrape together gold in order that their hoards may always be at hand when circumstances render it convenient to plunder them. Antonio's attitude towards Shylock cannot possibly be Shakespeare's own. Shylock cannot under-

stand Antonio, and characterizes him (III, iii) in the words—

"This is the fool that lent out money gratis."

But Shakespeare himself did not belong to this class of fools. He has endowed Antonio with an ideality which he had neither the resolution nor the desire to emulate. Such a man's conduct towards Shylock explains the outcast's hatred and thirst for revenge.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

In the center of the actors in the play, in a rather passive position, stands Antonio, the princely merchant, of enviable and immense possessions, a Timon and Shylock in riches, but with a noble nature elevated far above the effects which wealth produced in these men. Placed between the generous giver and the miser, between the spendthrift and the usurer, between Bassanio and Shylock, between friend and foe, he is not even remotely tempted by the vices into which these have fallen; there is not the slightest trace to be discovered in him of that care for his wealth imputed to him by Salanio and Salarino, who in its possession would be its slaves. But his great riches have inflicted upon him another evil, the malady of the rich, who have never been agitated and tried by anything, and have never experienced the pressure of the world. He has the spleen, he is melancholy; a sadness has seized him; the source of which no one knows; he has a presentiment of some danger, such as Shakespeare always imparts to all sensitive, susceptible natures. In this spleen, like all hypochondriacs, he takes delight in cheerful society: he is surrounded by a number of parasites and flatterers, among whom there is one nobler character, Bassanio, with whom alone a deeper impulse of friendship connects him. He is affable, mild, and generous to all, without knowing their tricks and without sharing their mirth; the loquacious versatility and humor of a Gratiano is indifferent to him; his pleasure in their intercouse is passive, according to his universal apathy. His nature is quiet and is with

difficulty affected; when his property and his management leave him without anxiety, he utters a "fie, fie," over the supposition that he is in love; touched by no fault, but moved also by no virtue, he appears passionless, and almost an automaton. The position which the poet has given him in the midst of the more active characters of the piece is an especially happy one: for were he of less negative greatness he would throw all others into deep shadow; we should feel too painful and exciting a sympathy in his subsequent danger. Yet he is not allowed, for this reason, to appear quite feelingless. For in one point he shows that he shared the choler and natural feelings of others. When brought into contact with the usurer, the Jew Shylock, we see him in a state of agitation, partly arising from moral and business principles, partly from intolerance and from national religious aversion. This sense of honor in the merchant against the money-changer and usurer urges him to those glaring outbursts of hatred, when he rates Shylock in the Rialto about his "usances," calls him a dog, "foots" him, and spits upon his beard. For this he receives a lesson for life in his lawsuit with the Jew, whom, with his apathetic negligence, he allows to get the advantage over him. His life is placed in danger, and the apparently insensible man is suddenly drawn closer to us; he is suffering, so that high and low intercede for him; he himself petitions Shylock; his situation weakens him; the experience is not lost upon him; it is a crisis, it is the creation of a new life for him; finally, when he is lord and master over Shylock, he no longer calls up his old hatred against him, and, aroused from his apathy, he finds henceforth in Bassanio's happiness and tried friendship the source of a renovated and ennobled existence.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHYLOCK

Shylock is a good hater; "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far, yet

he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears Antonio," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race; and though the long habit of brooding over daily insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with inveterate misanthropy, and hardened him against the contempt of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphant pretensions of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, might be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature, and to take something from that "milk of human kindness," with which his persecutors contemplated his indignities. The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit, hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and laboring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "lawful" revenge, till the ferociousness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it, turn us against him; but even at last, when disappointed of the sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not only of the argument but of the question, reasoning on their own principles and practice. They are so far from allowing of any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favor of him, and Shylock reminds them that "on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for these curtesies request he'll lend them so much moneys."—Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment of the

shrewdness and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant in those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment—

> "I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too."

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy, or the blindest prejudice; and the Jew's answer to one of Antonio's friends, who asks him what his pound of forfeit flesh is good for, is irresistible—

> "To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. Take the following as an instance:—

more the actor has to do when his revenge is cut away from under his feet. When the actor makes him an object of pity during the judgment scene, he misses Shakespeare's aim. When the judgment is given, and not till then, pity may be claimed; but it is pity greatly modified by horror at the image he has presented of unrelenting and furious revenge. I do not believe that Shakespeare meant us to have more pity for Shylock than may be felt for him after his speech in which the Jew appeals to the Christian as man to man: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Nor do I think that his last speech is the speech of a broken man. Even after his terrible overthrow, enough of the swell of his rage and hatred lasts to take him with some tragic dignity out of the court. He accepts his fate, but it is with flashing eyes, and his "I am not well" need not contradict this. He flings it to them as an excuse for departure.

> I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
> I am not well. Send the deed after me,
> And I will sign it.

When Shylock breaks down, it is when he is alone in his empty house. And Shakespeare leaves that to our imagination.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

Shylock is, in the first place, a very successful representation of the Jewish national character in general, not of that venerable, grand, even though one-sided spirit which animated the people in the days of Moses, David, and the Prophets, but of that low, undignified, degenerate way of thinking into which the fallen people had sunk during the time of their dispersion over the face of the earth—those centuries of long persecution and sore oppression. Their grand endurance and steadfastness, their strict adherence to religion, custom and law, had during those times changed into obstinacy and self-will; their shrewd intellect into finesse and a talent for speculative combinations; their enthusiasm for prophecy into superstition; their love of inheritance—which was in so far praiseworthy as it was

united with a religious devotion to the land which God had given them, for which they themselves had fought hard, and maintained with trouble and anxiety—had gradually turned into covetousness, into mean, revolting avarice; their feeling of superiority over all other nations—from whom they were distinguished by a purer religious faith—had degenerated into bitter hatred and contempt, and heartless cruelty towards their persecutors. Nothing had escaped the universal degradation except that unconquerable perseverance, that dry mummy-like tenacity of the Jewish nature. Thus Shylock may be said to be the pitiful, decayed ruin of a grand past, the glimmering spark of a vanished splendor, which, although it can no longer give warmth and life, can nevertheless burn and destroy; we can as little deny him our sympathy, as we can repress our disgust at his sentiments and mode of action. And yet Shylock is not a mere Jew in the general sense; in him the Jewish national character appears, at the same time, to be represented in an entirely individual form, in full personal vividness and definiteness. Hatred and revenge, in him, are directed more especially against Christian merchants, who lend money without interest and security so as to help unfortunate debtors and to exercise charity and generosity; Shylock thinks himself thereby more oppressed than by the dog-like manner in which they treat him. For this reason the princely merchant Antonio is a very thorn in his side. His hatred of him even surpasses his avarice, and he plays the part of a high-minded and generous character merely to work a dastardly trick upon him. He contrives with juristic shrewdness and legal knowledge to give this trick the semblance of lawfulness, and in the same way as he holds strictly to the Jewish law, he insists stubbornly upon the letter of the foreign law. Common-sense and shrewdness, in him, clothe themselves in the garb of that peculiarly subtle humor and cutting sarcasm of wit, which he has so freely at his command. Lastly, his love for his daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye, and seeks to protect against the baneful

influences of her surroundings, and his faithful attachment to the religion and customs of his ancestors, which he considers as more important than profit and honor, show us a couple of purely human motives, which, to some extent, moderate what is repulsive in his sentiments and mode of action. In describing special, personal features of this kind, not only is that which is general in the national character individualized, but that which would make him a caricature is likewise avoided; the man is saved by the element of humanity.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

SOURCE OF THE CHARACTER OF SHYLOCK

If the fate of Q. Elizabeth's Jew physician, Roderigo Lopez, who, with two other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive, on June 7, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth, so impresst folk's minds that it was taken by Dekker as one of the most prominent features of his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, and was mentioned by Middleton in his *Game of Chesse* (pr. 1625), I do not see why it, and the discussions he must have heard on it, should not have suggested to Shakspere some of the thoughts which he has expresst by Shylock's mouth.—Furnivall, *The Merchant of Venice* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile.*

THE NAME SHYLOCK

He found the story of the *Merchant of Venice* floating around as a common yarn. He at once seized upon it. He is indifferent as to the characters. He is surrounded by a certain dominant Christian idea. He sketches the characters as he finds them, and as becomes the age; and only in a bigoted age and among an ignorant and prejudiced people would such a character as "Shylock" have received such prestige. As in the case of Dickens and "Fagin" of to-day, the people of that day wanted a type, a type that suited their own low notions of what they

thought a Hebrew should be. "Shylock" was that type, and once drawn by such a master hand as Shakespeare it is no wonder that it "took" with the people of that day, and that the creation passed down to our age, as such things do, without the mass of the people stopping to give one thought in regard to it. The world generally accepts what it finds and never questions its origin and influence. —El Seyonpi, *The Name Shylock.*

THE MERCHANT AND THE JEW

Antonio is a good man, but a bad Christian. Shylock is a bad man, but a good Jew. The defective Christianity of the Merchant is as conspicuous as the inhumanity of the Jew, and the culminating interest of the "trial," far from being exhausted by the deliverance of Antonio and the discomfiture of his "inhuman adversary," reaches on, in its majestic exhibition of justice and mercy, to a triumphant demonstration of the spirit of Christianity actuating and animating the loftiest principles that can govern the relations of man to man. . . . . .

Antonio is "a good man." Compassion and generosity are parts of his nature. He is a very Roman in his abhorrence of usury. In a "low simplicity, he lends out money gratis." He is

> "One in whom
> The ancient Roman honor more appears
> Than any that draws breath in Italy."

But he is "a bad Christian." Here we are at issue with the dictum of Schlegel that the hatred of the Jew is "directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments." Not so, says the Jew himself:—

> "I hate him for he is a Christian:—
> But more, for that in low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

der, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montagu was one instance; and Madame de Staël furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education; in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

In the elements which compose the character of Portia, Shakspeare anticipated, but without intention, the intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with a large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and, for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly; for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice, where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and made sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated by all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects; so

she gives the music the color of a soul that has com
to wife—and motherhood, till her thoughts put s
strain upon the vibrating strings that they grow too t
and threaten to divulge her delicate secret.—So she cries,

"Peace! Now the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd."

Her graceful passion takes shelter in the old myth whose names personify her thought. And her style of speaking reminds us of the more polished ladies of Shakspeare's time, who delighted in the masques and revels in which the persons of the old mythology were charged to utter gallant sentiments. She is a woman of Juliet's clime, and not without her frankness; but she has been brought up in England, and her feeling and her judgment are English through and through.

She has been forbidden by her father's testament to make free choice of the man whom she will love. But she could as soon be divested of her intellect as of her power and wish to love. There is not a single drop running through all her fairness that has caught a chill from the quarter of her brain where wit and wisdom ponder in their clear north light. Her mind is strong, but not the mind of a man, and with no traits more masculine than her frame itself, which is love's solicitor:—

"Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath."

And even in her strict speech to Shylock we can feel the light draught of it, tempering the inclemency of her superb and unexpected threat: the Jew quails under the sentences which rain on him, golden, grave, serene. And they compel us to observe that pure sex has given the pitch to her strong, fatal wisdom.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

BASSANIO

Between Portia and Antonio stands Bassanio, the friend of the one, the lover of the other; he appears between the

two boundlessly rich persons as a man utterly poor, ruined in his circumstances, inconsiderate, and extravagant at the expense of his friend. He seems to belong thoroughly to the parasitical class of Antonio's friends. In disposition he is more inclined to the merry Gratiano than to Antonio's severe gravity; he appears on the stage with the question "When shall we laugh?" and he joins with his frivolous companions in all cheerful and careless folly. On this occasion he is borrowing once more three thousand ducats, in order to make a strange Argonautic expedition to the "Golden Fleece," staking them on a blind adventure, the doubtful wooing of a rich heiress. His friend breaks his habit of never borrowing on credit, he enters into an agreement with the Jew upon the bloody condition, and the adventurer accepts the loan with the sacrifice. Before he sets forth, on the very same day and evening, he purchases fine livery for his servants with this money, and gives a merry feast as a farewell, during which the daughter of the invited Jew is to be carried off by one of the free-thinking fellows. Does not the whole conduct appear as if he were only the seeming friend of this rich man for the sake of borrowing his money, and only the seeming lover of this rich lady for the sake of paying his debts with her fortune?

But this quiet Antonio seemed to know the man thus apparently bad to be of better nature. He knew him indeed as somewhat too extravagant, but not incurably so, as one who was ready and able also to restrict himself. He knew him as one who stood "within the eye of honor," and he lent to him without a doubt of his integrity. His confidence was unlimited, and he blames him rather than he should "make question of his uttermost," than "if he had made waste of all he has." In his melancholy, it is this man alone who chains him to the world; their friendship needs no brilliant words, it is unfeignedly genuine. His eyes, full of tears at parting, tell Bassanio what he is worth to Antonio; it is the very acceptance of the loan which satisfies Antonio's confidence.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

LORENZO

Lorenzo is for the most part a dreamy inactive nature, as may be seen in his amused tolerance of Launcelot's word-fencing—word-fencing being in general a challenge which none of Shakespeare's characters can resist; similarly, Jessica's enthusiasm on the subject of Portia, which in reality he shares, he prefers to meet in the banter:

> "Even such a husband
> Hast thou of me as she is for a wife."

But the strong side of his character also is shown us in the play: he has an artist soul, and to the depth of his passion for music and for beauty of nature we are indebted for some of the noblest passages in Shakespeare. This is the attraction which has drawn him to Jessica, her outer beauty is the index of artistic sensibility within: "she is never merry when she hears sweet music," and the soul of rhythm is awakened in her, just as much as in her husband, by the moonlight scene. Simplicity again, is a quality they have in common, as is seen by their ignorance in money-matters, and the way a valuable turquoise ring goes for a monkey—if, at least, Tubal may be believed: a carelessness of money which mitigates our dislike of the free hand Jessica lays upon her father's ducats and jewels. On the whole, however, Lorenzo's dreaminess makes a pretty contrast to Jessica's vivacity. And Lorenzo's inactivity is capable of being roused to great things. This is seen by the elopement itself: for the suggestion of its incidents seems to be that Lorenzo meant at first no more than trifling with the pretty Jewess, and that he rose to the occasion as he found and appreciated Jessica's higher tone and attraction. Finally, we must see the caliber of Lorenzo's character through the eyes of Portia, who selects him at first sight as the representative to whom to commit her household in her absence, of which commission she will take no refusal.—Moulton, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

JESSICA

To fill up the interval between the signature of the bond and its forfeiture, Shakspere has introduced the underplot of Jessica and Lorenzo, which further serves to throw a harsh light upon Shylock's domestic relations. Though the dramatist had, as has been shown, opportunities for studying Judaism from the outside, it is unlikely that he can have known much of its family life, and his picture of it is strangely untrue to facts. Through the centuries of persecution the Jewish home maintained much of its scriptural beauty, and was the focus of affections all the more intense because confined to this narrow radius. It has been argued that Shakspere was aware of this, and that he purposely represented Shylock as devoid of the distinctive virtues of his race, in order to heighten the impression of his villainy. But this seems an over-refinement of criticism, and had such been the dramatist's aim, he would scarcely have admitted the one saving touch of tenderness in the reference to Leah and her cherished gift of a turquoise ring. But however Shylock may have treated his dead wife, to his daughter and his servant he makes his home a "hell," and they are both preparing to give him the slip. Launcelot, whom his master grudges food, clothing, and sleep, transfers his services after a comical exercise in casuistry to the open-handed Bassanio, while Jessica makes an assignation with Lorenzo, a member of the same fashionable set. When she asserts, in defense of her conduct to Shylock, that though she is a daughter to his blood she is not to his manners, she doubtless speaks the truth. But in her own way Jessica is no less distinctively Jewish than Shylock. She belongs to the artistic type of the Hebrew race, which has given so many poets and musicians to the world, and she is steeped in Oriental opulence of sensibility and dreamy voluptuous charm. Such a nature recoils instinctively from the harsh surroundings of a home, unsweetened by feminine influences, darkened by the spirit of mistrust, and bare of every

element of beauty. Yet modern sentiment finds it more difficult than Elizabethan prejudice to condone her filial breach in the elopement with Lorenzo, and even if her flight be excused, the theft of her father's stones and ducats jars unpleasantly with preconceived ideas of the conduct proper to a heroine of romance. It has been said that the episode of the elopement was inserted in order to create a partial revulsion of feeling in favor of the Jew. "Jessica at home makes us hate Shylock: with Jessica lost we cannot help pitying him." But we believe that no such effect was intended by Shakspere, and that, in any case, it would have failed with an audience of his day. The groundlings were far more likely to yell with vociferous laughter as they listened to Salanio's account of the dog Jew flying through the streets, with all the boys of Venice at his heels, and lamenting with "confused passion" the double loss of his ducats and of the daughter whom he ranks on the identical level of a property.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

The modern world cannot quite forgive Jessica for deserting her father, still less for taking his ducats; but Shakespeare easily condones these incidents of an emancipation to which she establishes her full right by the native ease with which she moves in the new world as if to the manner born—an adept in its splendid extravagance and in its light badinage, but quick to take the impress of its serious enthusiasms and its generous virtue. It is not for nothing that the most splendid burst of poetry in the play is addressed to Jessica's ear, and the loftiest tribute to Portia uttered by her lips.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

NERISSA

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes

her favor conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and in short mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

GRATIANO

That husband, Gratiano, is a most delightful and most natural character. He is one of those useful men in society who will keep up the ball of mirth and good-humor, simply by his own mercurial temperament and agreeable rattle; for he is like a babbling woodside brook, seen through at once, and presenting every ripple of its surface to the sunbeams of good-fellowship. If a picnic were proposed, Gratiano would be the man for the commissariat department: and the wines shall be unimpeachable in quantity as well as quality; the ladies shall lack no squire of dames, and the men no stimulus to keep their gallantry from rusting. And, what is better than all, if a friend be in adversity, Gratiano will champion him with good words and deeds, if not with the most sagacious counsel. He would, no doubt, talk a man off his legs; and, therefore, Shakespeare has brought him as a relief against the two grave men, Antonio and Bassanio, who, being both anxious on account of worldly cares, resent his vivacity, and they are at all events as peevish as he is flippant and inconsiderate. Bassanio says of Gratiano that he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing"; that "his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day long ere you shall find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." The best of all this is, that Bassanio himself advances no claim to be the censor of his lively companion, for in comparison with him he is dull in capacity, and the very observation just quoted follows one of the most agreeable and sensible speeches in the play—made by "the infinite-deal-of-nothing" Gratiano. Shakespeare has made the best apology for the Merchant

and his friend; but his own love of cheerfulness with good temper could not fail to throw liberally into Gratiano's scale, and he has nowhere produced a better defense of natural vivacity. Moreover, he has not made Gratiano selfishly boisterous—indulging his own feelings only: he first manifests a solicitude for Antonio's lowness of spirits, and then he rallies him. These are the small and delicate lights thrown into his characters that render them exhaustless as studies, and give us that indefinable, rather, perhaps, that unrecognized and unconscious interest in all they say and do, and which, to the same extent, appears to be the almost undivided prerogative of Shakespeare alone.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

PORTIA'S SUITORS

The choice of the suitors for Portia's hand, though the element of luck is allowed to count for something, is regulated in the main by their characters. A large group of them, in fact, never go so far as to risk the choice at all. Of these we hear in the opening dialogue between Portia and Nerissa. They are representatives of six different nations, and in every case they are merely types of the peculiar foibles of their countrymen. Not one of them has enough of manly resolution to venture on an experiment which, in case of failure, debars them from marriage for ever. Morocco is made of sterner stuff and is not daunted by these stringent conditions. With the characteristic disdain of a Sultan for "shows of dross" he turns hurriedly from the leaden casket; he pauses long before the silver, with its motto, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves," and barbarian pride is just turning the scale against a lingering relic of modesty, when his eye is caught by the gold with its offer of "what many men desire." At once his glowing Oriental imagination is captivated by the vision of Portia as the world's desire, and with grandiloquent figures upon his lips he unlocks the casket, only to learn that "all that glitters is not gold." Arragon is the

typical Spanish Don steeped in the prejudices and pride of his class. He too at once sets aside the leaden casket, and instead of being fired by the wish to possess what many men desire, he scorns "to jump with common spirits," or to bow before the idols of the crowd. He loftily decides to "assume desert," and opens the silver casket, to find in it a fool's head. Both these suitors are treated by Portia with calm and stately courtesy, but when Bassanio, who has already won her heart, arrives at Belmont, she cannot hide her agitation. Though she does not swerve an inch from her rigid fidelity to the terms of the will, her appeals to her lover to delay his choice, her partial confession of her feelings, and her excited plays upon words are all significant of her inward tumult. The music that she calls for, though she is at pains to defend it on other grounds, is really meant to allay by its soothing strains the riot of her own heart, during the interval of suspense. But her trust that the character of the chooser dictates the choice finds expression in the words: "If you do love me, you will find me out." Bassanio's meditations are partially drowned by the music, but, from what we overhear, the gold suggests to him the deceitfulness of "outward shows" or ornament in every sphere of life. The silver is rejected for the not very cogent reason that it is a "pale and common drudge 'tween man and man." But the meager lead appeals to the plain, straightforward soldier who, in spite of superficial follies, is sound at heart, and whose professional instinct is stirred by the threatening challenge to give and hazard all he hath. Portia's trust proves to be not misplaced, and she is at last free to bestow herself, and all that is hers, upon Bassanio. —Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

A WELL-NIGH PERFECT PLAY

A play is written to be acted. One could not accurately and intelligently judge a musical composition from reading the notes. No more can one form an accurate and intelligent opinion of a drama from simply reading the

words. It is necessary to hear the musical composition played, to see the drama acted. The notes of the former must be transformed into sounds, the words of the latter into actions. In forming a critical opinion of a play, therefore, one canon is, Is it successful as an acted play? The expression of Shakespeare's genius did not take the form of epic or lyric poetry, but of dramatic. A drama is not only a literary, but also a histrionic production. In order, therefore, to study a drama intelligently, its acting qualities, its adaptability to stage representation, must always be considered. Judged by this test, this play is well-nigh perfect.—FLEMING, *Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Duke of Venice
The Prince of Morocco, } *suitors to Portia*
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *a merchant of Venice*
Bassanio, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia*
Salanio, }
Salarino, }
Gratiano, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
Salerio, }
Lorenzo, *in love with Jessica*
Shylock, *a rich Jew*
Tubal, *a Jew, his friend*
Launcelot Gobbo, *the clown, servant to Shylock*
Old Gobbo, *father to Launcelot*
Leonardo, *servant to Bassanio*
Balthasar, } *servants to Portia*
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heiress*
Nerissa, *her waiting-maid*
Jessica, *daughter to Shylock*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants

Scene: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Bassanio, a young gentleman of Venice, is in love with Portia, a lady of Belmont; but she is wealthy, while he is poor. He feels that he must have three thousand ducats before he can press his suit. For this sum he goes to his dearest friend, Antonio, a merchant of Venice. The latter's wealth at that time is entirely invested in ships at sea, but he remembers a rich Jew, Shylock by name. From him he borrows the money for his friend, giving in return a bond agreeing to forfeit a pound of his flesh should not the money be paid on the day it falls due. Antonio signs this agreement without fear, for his ships are scheduled to arrive home a month before the day.

ACT II

Jessica, daughter of Shylock the Jew, elopes with Lorenzo, a Christian and a friend of Antonio and of Bassanio. Her father is very angry at this and the ill-will he bears Antonio is increased. Portia's father provided in his will that his daughter's hand should go to that suitor who should choose the one of three caskets that contained her portrait. Several try and fail.

ACT III

When Bassanio's turn came, he, to his own and Portia's delight, chooses the right casket. They exchange vows and rings. Bassanio's friend, Gratiano, and Portia's maid,

Nerissa, also engage themselves to marry. But their joy is clouded by a letter from Antonio to Bassanio telling of the failure of all the Merchant's ventures and that Shylock claims the forfeiture according to the bond. Bassanio and Gratiano hasten to Venice to aid their friend. Portia and Nerissa plan to be at the trial also.

ACT IV

Portia and Nerissa arrive at the court as the trial is going on; Portia is disguised as a lawyer and Nerissa as her clerk, and so well do they act their parts that no one, not even their husbands, recognizes them. Portia pleads Antonio's cause with such power and logic that the Jew loses his case, and in addition his estates and property are declared forfeited for plotting against the life of a citizen of Venice. The Duke mitigates his sentence sufficiently to permit him to make a will in favor of his daughter Jessica. Bassanio wishes the lawyer to accept as his fee the three thousand ducats which had been due the Jew. This Portia declines, but asks for the ring she had given him when they plighted their troth. He unwillingly gives it to her. Nerissa in like manner gets her ring from Gratiano.

ACT V

Portia and Nerissa reach Belmont before the arrival of Bassanio and Gratiano. When the gentlemen get there, Nerissa quarrels with Gratiano for giving away her ring. Portia and Bassanio overhear their friends and Bassanio confesses that he, too, has parted with his wife's ring. The lady feigns anger, but finally agrees to forgive her lord and in token gives him a ring. Great is his surprise to find the ring is the same which he had given to the doctor. Explanations follow and everyone is happy. Antonio, who has come home with Bassanio, hears that three of his ships have come safely to port.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

"Enter Antonio," etc.; in the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first scene; and as no list of the Persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the folio the first stage-direction is,—*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *Sol.*, and then comes the stage-direction,—*Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelled the same way in several other stage-directions; and after the first scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio*, we agree with Knight and Verplanck in transferring to *Salarino*, not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the quartos favor that arrangement.—H. N. H.

I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes aboard. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand

9. *"Argosies"* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:

"Harder besct
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."—H. N. H.

27. *"Andrew";* so called, perhaps, after the famous Italian naval commander, Andrea Doria.—C. H. H.

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

27. *"dock'd"*; Rowe's emendation for "docks," the reading of the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

28. *"vailing"*; to *vail* is to *lower,* to *let fall:* from the French *avaler.*—H. N. H.

35. *"but even now"*; a moment ago.—C. H. H.

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

50. *"by two-headed Janus";* an oath in keeping with the "strange fellows of Nature's framing" in the next line.—C. H. H.

56. *"Nestor";* being old, is also regarded as grave.—C. H. H.

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'

70. *"at dinner-time"; i. e.* about twelve a. m., the usual dining-hour of merchants in Elizabethan London.—C. H. H.
84. *"cut in alabaster"; i. e.* the effigy on a tomb.—C. H. H.
90. *"willful stillness entertain";* maintain a determined silence.—C. H. H.
92. *"conceit";* intelligence.—C. H. H.

O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

97. *"when";* all the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who,* though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgment pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach. *"Fool gudgeon,"* a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught. The expression is commonly, but injuriously, changed to *fool's-gudgeon.*—H. N. H.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

112. *"Is that any thing new?"* The old editions read *"Is that any thing now";* changed to *"new"* by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.—I. G.

115. *"His reasons";* the serious matter of his talk, what he really has to say.—C. H. H.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:

141. *"of the self-same flight";* feathered to fly the same distance. —C. H. H.

162. *"that word"; i. e.* the word "fair."—C. H. H.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see,

they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—

9. *"comes";* that is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it?—H. N. H.

11. *"sentences";* maxims.—C. H. H.

whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Aye, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when

45. *"Neapolitan";* the Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.—H. N. H.

46. *"Colt"* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth.*—H. N. H.

48. *"appropriation";* acquired excellence, (*to,* added to).—C. H. H.

52. *"County Palatine";* this may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.—H. N. H.

54. *"choose"; i. e.* it is your concern, not mine.—C. H. H.

56. *"the weeping philosopher";* Heraclitus of Ephesus, whose fundamental maxim was the instability of all things (*πάντα ῥεῖ*).—C. H. H.

he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who

80. *"neither Latin, French nor Italian";* "a satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton: whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"—H. N. H.

can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

86. *"round"; i. e.* artificially stuffed with bombast, a French fashion.—C. H. H.

89. *"the Scottish lord";* in the first Folio "Scottish" is changed to "other."—I. G.

94. "Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promise of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English" (Warburton).—I. G.

95. *"sealed under";* subscribed to a bond, pledged himself.—C. H. H.

97. *"the young German";* the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.—H. N. H.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I 'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever

my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

141. *"what news?";* what's the matter?—C. H. H.

142. *"The four strangers";* allusion has been made to six strangers. An interesting oversight on the poet's part.—I. G.

The discrepancy probably points to a revision, in which two characters (perhaps those of the English and Scottish lords) were added.—C. H. H.

150. *"condition";* that is, *temper, disposition.* So, in *Othello:* "And then of so gentle a *condition!*" Likewise, in Tyndall's *Works:* "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned,* and every woman her husband so too."—H. N. H.

Scene III

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.
Bass. Aye, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months; well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.

7. *"May you stead me?"* Can you help me?—C. H. H.
18. *"in supposition,"* a matter of conjecture.—C. H. H.
19. *"Tripolis";* this may be either the town in Barbary, or the port in Syria. Since Barbary is distinguished from "Tripolis" in iii. 2. 271, the latter is more likely.—C. H. H.

But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

42. *"a fawning publican";* probably an allusion to the publican of the New Testament, whose "low simplicity" had been commended by "your prophet the Nazarite."—C. H. H.

46. *"usance";* "it is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts" (Thomas's *History of Italy*, 1561).—H. N. H.

52. *"which he calls interest"; usance, usury,* and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown in Lord Bacon's *Essay of Usury*, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize;* that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism; and perhaps nothing but the popular hatred of the Jews on other scores could account for the fast-rooted prejudice against a thing so firmly grounded in the laws of trade. These laws, like others, of course benefit those who observe them; and as no trading community could thrive unless they were observed, and as none but Jews would observe them, they of course had a monopoly of the benefit arising therefrom.—H. N. H.

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?
Shy. Aye, aye, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; aye, he was the third,—

65. *"Is he yet possess'd How much ye would,"* so reads the second and third Quartos; the Folios read *"he would";* the first Quarto, *"are you resolv'd how much he would have";* this is one of the important points in which the second Quarto is superior to the first.—I. G.

The question is, of course, addressed to Bassanio. Similarly in 68, Shylock after addressing Bassanio turns to Antonio, in 69.—C. H. H.

72. *Cp.* Genesis xxx.—I. G.

75. *"the third," i. e.* "reckoning Abraham himself as the first."—I. G.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; nor, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skillful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

86. *"kind"* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature.* Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso,* B. xiv. stan. 42 and 48:

"But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
The hidden power I know and virtue great,
And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."

"And fair adorn'd was every part
With riches grown by *kind,* not fram'd by art."—H. N. H.

87. *"fulsome"* is here apparently used in the sense of *rank, lusty, ruttish.* The word often occurs in the sense of *filthy, nauseous;*—a sense which might very well come from *full,* though some derive it from *foul.—Fall,* in the second line below, is for *let fall;* a common usage of the word in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

92. *"served for," i. e.* he was merely a subordinate agent in it.—C. H. H.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

103. *"falsehood"* here means knavery, treachery, as *truth* is sometimes used for honesty.—H. N. H.

108. *"In the Rialto";* in this scene we have already had *"on* the Rialto," and *"upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto,* as we say Westminster-bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,—

'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta,* high shore; and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement."—H. N. H.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

135. *"A breed for barren metal";* the reading of the Folio *"a breed of";* "for" must be equivalent to "in exchange for"; *"breed"* ="interest money bred from the principal" (*cp.* Gr. τόκος).—I. G.
137. *"Who";* from whom.—C. H. H.

I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

156. *"dwell"*; that is, *continue*, or *abide*.—H. N. H.

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of mutton, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

176. *"fearful guard"* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors. —H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,

The old stage direction ran as follows:—*"Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa and their traine."*—I. G.

2. *"shadow'd"*; dusky.—C. H. H.

6. *"let us make incision"*; to understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop.*—H. N. H.

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw

17. *"scanted";* limited.—C. H. H.

25. *"the Sophy," cp. "Sofi,* and *Sofito,* an ancient word signifying a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is grown to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraham Hartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars between the Turks and the Persians*).—I. G.

The "Sefi of Persia" is mentioned in the German play *Der Jude von Venedig.*—I. G.

32. *"Lichas";* the attendant of Hercules. He was the unwitting bringer of the poisoned shirt by which Hercules perished.—C. H. H.

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, say-

35. *"page";* Theobald's emendation for "rage," the reading of all the old editions.—I. G.

"Enter Launcelot"; the old copies read,—*Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits*.—H. N. H.

ing to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving

13. *"for the heavens"* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of. —H. N. H.

20. *"smack"; i. e.* of knavery. *"Grow to";* provincially used of burnt milk, conveys a similar suggestion.—C. H. H.

your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the

50. *"God's sonties"* was probably a corruption of God's *saints,* in old language *saunctes.* Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swearing, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which ultimately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.—H. N. H.

waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,

60. *"well to live";* healthy, with a long life before him.—C. H. H.

64. *"Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir";* so, in *Love's Labor's Lost, Costard* says,—"Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of *master.*—H. N. H.

a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got!

102. Gobbo's *"you,"* as a mark of respect, changes to *"thou,"* after the recognition.—I. G.

thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted,

120. *"set up my rest";* that is, determined. In *Romeo and Juliet,* Act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest.* "The County Paris hath *set up his rest,* that you shall *rest* but little."—H. N. H.

"set up my rest"; a common phrase from the game of primero, where it was said of the player who, by laying his wager (Sp. *resto*), committed himself to a definite hazard.—C. H. H.

126. *"me";* ethical dative.—C. H. H.

128. *"run as far,"* etc.; to understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon.—H. N. H.

that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would

154. *"frutify,"* for *notify.*—C. H. H.

155. *"a dish of doves";* there has been no little speculation among the later critics, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. Mr. Charles A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a serv-

bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if

ant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travelers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy.—H. N. H.

169. *"The old proverb";* viz. "The grace of God is better than riches."—C. H. H.

178. *"Well if any man,"* etc.; Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-

any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*

tellers is called the *table,* breaks out into the following reflection: —'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence." —H. N. H.

181. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives. . . . These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have" (Saunder's *Chiromancie,* quoted by Halliwell).—I. G.

186. *"with the edge of a feather-bed";* through marrying.—C. H. H.

187. *"simple scapes";* Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day: well do we remember to have seen people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favored than they: in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes.* "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself.—H. N. H.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtained it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, 'amen;'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:

216. *"hood mine eyes";* it was anciently the custom to wear the hat on during the time of dinner.—H. N. H.

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Scene IV

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

10. *"exhibit";* a Launcelotism for "express" (what I would say with my tongue).—C. H. H.

12. *"did";* the Quartos and first Folio read "doe"; the reading "did" was first given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, *"get"*= "beget."—I. G.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Aye, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence,
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

5. *"spoke us . . . of"*; made arrangements for.—C. H. H.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house; [31]
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [40]
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

36. *"And never dare"*; spoken as a wish, *And may misfortune never dare.*—C. H. H.
37. *"she"*; *i. e.* misfortune.—C. H. H.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

25. *"Black-Monday," i. e.* Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold.—Stowe.

31. *"squealing of the wry-neck'd fife";* one of the quartos and the folio have *squealing:* the other quarto has *squeaking,* which, though neither so appropriate nor so well authorized, has been generally

Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements.
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir, Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;

retained in modern editions. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabee Rich's *Aphorisms,* 1618, which appears to settle the matter: *"A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician,* for he always looks away from his instrument."—H. N. H.

37. *"Jacob's staff"; cp.* Gen. xxxii. and Heb. xi. 21. *"A Jacob's staff"* was generally used in the sense of "a pilgrim's staff," because St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.—I. G.

44. *"A Jewess' eye";* the Quartos and Folios read *"a Jewes eye,"* probably pronounced *"Jewês";* "worth a Jew's eye" was a proverbial phrase: "that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death." The reading *"Jewess'"* seems very doubtful.—I. G.

The quibble in this case is one of the best that Launcelot gets off. —H. N. H.

Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find.
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

5. *"Venus' pigeons";* Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus' *pigeons.* The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus' chariot is drawn.—H. N. H.

"fly to seal"; i. e. fly, bearing Venus on her way to seal, etc.—C. H. H.

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.
Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;

51. *"by my hood";* this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.—I. G.

"a Gentile"; a jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile,* which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born.*—H. N. H.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds 41
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross 50
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

41. *"the Hyrcanian deserts";* Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania, "the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian," where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.—I. G.

51. *"To rib her cerecloth";* to enclose her shroud of waxed linen.—C. H. H.

53. *"undervalued"* "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon).—I. G.

O sinful thought. Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
[*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

56, 57. *"an angel stamped in gold";* this is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence:* "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man.* And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets:*

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
Angli by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land."—H. N. H.

63. *"carrion Death";* fleshless skull.—C. H. H.

There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

69. *"tombs do";* Johnson's emendation for the old reading *"timber do."*—I. G.

72. *"Your . . . inscroll'd."* This is loosely expressed, but clearly means: "Such an answer as this had not been written (so far as you are concerned)."—C. H. H.

75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: "Farewell, frost," which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing. —I. G.

Scene VIII

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'

39. To *"slubber"* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire:* "Slightly *slubbering* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion:*

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."
—H. N. H.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

26. *"By"* and *"of,"* being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently.—H. N. H.

30. *"force"*; power.—H. N. H.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

42. *"clear"*; pure, blameless; a proleptic use, this being the result of its having been "purchased by the merit of the wearer."—C. H. H.

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distant offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?
[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

70. The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.—H. N. H.

78. *"Wroth"* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune.* Thus, in Chapman's *Version of the 22d Iliad:* "Born all to *wroth* of woe and labor." So says the Chiswick. But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes one *writhe;* and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause.—H. N. H.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that come before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

85. *"my lord";* an humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is *my lady?"* So, in Richard II, Act. v. sc. 5, the Groom says to the King,—"Hail, royal *prince!"* and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer."* And in 1 Henry IV, Act ii. sc. 4, the Hostess says to Prince Henry,—"O Jesu! *my lord,* the prince"; and he replies, "How now, *my lady,* the hostess!"—H. N. H.

The servant's following speech, with its unreserved flow of "high-day wit," shows that these pleasant familiarities were the rule in Portia's household.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Venice. A street

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

4. *"narrow seas";* English Channel.—C. H. H.

10. *"knapped ginger";* perhaps *"to knap ginger"* is to "nibble ginger"; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave invariably gives *"knap"* as a synonym of *"gnaw"* or *"nibble."*—I. G.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is

49. *"a prodigal"; i. e.* from Shylock's point of view.—C. H. H.

60. *"hindered me,"* etc.; so in all the old copies. Modern editions generally encumber the passage by thrusting in *of* before *half*.—H. N. H.

his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here come another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in

77. *"humility,"* rightly explained by Schmidt as "kindness, benevolence, humanity."—I. G.

the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill[1] luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of

133. The special value of the "*turquoise*" was its supposed virtue

Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you

in indicating the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or fade as its wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approaching danger.—I. G.

How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Aye, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'

22. To "*peize*" is from *peser*, Fr.; to weigh or balance. So, in Richard III: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow." In the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend*, to *retard*, or *delay* the time.—H. N. H.

Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

44. *"swan-like end";* alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.—H. N. H.

54. *"more love";* because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.—I. G.

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

Song.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:

63, 68. *"fancy";* the Poet, in common with other writers of the time, often uses *fancy* for *love.*—H. N. H.

66. *"Reply, reply";* this appears as a marginal direction in all the old copies.—C. H. H.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

87. *"Excrement,"* from *excresco,* is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails.—H. N. H.

95. *"dowry of a second head";* the Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. Several instances of this have already occurred. And his 68th Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."—H. N. H.

97. *"Guiled"* for *guiling,* that is, *beguiling.* The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa.* In Act i. sc. 3, of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden.*—H. N. H.

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

99. *"veiling an Indian beauty";* it has been pointed out that Montaigne in his *Essay on Beauty* says: "The Indians describe it black and swarthy, with blabbered thick lips, with a broad and flat nose." If Shakespeare gives us a reminiscence of this, he must have read Montaigne in French, as Florio's translation was not published until 1603.—I. G.

"Beauty" is probably a blunder, due to the "beauteous" of the line above.—C. H. H.

102. *"Hard food for Midas,"* who prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and soon regretted his prayer.—I. G.

106. *"paleness";* as Bassanio uses "pale" of silver a few lines before, Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, proposed to read *"plainness";* but *"pale"* is a regular epithet of lead, and there seems no reason for changing the reading here.—I. G.

The verbal inconsistency is, however, dramatic enough. Gold and silver are condemned as "ornament," and then, even in their ornamental character, disparaged as "gaudy" and "pale"; whereas the "paleness" of lead becomes a virtue, because it is associated with no pretensions.—C. H. H.

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far

112. *"rain,"* the reading of the second Quarto, *"rein,"* is generally preferred.—I. G.

115. *"Counterfeit"* anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,—"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."—H. N. H.

126. *"unfurnish'd;* that is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

"You are a noble gentleman.
Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune,
[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves:* "If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit,* her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfurnished.*"—H. N. H.

131. *"continent";* inventory or abstract; explicit statement.—C. H. H.

141. *"by note";* in conformity with the scroll (as if this were a bill, specifying payments to be made or received).—C. H. H.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

176. *"vantage";* opportunity.—C. H. H.

As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

201. *"for intermission";* if the punctuation is right, this can only mean that we (both) loved in order to avoid delay or loss of time. But Theobald's conjecture, "for intermission (*i. e.* inaction) No more pertains to me, my lord, than you," gives a clearer meaning and keeps up better the symmetrical antitheses of the context.—C. H. H.

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece,
Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,

280. *"freedom";* the power of obtaining redress at law.—C. H. H.

If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

295. *"unwearied"*; most unwearied.—C. H. H.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Jailor.

Shy. Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have by bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have

"commodity"; convenience, legal advantages. The subject of

CHOOSING THE CASKETS.

Bass. "But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence."

Merchant of Venice. Act 3, Scene 2.

With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailor, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

"will impeach" is "the denial of commodity" expressed, in a Shakespearean way, by "the commodity, if it be denied."—C. H. H.

31. *"Consisteth of all nations";* for the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of,*—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Where *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach.* Which greatly clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning.—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste their time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd

9. *i. e.* Than ordinary acts of generosity can make you.—C. H. H.
12. *"waste"*; spend, pass.—C. H. H.
17. *"Lover"* was much used by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend*. His sonnets are full of examples in point.—H. N. H.

In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it; hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

52. *"imagined speed";* that is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third act of Henry V: "Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."—H. N. H.

54. *"trades";* plies.—C. H. H.

56. *"convenient speed";* the speed appropriate to the occasion.—C. H. H.

61. *"accomplished";* furnished.—C. H. H.

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

69. *"quaint";* ingenious.—C. H. H.

72. *"I could not do withal";* a phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it.* So, in the *Morte d' Arthur:* "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall."* And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer,* Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: *"I cannot do withal;* I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes,* quoted by Mr. Dyce: "I can not *do withall,* a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done."—H. N. H.

Scene V

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

3. "*I fear you*"; that is, fear *for* you, on your account. So, in Richard III, Act i. sc. 1:

> "The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."—H. N. H.

5. "*agitation*"; *i. e.* cogitation.—C. H. H.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an hon-

25. *"one by another";* side by side, *i. e.* where they compete for a livelihood.—C. H. H.

est woman, she is indeed more than I took her for. 49

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory 73

50. *"How every fool,"* etc.; a shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns and verbal tricks, in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.—H. N. H.

73. *"The fool hath planted,"* etc.; probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of

An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.—H. N. H.

84. *"And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason"*; the second Quarto *"it, it"*; the Folios *"it, it is."*—I. G.

Various emendations have been suggested for *"mean,"* but no change is necessary—*"mean"*="aim at." A kind correspondent, Mr. S. W. Orson, calls attention to Herbert's use of the word in *The Church Porch* (E. Stock's reprint of the first edition) "Shoots higher much than he than *means* a tree" (p. 12), and "Scorns his first bed of dirt, and *means* the sky" (p. 163).—I. G.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

94. *"stomach";* inclination, mind (with a play, as usual, upon the ordinary sense).—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

6. *"dram";* minute quantity, "drop," "grain."—C. H. H.
10. *"Envy"* in this place means *hatred* or *malice;* a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know.—H. N. H.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

20. *"Remorse"* in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity, tenderness;* the *relentings* of compassion.—H. N. H.

22. *"where";* whereas.—H. N. H.

24. *"loose";* so in the old copies, but generally printed *lose. Loose* is plainly used in the sense of *release.*—H. N. H.

26. *"moiety";* a part (not necessarily a half).—C. H. H.

29. *"royal merchant";* this epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant,* both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi. The *"princely* merchants of Boston" are well known in our time.—H. N. H.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

36. *"Our holy Sabbath";* so the first Quarto; the second reads *"Sabaoth";* it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, "Lord God of Sabaoth," which occurs in the New Testament. "Sabbath" and "Sabaoth" (*i. e.* "hosts," in the phrase "Lord of hosts") were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, when in *Ivanhoe,* ch. x. he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (F. Q. viii. 2):—

"But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight."

Dr. Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition of his *Dictionary.*—I. G.

37. *"the due and forfeit";* the forfeit which is due.—C. H. H.

39. *"your charter";* Shakespeare attributes to Venice the status of an English city, deriving its privileges from a charter granted and liable to be revoked by the king.—C. H. H.

42. *"I'll not answer that";* the Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.—H. N. H.

43. *"humor";* in Shakespeare's time the word *humor* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

conditions of our social being, it was his *humor*. *Corporal Nym* is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams:*

> "Aske *Humors,* why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humor,* by the Lord, heele sweare."—H. N. H.

47. *"gaping pig";* a pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother:* "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig.*" And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennylesse:* "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table.*"—H. N. H.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig"; this was proverbially said of the Jews themselves, though not of them exclusively. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfy,* iii. 2. 255:—

> He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping:
> I thought your grace would find him a Jew.—C. H. H.

50. *"affection, Mistress of passion";* the Quartos and Folios read *"affection. Master of passion."* The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; *"Maistres"* or *"mastres,"* the old spelling of *"mistress"* evidently produced the error. "Affection," when contrasted with "passion," seems to denote "emotions produced through the senses by external objects."—I. G.

This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:

> "And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for affection.
> *Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine;* and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bag-pipe, cannot contain their urine;

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woolen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say, —"Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what *it* likes or loaths"; for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters,* or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways,* and the second *it* refer to *affection.* All which may be deemed reason enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways;* and there seems no reason but that it may as well be left out of *masters.* Of course *affection* is here used for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency.—H. N. H.

56. *"a woolen bag-pipe";* the reading of all the old editions; "wawling," "swollen," "bollen," have been variously suggested; *"woollen"* probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.—I. G.

It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen,* the conjectural reading *swollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.—H. N. H.

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,

77. *"fretten";* so in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretted. Fretten* is apparently an old form of the word.—H. N. H.
82. *"conveniency";* expedition.—C. H. H.

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours;' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

106. *"to determine this"; i. e.* to act not merely as advocate, but as judge in the cause. The procedure here indicated, by which the State-appointed magistrate could freely delegate the decision of a case to an independent jurisconsult chosen by himself, had of course no parallel in the England of Shakespeare. But it seems still to prevail in Spain (Doyle, quoted by Furness, *Var. ed.* p. 406). Shakespeare was simply following the novel.—C. H. H.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presenting a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there. 122

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.

123. *"sole . . . soul";* the two words were still (till about 1650) distinguishable to the ear, the vowel of *soul* being heard as a diphthong (*òu*), that of *o* as a single sound.—C. H. H.

126. *"envy";* malice. See note to l. 10 of this scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 4:

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."—H. N. H.

128. *"inexecrable";* the quartos and first folio all read *inexecrable;* which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on the ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving the sense of *most execrable.*—H. N. H.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a

134. *"who, . . . slaughter"*; this is a sort of nominative absolute, the subject of *fleet* being "his soul." Animals, both wild and tame, were on the Continent still regarded as quasi-legal subjects, tried, and executed.—C. H. H.

young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Aye, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

183. To *"impugn"* is to oppose, to controvert.—H. N. H.

184. *"within his danger";* Richardson says,—"In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages,* commissi pœna. Thus,—'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere';* that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also,—*'In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne,—'All was in the erle's *dangere.*' And again,—'He was never wedded to woman's *danger';* that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis:* "Come not within his *danger* by your will."—H. N. H.

190. *Cp.* "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought," *Ecclesiasticus,* xxxv. 20.—I. G.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,

207. *"And that same prayer";* "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says the Chiswick editor, following Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbor the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."—H. N. H.

220. *"truth";* that is, *honesty. A true* man in old language is an *honest* man. We now call the jury good men and *true.*—H. N. H.

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Aye, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

263. *"Are there balance"; "balance"* was frequently treated as a plural by Elizabethan writers, though this is the only instance in Shakespeare.—I. G.

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, aye, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas

305. *"Barrabas";* Shakespeare seems to have followed the pro-

Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

nunciation usual to the theater, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.—H. N. H.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I 'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

369. *"predicament"*; condition.—C. H. H.

Por. Aye, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio? 390
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift, 400
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say:
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers. 410

385. Such reduction is only to affect the half assigned to the State. —C. H. H.

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal,

411. *"ten more";* that is, a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So, in the *Devil is an Ass,* by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."—H. N. H.

The English institution of jury thus figures in the Venetian court side by side with the un-English system of delegation.—C. H. H.

422. *"in lieu whereof";* in consideration whereof, or in return for which.—H. N. H.

424. *"cope";* the only instance, that we remember to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of to *pay,* or *reward.* A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play, *The Fox,* Act iii. sc. 5:

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man.*"

Junius thinks the word is from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceap-an,* to traffic, to buy or sell; and that it may have been applied to any kind of *exchange,* and hence to the exchanging of *blows,* or fighting; in which sense it is generally used.—H. N. H.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake; [*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you: [*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever, 459
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night

And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

17. *"Old"* was a common augmentative in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,

1. *"In such a night";* there is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that anyone should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But, what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them.—H. N. H.

4. *"Troilus";* the image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide;* "Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke" (Bk. v. 666).—I. G.

7–14. *"Thisbe," etc.;* Hunter (*New Illustrations,* i. 309) ingeniously suggests that the old Folio of Chaucer was lying open before

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Shakespeare when he wrote this dialogue, and that there he found Thisbe, Dido, and Medea, as well as Troilus. It is certainly striking that Thisbe, Dido, and Medea follow each other in the *Legend of Good Women*. Shakespeare has seemingly transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's *Legend* concerning Ariadne (*"And to the stronde barefote faste she went"—"And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde"*). Chaucer's Medea directed Shakespeare's mind to Ovid, *Metam.* VII.—I. G.

15. *"Jessica";* Medea, who stole away from her father, Æetes, with the golden fleece, suggests Jessica's own story to Lorenzo.—I. G.

16. *"unthrift";* prodigal.—C. H. H.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

32. *"For happy wedlock hours";* one of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to Him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine.* A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton:*

> "But there are *crosses,* wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."—H. N. H.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo. Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

56. *"in"*; into.—C. H. H.

57. *"touches"*; notes (evoked by the touch of the musician); so in v. 67.—C. H. H.

59. *"patines"*; a small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first folio and one of the quartos read *pattens:* the second folio reads *patterns,* which Collier strangely adopts, thus taking a poor authority for a worse reading.—H. N. H.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

61, &c. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth book *De Republica,* where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, and represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony, the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (Du Bois, *The Wreath,* p. 60, quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine is, however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The morning stars sang together."

62. *"quiring";* singing in concert.—C. H. H.

63. *"Such harmony";* a passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity:* "Touching musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The Book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare.—Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres,"—an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception.—H. N. H.

The germ of this conception is due to Plato, who imagined the eight planetary spheres to be occupied by singing sirens, whose notes formed a perfect diapason. "Upon each of the spheres (κύκλων) is a siren, who is borne round with the sphere, uttering a single note; and the eight notes compose a single harmony" (*Rep.* bk. x. p. 617). But Shakespeare attributes song not to the "spheres" in which the planets were set, nor even only the planets, but to all the myriad stars of the firmament.—C. H. H.

65. *"close it in";* Quarto 1 and Folios read *"in it,"* which some editors have taken as equivalent to *"close-in it."*

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

79. *"the poet";* probably Ovid, who tells the story in the *Metamorphoses,* a book peculiarly familiar to Shakespeare.—C. H. H.

83. *"The man that hath no music in himself";* Steevens pounced rather unmercifully upon the poor Poet for this piece of "fine frenzy," and Douce very charitably stepped to his defense. Of course both had the best of the argument. "The solemn stupidity," with which the dispute was carried on, is funny enough; otherwise it is not of the slightest consequence.—H. N. H.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

99. Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.—H. N. H.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

126. A writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,'—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation."—H. N. H.

And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:

141. *"breathing courtesy";* this complimentary form, made up only of *breath,* that is, words.—H. N. H.

150. *"Love me,"* etc.; knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis,* with short sentences in distich. The *poesy,* or *posy,* of a ring was of course the motto.—H. N. H.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Aye, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

156. *"respective"; that is, considerative, regardful.* Thus, in *King John,* Act i. sc. 1: "For new made honor doth forget men's names; 'tis too *respective* and too sociable." And in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act. iv. sc. 4: "What should it be that he *respects* in her but I can make *respective* in myself?"—H. N. H.

162. *"Scrubbed"* is here used in the sense of *stunted;* as in Holland's *Pliny:* "Such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs* only." And Mr. Verplanck observes that the name *scrub oak* was from the first settlement of this country given to the dwarf or bush oak. How the word came to bear this sense doth not appear, unless because the thing originally signified by it was used for *scrubbing.*—H. N. H.

169. *"so riveted"; so* is probably a copyist's blunder, due to the *so* in 167.—C. H. H.

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

193. A similar repetition of the word *"love"* at the end of ten consecutive lines is found in *The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange* (1607); *cp. Edward III,* Act II. sc. i., where *"the sun"* ends eight consecutive lines.—I. G.

When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

201. *"Contain"* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So, in Bacon's Essays: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."—H. N. H.

210. A *"civil doctor"* was a doctor of the Civil Law.—H. N. H.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honor, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;

249. *"wealth";* that is, for his *advantage;* to obtain his happiness.

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly:

Wealth is only another form of *weal;* we say indifferently common-*weal* or common-*wealth.*—H. N. H.

262. *"In lieu of this";* in consideration of this (ring).—C. H. H.

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Aye, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Aye, and I 'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

298. *"inter'gatories"*; a legal term; questions put to a sworn-witness.—C. H. H.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abode, delay; II. vi. 21.
Abridged; "to be a.," *i. e.* "at being a."; I. i. 126.
Address'd me, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
Advice, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
Advised, cautious, heedful; I. i. 142.
Advisedly, intentionally; V. i. 253.
Affection, feeling; II. viii. 48.
Approve, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
Argosies, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
Attempt, tempt; IV. i. 433.
Attended, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.

Baned, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
Bare, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
Bated, reduced; III. iii. 32.
Beholding, beholden; I. iii. 106.
Best-regarded, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
Blent, blended; III. ii. 183.
Blest, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
Bonnet, head-gear; I. ii. 87.
Bottom, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
Break up, break open; II. iv. 10.
Breathing, verbal; V. i. 141.
Burial, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 266.
Cater-cousins, remote relations, good friends; "are scarce c.," *i. e.* "are not great friends"; II. ii. 150.
Cerecloth, a cloth dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud; II. vii. 51.
Ceremony, sacred object; V. i. 206.
Charge; "on your charge," at your expense; IV. i. 266.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 314.
Childhood proof, childhood's proof; I. i. 144.
Choose, "let it alone!" I. ii. 54.
Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 154.
Civil doctor, doctor of civil law; V. i. 210.
Civility, civilization; II. ii. 218.
Close, secret; II. vi. 47.
Commandment (in Quartos and Folios "commandément"; clearly to be pronounced as a quadrisyllable); IV. i. 463.
Commends, commendations; II. ix. 90.
Complexion, nature; III. i. 32.
Compromised, (had) come to a mutual agreement; I. iii. 79.
Confound, destroy; III. ii. 278.
Confusions; Launcelot's blunder for "conclusions"; II. ii. 42.
Constant, self-possessed; III. ii. 250.
Contain, retain; V. i. 201.

Continent, that which contains anything; III. ii. 131.
Contrary, wrong; I. ii. 112.
Contrive, conspire; IV. i. 364.
Cope, requite; IV. i. 424.
Counterfeit, likeness; III. ii. 115.
County, count; I. ii. 52.
Cousin, kinsman; III. iv. 50.
Cover, wear hats; II. ix. 44.
Cureless (the reading of the Quartos; the Folios read "endless") beyond cure; IV. i. 142.

Danger, absolute power (to harm); IV. i. 184.
Death = death's head; II. vii. 63.
Deface, cancel, destroy; III. ii. 301.
Difference, dispute; IV. i. 174.
Disabled, crippled; I. i. 123.
Disabling, undervaluing; II. vii. 30.
Discover, reveal; II. vii. 1.
Doit, a small coin; I. iii. 141.
Drive, commute; IV. i. 384.
Ducats; the value of the Venetian silver ducat was about that of the American dollar; I. iii. 1.

Eanlings, lambs just born; I. iii. 80.
Entertain, maintain; I. i. 90.
Equal, equivalent; I. iii. 150.
Estate, state; III. ii. 239.
Excess, interest; I. iii. 63.
Excrement, hair; "valour's ex.," *i. e.* "a brave man's beard"; III. ii. 87.
Eye; "within the eye of honor"; *i. e.* "within the sight of h."; "within the scope of honour's vision"; I. i. 137.

Fairness, beauty; III. ii. 94.
Faithless, unbelieving; II. iv. 38.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 89.
Falls, falls out; III. ii. 204.
Fancy, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
Fear'd, frightened; II. i. 9.
Fearful, filling one with fear; I. iii. 176.
Fife; "wry-necked f.," a small flute, called *flute à bec*, the upper part or mouthpiece resembling the beak of a bird, hence the epithet "wry-necked"; according to others "fife" here means the musician, *cp.* "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Barnaby Riche's *Aphorisms*, 1616); II. v. 31.
Fill-horse, shaft-horse; II. ii. 111.
Find forth, find out, seek; I. i. 143.
Flood, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV. i. 72.
Fond, foolish; II. ix. 27.
Foot, spurn with the foot; I. iii. 119.
Foot, path; II. iv. 36.
Footing, footfall; V. i. 24.
For, of; III. iv. 10.
Fraught, freighted; II. viii. 30.
Fretten, fretted; IV. i. 77.

Gaberdine, a large loose cloak of coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 130.
Gaping pig, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.
Garnish, apparel; II. vi. 45.
Gear; "for this g.," *i. e.* for this matter, business: "a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import"; I. i. 110; II. ii. 189.

Gelt, mutilated; V. i. 144.
Gratify, reward; IV. i. 418.
Gross; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 160.
Guard, guardianship; I. iii. 176.
Guarded, ornamented; II. ii. 175.
Guiled, full of guile, treacherous; III. ii. 97.

Habit, behavior; II. ii. 213.
Heavens; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 13.
Heaviness, sadness; "his embraced h."; the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
High-day, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
Hip; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 47.
Hovel-post, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 80.
Husbandry, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.

Imagined, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.
Imposition, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 121.
Incarnal; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 31.
Inexecrable, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.
Insculp'd, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.

Jacks, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.
Jump with, agree with; II. ix. 32.

Kept, lived; III. iii. 19.
Knapped, broke into small pieces (or "nibbled"); III. i. 10

Level, aim; I. ii. 43.
Liberal, free; II. ii. 208.
Lichas, the servant of Deianira, who brought Hercules the poisoned robe (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* ix. 155); II. i. 32.
Livings, estates; III. ii. 158.
Low, humble; 1. iii. 44.

Manage, management; III. iv. 25.
Melancholy bait, bait of melancholy; I. i. 101.
Mere, certain, unqualified; III. ii. 265.
Mind; "have in mind," bear in mind; I. i. 71.
Mind of love, loving mind; II. viii. 42.
Mutual, general, common; V. i. 77.

Narrow seas, English Channel; III. i. 4.
Naughty, wicked; III. ii. 18.
Nazarite, Nazarene; I. iii. 35.
Neat, ox; I. i. 112.
Nestor, the oldest of heroes, taken as the type of gravity; I. i. 56.
Nominated, stated; I. iii. 150.
Now . . . now, one moment . . . at the next; I. i. 35–6.

Obliged, pledged; II. vi. 7.
Occasion; "quarrelling with o.," *i. e.* "at odds with the matter in question, turning it into ridicule without reason"; III. v. 62.
O'er-look'd, bewitched; III. ii. 15.

Of, on; II. ii. 114; with; II. iv. 24.

Offend'st, vexest; IV. i. 140.

Old (used intensitively), abundant, great; IV. ii. 15.

Opinion of, reputation for; I. i. 91.

Ostent, demeanor; II. ii. 219.

Other, others; I. i. 54.

Out-dwells, out-stays; II. vi. 3.

Out of doubt, without doubt; I. i. 21; I. i. 155.

Over-name, run their names over; I. ii. 41.

Over-weather'd, weather-beaten; II. vi. 18.

Pageants, shows; I. i. 11.

Pain, pains; II. ii. 208.

Parts, duties, functions; IV. i. 92.

Passion, outcry; II. viii. 12.

Patch, fool, simpleton, jester; II. v. 47.

Patines; the "patine" is the plate used in the Eucharist; "patines of bright gold" seems to mean "the orbs of heaven," *i. e.* either (1) the planets, or (2) the stars; possibly, however, the reference is to "the broken clouds, like flaky disks of curdled gold which slowly drift across the heavens"; V. i. 59.

Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense, delay; III. ii. 22.

Pent-house, a porch with a sloping roof; II. vi. 1.

Pied, spotted; I. iii. 80.

Port, importance; III. ii. 283.

Possess'd, acquainted, informed; I. iii. 65.

Post, postman; II. ix. 100.

Posy, a motto inscribed on the inner side of a ring; V. i. 148.

Power, authority; IV. i. 104.

Preferr'd, recommended; II. ii. 166.

Presently, immediately; I. i. 183.

Prest, prepared; I. i. 160.

Prevented, anticipated; I. i. 61.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 83.

Publican, an allusion perhaps to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (St. Luke xviii. 10–14); I. iii. 42.

Quaintly, gracefully; II. iv. 6.

Question, are disputing, arguing; IV. i. 70.

Quit, remit; IV. i. 393.

Raised, roused; II. viii. 4.

Reason'd, had a conversation; II. viii. 27.

Regreets, greetings; II. ix. 89.

Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 20.

Repent, regret; IV. i. 287, 288.

Reproach, Launcelot's blunder for "approach"; II. v. 20.

Respect, proper attention (or perhaps "respect to circumstances"); V. i. 99.

Respect upon; "you have too much r. u.," *i. e.* "you look too much upon"; I. i. 74.

Respective, mindful; V. i. 156.

Rest; "set up my rest," made up my mind (a phrase probably derived from the game of Primero; *resto* meant to bet or wager, which appears to have been made by the players only); II. ii. 120.

Rialto; "The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants do meet twice a

day. . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Crudities* (1611).

Rib, enclose; II. vii. 51.

Ripe, urgent; I. iii. 64.

Riping, ripening; II. viii. 40.

Road, port; harbor; V. i. 288.

Sad, grave; II. ii. 219.

Sand-blind, half-blind; II. ii. 40.

Scant, moderate; III. ii. 112.

Scanted, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.

Scarfed, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.

Scrubbed, small, ill-favored, scrubby; v. i. 162.

Self, self-same; I. i. 148.

Sense; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.

Sensible, evident to the senses, substantial; II. ix. 89; sensitive; II. viii. 48.

Should, would; I. ii. 107, 108.

Shows, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. ii. 246.

Shrive me, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 152.

Sibylla, a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* xv.).

Single; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of sureties"; I. iii. 146.

Slubber, "to slur over"; II. viii. 39.

Smug, neat; III. i. 51.

So, provided that; III. ii. 197.

Sola, sola; "Lancelot is imitating the horn of the courier or post"; V. i. 39.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 124.

Sonties; "by God's s." *i. e.* "by God's dear saints"; sonties = "saunties," a diminutive form; II. ii. 50.

Soon at, about; II. iii. 5.

Sore, sorely; V. i. 307.

Sort, dispose; V. i. 132.

Sort, lottery; I. ii. 121.

Spend, waste; I. i. 153.

Squandered, scattered; I. iii. 22.

Stead, help; I. iii. 7.

Still, continually; I. i. 17; I. i. 136.

Straight, straightway; II. ix. 1.

Strange; "exceeding strange," quite strangers; I. i. 67.

Strond, strand; I. i. 171.

Substance, (?) weight; IV. i. 339.

Suited, apparelled; I. ii. 85.

Supposed, spurious, false; III. ii. 94.

Supposition, the subject of conjecture; I. iii. 18.

Table, palm of the hand; II. ii. 179.

Think, bethink; IV. i. 70.

Thrift, success, good fortune; I. i. 175; profits; I. iii. 51.

Time, "springtime of life, youth, manhood"; I. i. 129.

Tranect (so the Quartos and Folios), probably an error for Fr. *traject* (It. *traghetto*), "a ferrie" (so glossed by Cotgrave); it is, however, note-

worthy that in Italian *tranare* means to draw or drag. "Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta, there is a dam or sluice to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice this distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakespeare's time might have called this dam by the name of 'tranect'" (Malone); III. iv. 53.

Tricksy, tricky; III. v. 76.

Tripolis, Tripoli, the most eastern of the Barbary States, the market between Europe and Central Africa; I. iii. 19.

Trust, credit; I. i. 185.

Tucket, flourish on a trumpet; V. i. 121.

Undervalued, inferior; I. i. 165.

Unfurnish'd, unmatched with the other, destitute of its fellow; III. ii. 126.

Untread, retrace; II. vi. 10.

Usance, usury, interest; I. iii. 46.

Use; "in use," *i. e.* (probably) "in trust" (*i. e.* in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 395.

Vailing, bending; I. i. 28.

Varnish'd, painted; II. v. 34.

Vasty, vast; II. vii. 41.

Very, true, real; III. ii. 226.

Virtue, efficacy; V. i. 199.

Waft, wafted; V. i. 11.

Wealth, welfare; V. i. 249.

Weather, storms; II. ix. 29.

Where, whereas; IV. i. 22.

While, time; II. i. 31.

Wilful stillness, dogged silence; I. i. 90.

Younker, young man, youth; II. vi. 14.

STUDY QUESTIONS

GENERAL

1. To what sources may the play be referred?

2. Tell the story from the *Gesta*, of the merchant and his bond.

3. What is the main theme? What are the plots, and how do they interact?

4. What character purpose does Jessica serve, and in what relation to the Semitic question in the theme?

5. Who is the important individual character?

6. Around whom does the main dramatic incident center?

7. Criticize Antonio's attitude towards Shylock as avowed by himself and described by Shylock.

8. Where does Antonio give a specific reason for Shylock's hatred of him?

9. What is the fundamental spring of Shylock's expression of malice and general character? Explain his representation.

10. Of what is his final defeat a type?

11. What principles does the theme express? What constitutes the unity of the theme?

12. Describe the impressive characteristics of the several persons of the drama.

13. Characterize the emotion of Shylock when he says, at last,—"I am content."

ACT I

14. What are the relative positions of Antonio and Bassanio?

15. How does Nerissa describe Bassanio?

16. What dramatic impression is attained by Antonio's mood of depression?

17. What is said of the usury of the Jews in Venice, as a matter of history?

18. How does Shylock speak, aside, of Antonio? How further, does he show his resentful feelings?

19. What bond does he exact from Antonio? What pretence does he make concerning it?

20. How does Antonio interpret the Jew's terms? How Bassanio?

21. How does Portia express herself over the terms her father has made for her choice of a husband?

22. How does she describe her several suitors?

ACT II

23. In what terms does the Prince of Morocco commend himself to Portia?

24. What is Launcelot's testimony to the character and ways of Shylock?

25. Is the mention of the "dish of doves" a necessary indication—in combination with other touches of local color,—that Shakespeare visited Italy, any more than the other scenes of his plays? is such literal personal experience always necessary to an imaginative mind?

26. What impression does the group of gay young men about Bassanio make, especially by contrast with his other friend, Antonio?

27. What does Launcelot's devotion to Jessica show of her nature as contrasted with her father's?

28. Does Jessica concoct the plan herself by which she is to escape from her father's house? What commands does Shylock give to Jessica when he leaves her in the house?

29. Are we given any reason to suppose that Lorenzo was not at first in earnest in his love-making to Jessica? What appears to awaken him to her merits more decidedly?

30. How does the choice of the Prince of Morocco disclose his character and mind?

31. What explains the reference to an "angel stamped in gold" in the Prince of Morocco's lines?

32. How does Portia express her feelings when the Prince of Morocco has taken his leave?

33. How does Salanio's account of Shylock's uproar over Jessica's departure throw additional light on the Jew's character? What is Salanio's foreboding on Antonio's account, because of the Jew's wrath over his daughter's elopement?

34. What light on the affection of Bassanio and Antonio does the conversation of Salanio and Salarino throw?

35. How does the Prince of Arragon choose? What is characteristic in his expression of choice? What is Portia's comment when he leaves?

36. Whom does Nerissa wish may be the new suitor for her lady, when one is announced, following the Prince of Arragon? What is the dramatic value of the servant's praise when he announces the coming of this new suitor?

ACT III

37. Trace the development of incident in this act.

38. What is the import of the first scene?

39. What phase of Shylock's nature does his talk to Salarino present?—What phase, the following passage with Tubal?

40. What is the feeling of Portia when it comes Bassanio's turn to choose among the caskets? Describe the passage, entire,—the sentiment and dramatic mood of it.

41. What cast of mind does Bassanio's choice reveal in him, judging from the reflections that lead him to it?

42. What does Bassanio mean by his phrases in lines 124–126, scene ii?

43. How do Portia's lines in this scene, especially after Bassanio has made his successful choice, present her nature?

44. What is the dramatic effect of bringing all the pairs of lovers together in this scene?

45. What does Jessica relate of her father to make plain his enmity and resentment towards Antonio, in the scene where Bassanio receives the ill news from the latter?

46. How does Bassanio characterize Antonio?

47. How does Lorenzo speak of Antonio?

48. What is the plan of Portia to save the situation of Bassanio and his friend?

49. Where does Lorenzo express the real pettiness of the punning trick and strained wit-snapping of Shakespeare's time?

50. What is the service of the final scene? What does Jessica say of Portia?

ACT IV

51. What is the demeanor of Antonio throughout the Trial Scene?

52. What do Bassanio and the Duke say to try to influence Shylock to relent? What is Gratiano's part in the scene?

53. Describe the stand taken by Shylock.

54. Characterize the addresses of Portia in behalf of Antonio. Follow the development of her pleadings to its last resource, and explain in what ways it demonstrates a woman's way of reasoning.

55. How is the situation resolved?

56. What purpose is apparently in Portia's mind when she asks for Bassanio's ring as token?

ACT V

57. What is the distinctive quality of the opening passage? What is its effect upon the atmosphere of the whole act?

58. With what poetic theory do the lines from 60 to 63, correspond?

59. How is the atmosphere of the beginning maintained by the manner and lines of Portia's entrance?

60. What is the outcome of the incident of the rings?—of Antonio's fortunes?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

Two Quarto editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* appeared in the year 1600:—

(i.) *A Midsommer night's dreame. As it hath been sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete.* 1600.

(ii.) An edition with the same title, bearing the name of "*Iames Roberts*" instead of "*Thomas Fisher.*"

These editions are styled respectively the First and Second Quartos; the Second was probably a pirated reprint of Fisher's, but the differences between them are unimportant, and though the First must be considered the authoritative text, both copies are remarkably accurate, when compared with other Quartos.

The First Folio version of the play was printed from the Second Quarto, with a few slight and unimportant changes, and with some careless errors.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The only positive piece of external evidence for the date of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is its mention by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Various attempts have been made to fix the occasion for which the play was originally written. Lord Southampton's marriage with

Elizabeth Vernon has been proposed by some, but this did not take place till 1598; others maintain that the occasion was the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Sidney, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, in 1590; there is, however, absolutely no authority for the statement, and the probabilities are strongly opposed to the supposition.

The most valuable internal indication of the date of composition is perhaps to be found in Act v. i. 52–55:—

> *"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
> *Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.*
> This is some satire, keen and critical,
> Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony."

We have most likely in these lines a reference to the death of Robert Greene, "*utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister*," the novelist and dramatist, whose *Groatsworth of Wit* contained his well-known attack on "the onely Shake-scene in a country"; in this pamphlet Greene spoke as the very representative of "Learning," and sounded the alarm of the scholar-poets at the triumphs of the "unlearned" players in general, and of one "up-start crowe" in particular. Greene died in degraded beggary in the autumn of 1592. The phrase "*the thrice three Muses*" was in all likelihood suggested by Spenser's *Teares of the Muses* (published in 1591), in which the nine Muses severally bewail the neglect of the scholars,—one of many similar laments to be found in Elizabethan literature (*cp. e.g.* the lines at the end of the first sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*). The words "late deceas'd" would, according to this interpretation, fix the date of composition at about 1592–3.

On the other hand, it is maintained that Titania's description of the disastrous state of the weather (II. i. 88–117) points directly to the wretched summer of the year 1594; various contemporary accounts have come down to us of that terrible year, all of them recalling Shakespeare's words:—

"A colder time in world was never seene:
The skies do loure, the sun and moone wax dim;
Summer scarce known, but that the leaves are greene.
The winter's waste drives water ore the brim;
Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim;"
—CHURCHYARD'S *Charitie*, 1595.

[*cp.* Forman's *Diary* (1564–1602); Stowe's *Chronicle*, under the year 1594; Dr. King's *Lectures upon Jonas delivered at Yorke in the year of our Lorde* 1594.]

The general characteristics of the play lead to nothing very definite as far as its date is concerned; the rhyme-test is obviously no criterion, for the comedy is intentionally lyrical; but the blank-verse, with its paucity of double-endings and general regularity, the carefully elaborated plan and symmetrical arrangement of the plot, the comparative absence of real characterization, the many reminiscences of country life, the buoyancy of its tone, all these elements manifestly connect *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the group of early "love plays,"—*Love's Labor's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, and it may reasonably be placed between this group and the play to which they all seem to serve as preparatory efforts, the love-tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*,—*i.e.* about the years 1593–1595. In all probability it passed through various revisions before its appearance as we have it in the First Quarto.

THE SOURCES

(i.) Shakespeare may well have evolved *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*,[1] to which he is obviously indebted for many elements. The general frame-work of the play—viz., the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta, must have been suggested by the *Tale;* but Shakespeare ingeniously opens the *Dream* before the marriage, so that this event may round off the whole play; Chaucer introduces us to the pair at their home-coming

[1] Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* amounts to very little,—a few names and allusions.

after the marriage. In the *Tale* we have Palamon and Arcite rivals for the hand of Emelië; in obedience to the symmetrical plan of Shakespeare's early plots, these give place to two pairs of lovers, with their more complex story of crossed love; Emelië in fact resolves herself into Helena and Hermia. They are indeed "two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

The great gods of Olympus, who busy themselves so actively with the destinies of the lovers in the *Tale*, are represented in the *Dream* by their medieval representatives, by Oberon, Titania, and their ministering sprites.

In the *Tale*, as in the *Dream*, we have the same allusions to the rites of May, and the same "musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction." Shakespeare has, however, wisely dispensed with the cumbersome machinery of the *Tale*—cumbersome from the theatrical point of view—viz., the dungeons, tournaments, etc. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* should be read in order to understand how weak a drama results from the actual dramatization of Chaucer's story of Palamon and Arcite.[1]

The secret of the transformation of *The Knight's Tale* into *A Midsummer Night's Dream* may perhaps be partially understood, if we consider the task that Shakespeare seems to have set himself,—the task of satisfying all the requirements of a "Court drama" without departing from his own ideas of Romantic Comedy. The essential elements of such a play as Lyly's *Endymion*,—the spectacular machinery, the mythological agencies, the love-story, the comical interlude, the complimentary allusions to the Queen, direct or allegorical,—all these find a place in Shakespeare's *Dream*.

(ii.) Popular tradition, derived from Teutonic and Celtic paganism, together with quasi-classical and romantic lore, are the main sources of Shakespeare's fairy mythol-

[1] I cannot bring myself to believe that there is a line of Shakespeare's in this unequal performance; it is specially interesting to note that the authors of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* must have known that the *Dream* represented Shakespeare's version of the *Tale*.

ogy.[1] Oberon, the fairy king, found a place in English dramatic literature[2] before Shakespeare re-created him; he may be traced back to the Charlemagne romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, translated from the French by Lord Berners about 1534 (*cp. Early English Text Society, Extra Series*, ed. S. Lee, Nos. 40, 41, 43, 50). "Oberon," in reality identical with the famous dwarf "Alberich" of the *Nibelungen Lied*, dwells with all his fairy subjects in a forest on the way to Babylon, and the splendor of his equipment has a truly oriental coloring; similarly Shakespeare associates his "fairy-land" with the East—"the farthest steppe of India."

"Titania" (taken from Ovid, Meta. IV, 346, where it is applied to Diana), illustrates the belief current at the time that the fairies were identical with the classical nymphs, and that Diana was their queen.[3] Titania's more popular title was "Queen Mab."

In Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* the Fairy-King and Fairy-Queen are styled *Pluto* and *Proserpina;* possibly Shakespeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Tale* for the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, and for the Fairy-King's interest in a pair of mortals:—

> "Pluto that is King of Faerië,
> And many a lady in his companië
> Following his wife, the Queen Proserpina . . .
> Dame, quod this Pluto, be no longer wroth,
> I am king, it sit me not to lië.
> And I, quoth she, am Queen of Faërië,
> Let us no morë wordës of it make."

[1] N.B. "Fairy" properly signifies merely "enchantment," or the state of being like a fay; *fée,* with its various cognates in other Romance languages is derived from a low Latin *fata,* "a goddess of destiny," really a plural of *fatum,* treated as a feminine singular. The application of this term to the "elves" of Teutonic mythology is in itself instructive.

[2] In Greene's *James IV* where he figures as "Oboram, King of the Fayeries"; (*cp. The Faerie Queene,* Bk. ii., Cant. i., Sts. 6, 75).

[3] King James I in his *Demonologie* points out that Diana was "amongst us called the Phairee."

(It should be borne in mind that Spenser's *Faerie Queene* was published in 1590.)

The characteristics of "Puck," Oberon's jester ("thou lob of spirits, *i.e.* clown," II. 1–16), may all have been derived from popular tradition; the name was probably of Celtic origin, a generic term for "sprite or goblin," but it is found in English before the Conquest, and very early in Scandinavian and other dialects. The mischief-loving sprite was generally known as "Robin Goodfellow" in English, and "Knecht Ruprecht" in German. (On the Fairy-lore, *cp.* Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare Society Publication, 1845, where among other illustrative texts *The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow* (printed 1628) will be found *in extenso;* also, Keightley's *Fairy Mythology; cp.* Jonson's Mask of *Oberon*, Drayton's *Nymphidia*, Milton's *L'Allegro*, 100–114).

(iii.) It is significant that in Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale*, to which tale allusion has already been made, occur the following lines:—

> O noble Ovide, soth sayest thou, God wot,
> What sleight is it if love be long and hote,
> That he will find it out in some manere?
> By Pyramus and Thisbe may men lere;
> Though they were kept ful long and strict over all,
> They ben accorded, rowning through a wall, etc.[1]

Perhaps these lines suggested to Shakespeare the subject of his burlesque interlude, introduced into this play much in the same way as the "Nine Worthies" in *Love's Labor's Lost*. Various poems, ballads, and perhaps mumming plays on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe were probably known to Shakespeare, though his immediate source seems to have been Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where the story is told (iv. 55–166).

A commonplace-book of the beginning of the seven-

[1] Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon* was certainly read by Shakespeare, though its influence cannot be detected in the play.

teenth century belonging to the British Museum (Additional MSS. 15227) contains a short play entitled "*Tragœdia miserrima Pyrami et Thisbes Fata enuncians* [*Historia ex Publio Ovidio deprompta*] *Authore N.R.*" A few lines from these brief "tedious" scenes will serve to show how easily the subject lends itself to burlesque:—

> "What shall I doe? I know not what to doe.
> Where shall I runne, oh runne? I cannot goe.
> Where shall I goe, oh goe? I cannot stirre."

Among Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584) there is *A New Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbe*, which occasionally reminds one of Shakespeare's parody.

["*Narcissus, A Twelfe Night Merriment played by Youths of the Parish at the College of S. John the Baptist in Oxford, A.D.* 1602 (*ed. Margaret Lee; David Nutt,* 1893) is a similar burlesque of an Ovidian story.]

(iv.) "Oberon's Vision"—the pivot of the play—contains without doubt a complimentary allusion to the Queen. Various explanations have been advanced of the whole passage (II. i. 148–168). In 1843 the Rev. N. J. Halpin published his *Oberon's Vision in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, illustrated by a comparison with Lylie's Endymion* —the most ingenious unraveling of this allegorical passage, which is said to refer to the Queen's visit to Kenilworth Castle in July, 1575; to the festivities on that occasion; to the ambitious attempts of Leicester ("Cupid all arm'd," Lyly's *Endymion*) to win Elizabeth ("the cold moon," Lyly's *Cynthia*); to his wavering passion for the Countess of Sheffield ("the earth," Lyly's *Tellus*); and finally to his intrigue with Lettice, Countess of Essex ("a little western flower," Lyly's *Floscula*).

TIME OF ACTION

The action of the play covers three days, or rather one long night preceded and followed by a day, although

Theseus in his opening words tells Hippolyta "Four happy days" are to elapse before their nuptial hour. The eventful night of the second day occupies the greater part of the play—viz., Acts II., III., and IV. Sc. 1 (ll. 1–143). The following morning is "the morn of May"; "the Dream" is really "a May-Night's Dream," but "Midsummer Eve"—"St. John's Night," with its pagan Balefires —was especially associated with fairy superstitions and fantastic riotings, and the title suggests little more than "a very Midsummer madness." It is not absolutely necessary, as some scholars maintain, to regard the play as actually written for performance "on Midsummer-day at Night," though such plays were occasionally composed (*e.g.* Ben Jonson's Fairy Masque, *The Satyr*, which evidently owes much to Shakespeare).

The idea of a "dream-drama" was perhaps suggested by Lyly's Prologue to his *Woman in the Moon*, written some ten years before Shakespeare's play:—

> "Remember all is but a poet's dream,
> The first he had in Phœbus' holy bower,
> But not the last, unless the first displease."

But in employing the *Dream* as a piece of poetical machinery Shakespeare links himself to his medieval predecessors, whose conventional allegories knew no other medium than that made familiar to them by their favorite *Romaunt*,—a device derived by Lorris from the quaint dream-book to which Chaucer often refers, *Scipionis Somnium*, by "an author hight Macrobes."

"God turne us every dream to good!"

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, M.A.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, by Thomas Fisher, October 8, 1600. In the course of that year was published a quarto pamphlet of thirty-two leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "A Midsummer-Night's Dream: As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Sign of the White Hart, Fleetestreet: 1600." Another edition came out the same year, "printed by James Roberts." The play was not printed again till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the eighth in the list of comedies.

Fisher was a publisher, but not a printer; Roberts was both; and the entering of the play to the former seems to argue that he had the copy-right, and that the edition of the latter was unauthorized. Yet, from the agreement of this and the folio in certain misprints, we are brought to infer that Heminge and Condell must have taken Roberts' text in making up their copy for the press. In all three of the copies, however, the printing is remarkably clear and accurate for the time, leaving little room for controversy as to the true reading: probably none of the Poet's works has reached us in a more perfect state. As an instance of the general correctness, Knight aptly refers to the Prologue of the Interlude, which is carefully mispointed in the original copies; thus showing that either the proof was corrected by the Author, or the printing was from a very clear manuscript. The main difference

between the quartos and the folio is, that the latter distinguishes the acts: the scenes are not marked in either.

The play is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia;* which ascertains that it was made before 1598: and a curious piece of internal evidence renders it highly probable that the writing was after 1594. One of the finest passages in the play is in Act ii. sc. 1, where Titania describes the confusion of the seasons, and the evils thence resulting to man and beast; and the description tallies so well with the strange misbehavior of the weather in 1594, as to leave scarce any room for doubt as to the allusion. The disorderly conduct of the elements that year is thus recorded in Strype's *Annals* from a discourse at York by Dr. King: "Remember that the spring was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rain that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected." Again, after recounting other signs of the divine wrath, the preacher adds, —"And see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather, and storms of rain among us: which if we will observe, and compare it with what is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted. Our years are turned upside down: our summers are no summers; our harvests are no harvests; our seed-times are no seed-times. For a great space of time scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained." To the same effect Mr. Halliwell has produced an extract from the *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, showing how the heavy rains

> "Have every pelting river made so proud,
> That they have overborne their continents."

So that we can hardly choose but conclude that the play, or at least the passage in question, must have been written after the summer of 1594, when the Poet had passed his thirtieth year. And surely, the truth of the allusion being granted, all must admit that passing events and matters

of fact were never turned to better account in the service of poetry.

Another passage has been often quoted and discussed as bearing upon the matter in hand. We confess ourselves quite unable to make any thing out of it for that purpose. In Act v. sc. 1, when the parties interested are considering what entertainment shall be made choice of to grace the forthcoming nuptials, the Master of the Revels produces "a brief how many sports are ripe," the third item of which is—

> "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

Some have regarded this as pointing to the death of Spenser, which occurred in 1599; others, as referring to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, which appeared in 1591. The former, of course, could not be the case but upon the supposal that the lines were written in at a revisal, which would rule them out of the question as to when the play was first made. The latter might indeed pass, but for what Theseus says of the performance there designated.

> "That is some satire, keen and critical,
> Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony:"

a description to which *The Tears of the Muses* nowise corresponds. Mr. Knight suggests that the passage may refer to Harvey's "keen and critical," but ungenerous attack upon Greene, soon after the death of the latter in 1592: which suggestion, however, he does not himself consider of much value, wherein we cordially agree with him.

Upon the whole, therefore, the best conclusion we can form is, that the play was written somewhere between 1594 and 1598. Yet we have to concur with Mr. Verplanck, that there are some passages which relish strongly of an earlier period; while again there are others that with the prevailing sweetness of the whole have such an intertwisting of nerve and vigor, and such an energetic compactness of thought and imagery, mingled occasionally with the

deeper tonings of "years that bring the philosophic mind," as to argue that they were wrought into the structure of the play not long before it came from the press. The part of the Athenian lovers certainly has much that would scarce do credit even to such a boyhood as Shakespeare's must have been. On the other hand, there is a large philosophy in Theseus' discourse of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," a noble sagacity in his reasons for preferring the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe," and a bracing freshness and inspiriting hilarity in the short dialogue of the chase, such as the Poet's best years need not blush to have been the father of. Perhaps, however, what seem the defects of the former, the far-fetched conceits and artificial elegances, were wisely designed, in order to invest the part with such an air of dreaminess and unreality as would better sort with the scope and spirit of the piece, and preclude a disproportionate resentment of some naughty acts into which those love-bewildered frailties are betrayed. So that we cannot quite go along with the judicious critic last mentioned, in thinking the part in question to have been the remains of a juvenile effort, with which, after a long interval, the heroic personages and some of the fairy scenes were amalgamated or interwoven.

It is hardly to be supposed that this play could have been very successful on the boards. Though unsurpassed and unsurpassable in its kind, such a preponderance of the poetical over the dramatic could scarce have been greatly relished by the same audiences and in the same places where those performances so intensely crowded with dramatic life made their Author "the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage." Notwithstanding, as evidence that the play enjoyed a good share of fame, we may quote a passage from *Sir Gregory Nonsense*, by Taylor the Water-poet in 1622: "I say it is applausefully written, and commended to posterity, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,—If we offend, it is with our good will: We come with no intent but to offend, and show our simple skill." And a manuscript

has been discovered in the Library at Lambeth Palace, showing that the play was represented, September 27, 1631, at the house of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln; the same great but by no means faultless man who was so harshly treated by Laud, and gave the King such crooked counsel in the case of Strafford, and spent his last years in mute sorrow at the death of his royal master, and had his life written by the wise, witty, good Bishop Hacket.

Some hints for the part of Theseus and Hippolyta appear to have been taken from *The Knightes Tale* of Chaucer. Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babilon,* and Golding's translation of the same story from Ovid, probably furnished the matter for the Interlude. So much as relates to Bottom and his fellows evidently came fresh from nature as she had passed under the Poet's eye. The linking of these clowns in with the ancient tragic tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, so as to draw the latter within the region of modern farce, thus travestying the classic into the grotesque, is not less original than droll. How far it may have expressed the Poet's judgment touching the theatrical doings of his time, perhaps were a question more curious than profitable. The names of Oberon, Titania, and Robin Goodfellow, were made familiar by the surviving relics of Gothic and Druidical mythology; as were also many particulars in their habits, mode of life, and influence in human affairs. Hints and allusions, scattered through many preceding writers, might be produced, showing that the old superstition had been grafted into the body of Christianity, where it had shaped itself into a regular system so as to mingle in the lore of the nursery, and hold an influential place in the popular belief. Some features, or rather some reports of this ancient Fairydom are thus translated into poetry by Chaucer in *The Wif of Bathes Tale:*

> "In olde dayes of the King Artour,
> Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
> All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
> The Elf-quene, with hire joly compagnie,

Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beme,
This maketh that ther ben no faeries:
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself."

But, though Chaucer and others had spoken about the fairy nation, it was for Shakespeare to let them speak for themselves: until he clothed their substances in apt forms, their thoughts in fitting words, they but floated unseen and unheard in the mental atmosphere of his father-land. But for him, we might indeed have heard of them, but not have known them. So that Mr. Hallam is quite right in regarding *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* as "altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet—the fairy machinery. A few before him," he adds, "had dealt, in a vulgar and clumsy manner, with popular superstitions; but the sportive, beneficent, invisible population of air and earth, long since established in the creed of childhood, and of those simple as children, had never for a moment been blended with 'human mortals,' among the personages of the drama." How much Shakespeare did as the friend and savior of those sweet airy frolickers of the past, from the relentless mowings of Time, has been charmingly set forth by a poet of our own day. We allude to Thomas Hood's delightful poem, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.*

Coleridge says he is "convinced that Shakespeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout." And elsewhere he remarks that "the whole of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical." These observations, both of which spring out of one and the same idea, undoubtedly hit the true center and

life of the performance; and on no other ground can its merits be rightly estimated. This it is that explains and justifies the distinctive features of the work, such as the constant subordination of the dramatic elements, and the free playing of the action unchecked by the laws and conditions of outward fact and reality. A sort of lawlessness is indeed the very law of the piece: the actual order of things giving place to the spontaneous issues and capricious turnings of the mind; the lofty and the low, the beautiful and the grotesque, the worlds of fancy and of fact, all the strange diversities that enter into "such stuff as dreams are made of," every where running and frisking together, and interchanging their functions and properties: so that the whole seems confused, flitting, shadowy, and indistinct, as fading away in the remoteness and fascination of moonlight. The very scene is laid in a sort of dream-land, called Athens indeed, but only because Athens was the greatest beehive of beautiful visions then known; or rather, it lies in an ideal forest near an ideal Athens,—a forest peopled with sportive elves, and sprites, and fairies, feeding on moonlight, and music, and fragrance: a place where nature herself is supernatural; where every thing is idealized, even to the sunbeams and the soil; where the vegetation proceeds by enchantment; and where there is magic in the germination of the seed and secretion of the sap.

Great strength of passion or of volition would obviously be out of place in such a performance: it has room but for love, and beauty, and delight,—for whatsoever is most poetical in nature and fancy; and therefore for none but such tranquil stirrings of thought and feeling as may flow out in musical expression: any tuggings of mind or heart, that should ruffle and discompose the smoothnesses of lyrical division, would be quite out of keeping with a dream, especially a midsummer-night's dream, and would be very apt to turn it into something else. The characters, therefore, are appropriately drawn with light, delicate, vanishing touches; some of them being dreamy and sentimental, some

gay and frolicsome, and others replete with amusing absurdities, while all are alike dipped in fancy or sprinkled with humor. And for the same reason the tender distresses of unrequited or forsaken love here touch not the moral sense at all, but only at most our human sympathies; for love is represented as but the effect of some visual enchantment, which the king of fairies can undo or suspend, reverse or inspire, at pleasure. The lovers all seem creatures of another mould than ourselves, with barely enough of the fragrance of humanity about them to interest our human feelings, and whose deepest sorrow wears upon its face a flush and play of inward happiness. Even the heroic personages are fitly represented with unheroic aspect: we see them but in their unbendings, when they have doffed their martial robes aside, to lead the train of day-dreamers, and have a nuptial jubilee. In their case great care and art were required, to make the play what it has been censured for being,—that is, to keep the dramatic sufficiently under, and lest the law of a part should override the law of the whole. So, likewise, in the transformation of Bottom and the dotage of Titania, all the resources of fancy were needed, to prevent the unpoetical from getting the upper hand, and thus swamping the genius of the piece. As it is, what words can fitly express the effect with which the extremes of the grotesque and the beautiful are here brought together; and how, in their meeting, each passes into the other without leaving to be itself? What an inward quiet laughing springs up and lubricates the fancy at Bottom's droll confusion of his two natures, when he talks, now as an ass, now as a man, and anon as a mixture of both, his thoughts running at the same time upon honey-bags and thistles, the charms of music and of good dry oats! Who but another nature could have so interfused the lyrical spirit, not only with, but into and through a series or cluster of the most irregular and fantastical drolleries? But indeed this embracing and kissing of the most ludicrous and the most poetical, the enchantment under which they meet, and the airy, dream-like grace that

hovers over their union, are altogether inimitable and indescribable. In this unparalleled wedlock the very diversity of the elements seems to link them the closer, while this linking in turn heightens that diversity; Titania being thereby drawn on to finer issues of soul, and Bottom to larger expressions of stomach. The union is so very improbable as to seem quite natural: we cannot conceive how any thing but a dream could possibly have married things so contrary; and that they could not have come together save in a dream, is a sort of proof that they were dreamed together.

And so, thoughout, the execution is in strict accordance with the plan: the play, from beginning to end, is a perfect festival of whatsoever dainties and delicacies poetry may command,—a continued revelry and jollification of soul, where the understanding is put asleep that fancy may run riot, and wanton in unrestrained carousal. The bringing together of four parts so dissimilar as those of the Duke and his warrior Bride, of the Athenian ladies and their lovers, of the amateur players and their woodland rehearsal, and of the fairy bickerings and overreaching; and the carrying of them severally to a point where they all meet and blend in lyrical respondence;—all this is done in the same freedom from the rules that govern the drama of character and life. Each group of persons is made to parody itself into concert with the others, while the frequent intershootings of fairy influence lift the whole into the softest regions of fancy. At last the Interlude comes in as an amusing burlesque on all that has gone before, as in our troubled dreams we sometimes end with a dream that we have been dreaming, and our perturbations sink to rest in the sweet assurance that they were but the phantoms and unrealities of a busy sleep. Ulrici,—whose criticisms generally appear too something, perhaps too profound, to be of much use,—rightly considers this reciprocal parody the basis and center where the several parts coalesce and round themselves into an organic whole. Yet, as if this vital coherence of all the parts were

not enough, the several threads are collected and bound together; the nuptial doings at the close winding up whatsoever might else seem scattered and uncomposed, thus setting a formal knot upon an unity that was real before.

Partly for the reasons already stated, and partly for others that we scarce know how to state, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is a most effectual poser to criticism. Besides that its very essence is irregularity, so that it cannot be fairly brought to the test of rules, the play forms a complete class by itself: literature has nothing else like it; nothing therefore with which it may be compared and its merits adjusted. For the Poet has here exercised powers apparently differing even in kind, not only from those of any other writer, but from those shown in any other of his own writings: elsewhere, if his characters be penetrated with the ideal, their whereabout lies in the actual, and the work may in some measure be judged by that life which it claims to represent: here the whereabout is as ideal as the characters; all is in the land of dreams,—a place for dreamers, not for critics. The whole thing, moreover, swarms with enchantment: all the sweet witchery of Shakespeare's sweet genius is concentrated into it, yet disposed with so subtle and cunning a hand, that we can as little grasp it as get away from it: its charms, like those of a summer evening, are such as we may see and feel, but cannot locate or define; cannot say they are here, or they are there: the moment we yield ourselves up to them, they seem to be every where; the moment we go to master them, they seem to be nowhere.

Though, as already remarked, the characterization be here quite secondary and subordinate, yet the play probably has as much of character as is compatible with so much of poetry. Theseus has been well described as a classic personage drawn with romantic features and expression. The name is Greek; but the nature and spirit are essentially Gothic. Nor does the abundance of classic allusion and imagery in the story call for any qualification here, because whatsoever is taken is thoroughly steeped

in the efficacy of the taker. This species of anachronism, common to all modern writers before and during the age of Shakespeare, seems to have risen in part from a comparative dearth of classical learning, which left men to contemplate the heroes of antiquity under the forms into which their own minds and manners were cast. Thus all their delineations became informed with the genius of romance: the condensed grace of ancient character gave way to the enlargement of chivalrous magnanimity and honor, with its "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy." Such appears to have been the no less beautiful than natural result of the "small Latin and less Greek," so often smiled and sometimes barked at, by those more skilled in the ancient languages than in the mother-tongue of nature.

Puck is apt to remind one of Ariel, though they have little in common, save that both are supernatural, and therefore live no longer in the faith of reason. Puck is no such sweet-mannered, tender-hearted, music-breathing spirit, there are no such delicate interweavings of a sensitive moral soul in his nature, he has no such soft touches of compassion and pious awe of goodness, as link the dainty Ariel in so sweetly with our best sympathies. Though Goodfellow by name, his powers and aptitudes for mischief are quite unchecked by any gentle relentings of fellow-feeling: in whatsoever distresses he finds or occasions he sees much to laugh at, nothing to pity: to tease and vex poor human sufferers, and then to think "what fools these mortals be," is pure fun to him; and if he do not cause pain, it is that the laws of Fairydom forbid him, not that he wishes it uncaused. Yet, notwithstanding his mad pranks, we cannot choose but love him, and let our fancy frolic with him, his sense of the ludicrous is so exquisite, he is so fond of sport, and so quaint and merry in his mischief, while at the same time such is the strange web of his nature as to keep him morally innocent. It would seem that some of the tricks once ascribed to him were afterwards transferred to witchcraft. Well do we remem-

ber a black spot in the bottom of the old churn over which we have toiled away many an autumnal evening. A red-hot horse-shoe had been thrown in to disbewitch the cream, and had left its mark there. Report told how a certain old woman of the neighborhood was fretting and groaning the next morning with a terrible burn. Of course she was burnt out of the churn, and, she away, the butter soon came.

But of all the characters in this play, Bottom descends by far the most into the realities of common experience, and is therefore much the most accessible to the grasp of prosaic and critical fingers. It has been thought the Poet meant him as a satire on the envies and jealousies of the green-room, as they had fallen under his keen yet kindly eye. Surely the qualities uppermost in Bottom had forced themselves on his notice long before he entered the green-room. It is indeed curious to observe the solicitude of this Protean actor, and critic, and connoisseur, that all the parts of the forthcoming play may have the benefit of his execution; how great is his concern lest, if he be tied to one, the others may be "overdone or come tardy off"; and how he would fain engross them all to himself, to the end of course that all may succeed to the honor of the stage and the pleasure of the spectators. But Bottom's metamorphosis is the most potent drawer-out of his genius. The sense of his new head-dress stirs up all the manhood within him, and lifts his character into ludicrous greatness at once. Hitherto the seeming a man has made him content to be little better than an ass; but no sooner does he seem an ass than he tries his best to be a man; and all his efforts that way only go to approve the perfect fitness of his present seeming to his former being.

Schlegel ingeniously remarks, that "the droll wonder of Bottom's metamorphosis is merely the translation of a metaphor in its literal sense." The turning a figure of speech thus into visible form is a thing only to be thought of or imagined; so that probably no attempt to paint or represent it to the senses can ever succeed. We can bear,

we often have to bear, that a man should seem an ass to the mind's eye; but not that he should seem so to the eye of the body. A child, for example, takes great pleasure in fancying the stick he rides to be a horse, when he would be frightened out of his wits were the stick to quicken and expand into an actual horse. In like manner, we often delight in indulging fancies and giving names, when we should be shocked, were our fancies to harden into facts: we enjoy visions in our sleep, that would only disgust or terrify us, should we wake up and find them solidified into things. The effect of Bottom's transformation can scarce be much otherwise, if brought upon the stage. Delightful to think, it is intolerable to look upon: exquisitely true in idea, it has no truth, or even verisimilitude, when reduced to fact; so that, however gladly imagination receives it, sense and understanding revolt at it.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENTS

This play is the shortest of the collection—the least marked in delineations of personal character—the least charged with moral significance—the most musical or lyrical. It is picturesque, imaginative, playful, and droll. Still it is a drama, and not a poem—it was written for representation, and unhesitatingly the writer allowed himself all the advantages which good representation placed at his command, without consideration how readers might fare who should lack the aid and comment of living personification. Yet, physically speaking, a large portion of the characters are more difficult of adequate impersonation than those of any other play. Before imitation of sentiment or passion is thought of, we are met at the outset with the impossibility of donning the costume. The words set down belie the claim of any actor of mortal mould to utter them; the delicate, ethereal, diminutive, yet energetic fairies, move and speak in measures and proportions that are out of all harmony with any conceivable subject histrionic. Nevertheless, with these difficulties Shakespeare coped, and not ignoring but admitting and improving them, making them the very theme and groundwork of his fanciful contrasts and ludicrous incongruities, he wrote a drama and not a poem, and, I have no doubt, brought it forth with an effect corresponding to the "right happy and copious industry" he had thereon bestowed.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

Like the sources—pretty enough surely—of its poetic inspiration, so the dramatic elements of *A Midsummer*

Night's Dream are more than usually manifold. No less than four streams of story flow through these glades of summer and fairyland, sometimes uniting, sometimes apart, till they mingle forever as they pour their tribute into the great ocean of truth and beauty. We have the story of the nuptials of Theseus and Hippolyta. This may be called the main stream—though the point is a doubtful one; then there is the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe, with all that leads up to its performance; next, the fortunes of the two pairs of lovers, the stream of true love that never yet ran smooth; and, touching these here and there, the troubled currents of the quarrel between the Fairy King and Queen; and we may add that the three latter never lose sight of the first.

Otherwise we may find the poet's main motive in the fairy element, and the influence it is made to exert on two extremes of human society; these extremes, moreover, are introduced to us separately in Act i., and at length, in Act v., when the fairy element has been withdrawn, they are admirably united by the "tragical mirth" of Pyramus and Thisbe.—LUEL, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE THEME OF THE PLAY

The theme which the action carries out in the spirit of the fantastico-comic view of life is the illusion into which men are thrown by *love*, the poetry of life, which here holds captive the senses of the dramatic personages as if by some irresistible charm. It is the magic power of love which has caused the bloody feud between Theseus and the Amazon queen to resolve itself into a gay wedding feast. Titania has fallen in love with an Indian boy, whom Oberon, in a fit of jealousy, demands her to give up, so that he may make the boy one of his huntsmen: and this again gives rise to the bantering play of the elves among one another. Egeus, the father of Hermia, has taken a blind preference for Demetrius, which is his only reason for refusing his daughter's hand to Lysander, and he wishes to

compel her against her will to marry Demetrius. The latter, who was originally devoted to the faithful Helena, suddenly becomes passionately enamoured of Hermia, who has an aversion to him. Lastly, the play of the mechanics, in which they themselves are wholly engrossed, turns upon the tragic loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; moreover Bottom, the leader of the company, is unawares thrown into an amorous relation with Titania. The complication among the different pairs of lovers (with the exception of Theseus and Hippolyta) threatens to become serious:—Oberon's and Titania's quarrel has already occasioned much mischief, and, as Titania herself expressly says, may even lead to more;—Hermia, in case of her abiding by her refusal, is threatened with death or doomed to pass her life in a nunnery;—Helena is in despair about the infidelity of Demetrius, and the latter about Hermia's cruelty. But the purport of the piece is not to give a comic representation of love—this is not the actual theme of the poem. On the contrary, the action exhibits the serious side of the passion of love only so as to parody this seriousness by representing love itself as a mere plaything, a mere illusion; in short, the action in reality parodies itself. This is why love here does not appear as an inward fascination of the heart, proceeding from the imagination or from the force of the involuntarily changing disposition of the lovers, but that it, at the same time, appears subject to the outward magic interference of higher beings, who carry on their bantering play with them. Oberon's magic herbs cause Lysander and Demetrius suddenly to become madly in love with Helena, and Titania to dote upon Bottom; but the spell is as rapidly dissolved and the right relation restored. The acting mechanics are therefore not without reason woven into the adventures of the magic forest. For, on the one hand, their burlesque comedy is intended to remind us that the seriousness of these adventures is, after all, not meant to be so very serious, and, on the other hand, the representation of Pyramus and Thisbe draws the tragic pathos of love down to the level of the ludicrous,

and thereby, at the same time, parodies the apparently tragic significance of love which is depicted in the piece itself. Hence A. Schöll very justly remarks, that, "When Demetrius and Lysander make fun of the candor with which these true-hearted *dilettanti* cast aside their masks during their performance, we cannot avoid recalling to mind that they themselves had shortly before, in the wood, no less quickly fallen out of their own parts. When these gentlemen consider Pyramus a bad lover, they forget that they had previously been no better themselves; they had then declaimed about love as unreasonably as here Pyramus and Thisbe. Like the latter, they were separated from their happiness by a wall which was no wall but a delusion, they drew daggers which were as harmless as those of Pyramus, and were, in spite of all their efforts, no better than the mechanics, that is to say, they were the means of making others laugh, the elves and ourselves. Nay, Puck makes the maddest game of these good citizens, for Bottom is more comfortable in the enchanted wood than they. The merry Puck has, indeed, by a mad prank had his laugh over the awkward workmen and the lovely fairy queen, but in deceiving the foolish mortals has at the same time deceived himself. For although he, the elf, has driven Lysander and Demetrius and the terrified mechanics about the wood, the elves have, in turn, been unceremoniously sent hither and thither to do the errands of Bottom, the ruling favorite of Titania; Bottom had wit enough to chaff the small Masters Cobweb, Peas-blossom and Mustard-seed, as much as Puck had chaffed him and his fellows. Thus no party can accuse the other of anything, and in the end we do not know whether the mortals have been dreaming of elves, the elves of mortals, or we ourselves of both." In fact, the whole play is a bantering game, in which all parties are quizzed in turn, and which, at the same time, makes game of the audience as well.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Upon the most superficial reading we perceive that the

actions in the Midsummer Night's Dream, still more than the characters themselves, are treated quite differently to those in other plays of Shakespeare. The presence of an underlying motive—the great art and true magic wand of the poet—has here been completely disregarded. Instead of reasonable inducements, instead of natural impulses arising from character and circumstance, caprice is master here. We meet with a double pair, who are entangled in strange mistakes, the motives to which we, however, seek for in vain in the nature of the actors themselves. Demetrius, like Proteus in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, has left a bride, and, like Proteus, woos the bride of his friend Lysander. This Lysander has fled with Hermia to seek a spot where the law of Athens cannot pursue them. Secretly, we are told, they both steal away into the wood; Demetrius in fury follows them, and impelled by love, Helena fastens herself like a burr upon the heels of the latter. Alike devoid of conscience, Hermia errs at first through want of due obedience to her father, and Demetrius through faithlessness to his betrothed Helena, Helena through treachery to her friend Hermia, and Lysander through mockery of his father-in-law. The strife in the first act, in which we cannot trace any distinct moral motives, is in the third act changed into a perfect confusion owing to influences of an entirely external character. In the fairy world a similar disorder exists between Oberon and Titania. The play of Pyramus and Thisbe, enacted by the honest citizens, forms a comic-tragic counterpart to the tragic-comic point of the plot, depicting two lovers, who behind their parents' backs "think no scorn to woo by moonlight," and through a mere accident come to a tragic end.

The human beings in the main plot of the piece are apparently impelled by mere amorous caprice; Demetrius is betrothed, then Helena pleases him no longer, he trifles with Hermia, and at the close he remembers this breach of faith only as the trifling of youth. External powers and not inward impulses and feelings appear as the cause of these

amorous caprices. In the first place, the brain is heated by the warm season, the first night in May, the ghost-hour of the mystic powers; for even elsewhere Shakespeare occasionally calls a piece of folly the madness of a midsummer-day, or a dog-day's fever; and in the 98th sonnet he speaks of April as the time which puts "the spirit of youth in everything," making even the "heavy Saturn laugh and leap with him." Then Cupid, who appears in the background of the piece as a real character, misleading the judgment and blinding the eyes, takes delight in causing a frivolous breach of faith. And last of all we see the lovers completely in the hand of the fairies, who ensnare their senses and bring them into that tumult of confusion, the unravelling of which, like the entanglement itself, is to come from without. These delusions of blind passion, this jugglery of the senses during the sleep of reason, these changes of mind and errors of "seething brains," these actions without any higher center of a mental and moral bearing, are compared, as it were, to a dream which unrolls before us with its fearful complications, and from which there is no deliverance but in awaking and in the recovery of consciousness.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

A LACK OF PATHOS

We have here no pathos. The hurricane of passion does not as yet sweep through Shakespeare's work. No; it is only the romantic and imaginative side of love that is here displayed, the magic whereby longing transmutes and idealizes its object, the element of folly, infatuation, and illusion in desire, with its consequent variability and transitoriness. Man is by nature a being with no inward compass, led astray by his instinct and dreams, and forever deceived either by himself or by others. This Shakespeare realizes, but does not, as yet, take the matter very tragically. Thus the characters whom he here presents, even, or rather especially, in their love-affairs, appear as anything but reasonable beings. The lovers seek and avoid

each other by turns, they love and are loved again; the couples attract each other at cross-purposes; the youth runs after the maiden who shrinks from him, the maiden flees from the man who adores her; and the poet's delicate irony makes the confusion reach its height and find its symbolic expression when the Queen of the Fairies, in the intoxication of a love-dream, recognizes her ideal in a journeyman weaver with an ass's head.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

THE FAIRY WORLD

Deep reflective power and subtle insight into character came slowly to Shakespeare, as to lesser men, but fancy has its flowering season in youth, and never has it shimmered with a more delicate and iridescent bloom than the fairy-world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Through woodland vistas, where the May-moon struggles with the dusk, elfland opens into sight, ethereal, impalpable, spun out of gossamer and dew, and yet strangely consistent and credible. For this kingdom of shadows reproduces in miniature the structure of human society. Here, as on earth, there are royal rulers, with courts, ministers, warriors, jesters, and, in fine, all the pomp and circumstance of mortal sovereignty. And what plausibility there is in every detail, worked out with an unfaltering instinct for just and delicate gradation! In this realm of the microscopic an acorn-cup is a place of shelter, and a cast snake-skin, or the leathern wing of a rear-mouse, an ample coat: the night tapers are honey-bags of humble-bees lit at the glow-worm's eyes, and the fairy chorus, to whom the third part of a moment is a measurable portion of time, charm from the side of their sleeping mistress such terrible monsters as blindworms, spiders, and beetles black. Over these tiny creatures morality has no sway: theirs is a delicious sense life, a revel of Epicurean joy in nature's sweets and beauties. To dance "by paved fountain or by rushy brook," to rest on banks canopied with flowers, to feed on apricoks

and grapes, and mulberries, to tread the groves till the "eastern gate all fiery red" turns the green sea into gold—such are the delights which make up their round of existence. In Puck, "the lob of spirits," this merry temper takes a more roguish form, a gusto in the topsy-turvy, in the things that befall preposterously, and an elfin glee in gulling mortals according to their folly. With his zest for knavish pranks, for mocking practical jokes upon "gossips" and "wisest aunts," this merry wanderer of the night is indeed a spirit different in sort from the ethereal dream fairies, and it is natural that Oberon's vision of Cupid all armed should be hid from his gross sight. Moonlight and woodland have for him no spell of beauty, but they form a congenial sphere in which to play the game of mystification and cross-purposes. Thus his very unlikeness to the other shadows marks him out as the ally and henchman of Oberon in his quarrel with the fairy queen and her court. For the love troubles of mortals have their miniature counterpart in the jealousy of the elfin royal pair, springing in the main, as befits their nature, from an æsthetic rivalry for the possession of a lovely Indian boy, though by an ingenious touch, which unites the natural and supernatural realms, a further incitement is the undue favor with which Oberon regards the "bouncing Amazon" Hippolyta, balanced by Titania's attachment to Theseus. And as the human wooers are beguiled by the power of Cupid's magic herb, the fairy queen is in like manner victimized. But with correct instinct Shakespeare makes her deception far the more extravagant. Fairyland is the world of perennial surprise, and it must be a glaringly fantastic incongruity that arrests attention there. But the most exacting canons of improbability are satisfied when Titania, whose very being is spun out of light and air and dew, fastens her affections upon the unpurged "mortal grossness" of Bottom, upon humanity with its asinine attributes focussed and gathered to a head. To attack his queen in her essential nature, to make her whose only food is beauty lavish her endearments

upon a misshapen monster, is a masterpiece of revenge on Oberon's part. And so persuasive is the art of the dramatist that our pity is challenged for Titania's infatuation, with its pathetically reckless squandering of pearls before swine, and thus we hail with joy her release from her dotage, her reconciliation with Oberon, and the end of jars in fairyland, celebrated with elfin ritual of dance and song. —Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

The wealth of Shakespeare's luxuriant imagination and glowing language seems to have been poured forth in the graphic accounts which he has given us of the fairy tribe. Indeed, the profusion of poetic imagery with which he has so richly clad his fairy characters is unrivalled, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* holds a unique position in so far as it contains the finest modern artistic realization of the fairy kingdom.—Dyer, *Folklore of Shakespeare.*

PUCK

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is the leader of the fairy band. He is the Ariel of the *Midsummer Night's Dream;* and yet as unlike as can be to the Ariel in *The Tempest.* No other poet could have made two such different characters out of the same fanciful materials and situations. Ariel is a minister of retribution, who is touched with the sense of pity at the woes he inflicts. Puck is a mad-cap sprite, full of wantonness and mischief, who laughs at those whom he misleads—"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Ariel cleaves the air, and executes his mission with the zeal of a winged messenger; Puck is borne along on his fairy errand like the light and glittering gossamer before the breeze. He is, indeed, a most Epicurean little gentleman, dealing in quaint devices, and faring in dainty delights. Prospero and his world of spirits are a set of moralists: but with Oberon and his fairies we are launched at once into the empire of the butterflies.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

THESEUS

Shakespeare's Theseus is neither the ruthless soldier of Chaucer nor the heroic Don Juan of Plutarch, but a spirit of the finest temper and the noblest breed who has played both these parts and put them definitely by. A single phrase reminds us of his deluded Ægles and Ariadnes; another, of the injuries he had done his future wife in winning her at the point of the sword. His union with Hippolyta marks his final emergence from the barbarisms and infidelities of his youth into mature humanity and loyal love. His relations with the Athenian lovers have tragic possibilities, like those of Chaucer's Theseus with Arcite and Palamon; but their peril lies no longer in the ferocity of Theseus, but in that of the law he unwillingly administers, and instead of being hardly won to qualified mercy by the tears of his wife and sister he himself "overbears" the despotic vindictiveness of Egeus.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

HIPPOLYTA

Hippolyta is the sensible woman of high rank, with all the natural freedom of a great lady, living and thinking in the open air. Fond of the chase, she remembers with pleasure how the skies, the fountains, seemed all one mutual cry when she bayed the bear with Hercules and Cadmus,—an Amazon as well as a great lady. She is interested in the story of the night. It is "strange and admirable, and grows to something of great constancy." But she reasons on it clearly. Her curiosity does not carry away her good sense. Theseus and she discuss the events of the dream, and the several views of the man and the woman are admirably distinguished. She has little patience with folly and ignorance, and is greatly bored with Pyramus and Thisbe. "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," she says, with her plain intelligence. Theseus sees more deeply. "The best in this kind are but shadows and the

worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." But Hippolyta answers quickly. "It must be your imagination then, not theirs." Not for a moment is this Queen asleep, or fanciful, or in a dream. Yet, though a warrior Queen, she does not want a woman's gentleness—

> I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
> And duty in his service perishing.

When she hears Bottom mourning over Thisbe, her sympathy is awakened, even though the stuff is silly. "Beshrew my heart," she cries, "I pity the man."—BROOKE, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA

No single trait of the piece impresses the reader more agreeably than the frank display of the spontaneous, natural, and entirely delightful exultation of Theseus and Hippolyta in their approaching nuptials. They are grand creatures both, and they rejoice in each other and in their perfectly accordant love. Nowhere in Shakespeare is there a more imperial man than Theseus; nor, despite her feminine impatience of dulness, a woman more beautiful and more essentially woman-like than Hippolyta. —WINTER, *Preface* to DALY'S *Arrangement for Presentation.*

BOTTOM THE WEAVER

Bottom the Weaver is a character that has not had justice done him. He is the most romantic of mechanics. And what a list of companions he has—Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, Starveling the Tailor; and then again, what a group of fairy attendants, Puck, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed! It has been observed that Shakespeare's characters are constructed upon deep physiological principles; and there is something in this play

which looks very like it. Bottom the Weaver, who takes the lead of

> "This crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
> That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,"

follows a sedentary trade, and he is accordingly represented as conceited, serious, and fantastical. He is ready to undertake anything and everything, as if it was as much a matter of course as the motion of his loom and shuttle. He is for playing the tyrant, the lover, the lady, the lion. "He will roar that it shall do any man's heart good to hear him"; and this being objected to as improper, he still has a resource in his good opinion of himself, and "will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." Snug the Joiner is the moral man of the piece, who proceeds by measurement and discretion in all things. You see him with his rule and compasses in his hand. "Have you the Lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."—"You may do it extempore," says Quince, "for it is nothing but roaring." Starveling the Tailor keeps the peace, and objects to the lion and the drawn sword. "I believe we must leave the killing out when all's done." Starveling, however, does not start the objections himself but seconds them when made by others, as if he had not spirit to express his fears without encouragement. It is too much to suppose all this intentional: but it very luckily falls out so. Nature includes all that is implied in the most subtle analytical distinctions; and the same distinctions will be found in Shakespeare. Bottom, who is not only chief actor, but stage-manager for the occasion, has a device to obviate the danger of frightening the ladies: "Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the Weaver: this will put them out of fear." Bottom seems to have understood the subject of dramatic illusion at least as well as any modern essayist. If our holiday mechanic rules

the roast among his fellows, he is no less at home in his new character of an ass, "with amiable cheeks, and fair large ears." He instinctively acquires a most learned taste, and grows fastidious in the choice of dried peas and bottled hay. He is quite familiar with his new attendants, and assigns them their parts with all due gravity. "Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapon in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble bee on the top of a thistle, and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag." What an exact knowledge is here shown of natural history!—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

When Malvolio is trying to break up the midnight revel, the mischievous Maria fleers at him with, "Go shake your ears." That is a performance for which Malvolio is still too distant from his congener. But self-sufficiency succeeds in preserving that structure in Bottom, who is so deep and rich with harmless vanity that he sprouts into the auricular appendages, and he shakes them in the most amiable, frisky way through the Dream of a Midsummer Night. But there is nothing sour about Bottom; he has none of the quality which Margaret Fuller was the first to call "aloofness." He is hale-fellow with all his mates, who appreciate the small gifts which belong to him, and which he good-naturedly strives to render serviceable. Though he is a better fellow than Malvolio, he has all that precisian's ambition; for as the steward could be Olivia's husband as well as any other man,—forsooth, why not?—so Bottom thinks he can play all the parts, rises to their glittering bait, and would appropriate the whole interlude. He is one of those self-made men who occasionally discredit their own bringing up and help us to recover our respect for a liberal education. Like the man of whom Sydney Smith said that he was ready at any moment to undertake the command of the Channel Fleet or run a factory, they have elbowed their way into a conviction that they can fill all the offices from constable to President in a style to astonish men of disciplined intelligence. And they fre-

quently succeed in doing that. Men who unfortunately enjoyed early advantages, and whose lives have perhaps been a protracted training in the virtue as well as wit which lifts state-craft above gambling, have the proper kind of admiration for these chevaliers of industry.

But a highly successful deficiency of education does not make Bottom arrogant. As Athenian dicast, foreman of an English jury, republican officer under investigation, his suavity would be unimpeachable. He is good-tempered, and the first tap of flattery cracks his whole pretension; so that the crafty Quince manages to cast him for Pyramus, who was just such another sweet-faced and destructive lady's man.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.*

In all circles is Billy Bottom the favorite. Being a weaver by trade, thence comes his dictatorial habit; for your weaver is a contemplative man, a politician, and an abstruse inquirer: he thinks much at his loom, as though it were that of Destiny, and, when he emerges from the stronghold of his treddles he sometimes forgets that the consequences of his deductions and dogmas are not so logical as they had appeared. He is indisposed to remain hidden in the background. He likes to play first fiddle in all societies, does Bottom: he would willingly perform the Lover and the Tyrant; also Thisbe and the Lion. When his time comes, he will summon Peaseblossom as authoritatively as he had ordered his Athenian comrades; and will volunteer a special answer, in contradiction of Theseus himself, concerning Thisbe's cue, and, again, regarding the Epilogue. Bottom is self-consistent throughout. In him is exemplified the great truth that no fairyland enchantment of dreams, or love itself, can alter the inherent nature of a full-grown man (as Fielding declared concerning drunkenness, in *Tom Jones*); at most it intensifies, and develops what was latent. He is equally full of ignorant assumption when Titania proffers music or affection, as he had been in his self-estimates of

ability before his transformation. Had he not really been "the shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort," we might have cherished the idea of his career becoming thereafter dignified by a remembrance of the fairy realm into which he and he alone, had been for awhile admitted; especially as we have, in our own possession, the original Greek ballad which Peter Quince was to have written thereon. But the memory of his Ass's ears was the only perennial bequest of his Midsummer Night's Dream.—EBSWORTH, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile.*

HELENA

Helena's speech:—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight," &c.

I am convinced that Shakspere availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout, but especially, and, perhaps, unpleasingly, in this broad determination of ungrateful treachery in Helena, so undisguisedly avowed to herself, and this, too, after the witty cool philosophizing that precedes. The act itself is natural, and the resolve so to act is, I fear, likewise too true a picture of the lax hold which principles have on a woman's heart, when opposed to, or even separated from, passion and inclination. For women are less hypocrites to their own minds than men are, because in general they feel less proportionate abhorrence of moral evil in and for itself, and more of its outward consequences, as detection, and loss of character, than men,—their natures being almost wholly extroitive. Still, however just in itself, the representation of this is not poetical; we shrink from it, and cannot harmonize it with the ideal.—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

INFLUENCE OF THE PLAY ON LITERATURE

Sometime between 1590 and 1595 appeared the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the crown and glory of English

delineation of the fairy world. Scarce any one of Shakespeare's plays has had a literary influence so immediate, so widespread, and so enduring. As pictured by Shakespeare, the fairy realm became, almost at once, a convention of literature in which numberless poets sought inspiration and material. I need only mention Drayton, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Randolph, and Milton himself. Apart from any question of its relation to popular belief, of any grounding in popular fancy, Shakespeare's vision stood by itself, and was accepted as the ideal presentment of fairydom which, for two centuries at least, has signified to the average Englishman of culture the world depicted in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. To this day, works are being produced deriving form and circumstance and inspiration (such as it is) wholly from Shakespeare.—NUTT, *The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare.*

CHARACTERIZATIONS

September 29, 1662. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play, that ever I saw in my life.—SAMUEL PEPYS, *Diary.*

Of all his works, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* leaves the strongest impression on my mind that this miserable world must have, for once at least, contained a happy man. This play is so purely delicious, so little intermixed with the painful passions from which Poetry distils her sterner sweets, so fragrant with hilarity, so bland and yet so bold, that I cannot imagine Shakespeare's mind to have been in any other frame than that of healthful ecstasy when the sparks of inspiration thrilled through his brain in composing it.—THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Introductory Notice.*

Of the characters constituting the serious action of this play Theseus and Hippolyta are entirely devoid of interest.

Lysander and Demetrius, and Hermia and Helena, scarcely merit notice, except on account of the frequent combination of elegance, delicacy, and vigor, in their complaints, lamentations, and pleadings, and the ingenuity displayed in the management of their cross-purposed love through three several changes. . . . Bottom and his companions are probably highly-drawn caricatures of some of the monarchs of the stage whom Shakespeare found in favor and popularity when he first appeared in London.—Skottowe, *Life of Shakespeare.*

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is, I believe, altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of the poet, the fairy machinery. A few before him had dealt in a vulgar and clumsy manner in the popular superstition; but the sportive, invisible population of the air and earth, long since established in the creed of childhood and of those simple as children, had never for a moment been blended with "human mortals" among the personages of the drama.—Hallam, *Literature of Europe.*

I know not any play of Shakespeare's in which the language is so uniformly unexceptionable as this. It is all poetry, and sweeter poetry was never written. One defect there may be. Perhaps the distress of Hermia and Helena, arising from Puck's blundering application of Love-in-Idleness, is too serious, too real for so fantastic a source. Yet their altercation is so very, very beautiful, so girlish, so loveable that one cannot wish it away. The characters might be arranged by a chromatic scale, gradually shading from the thick-skinned Bottom and the rude mechanicals, the absolute old father, the proud and princely Theseus and his warrior bride, to the lusty, high-hearted wooers, and so to the sylph-like maidens, till the line melts away in Titania and her fairy train, who seem as they were made of the moonshine wherein they gambol.—Hartley Coleridge, *Essays.*

In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* there flows a luxuriant vein of the boldest and most fantastical invention; the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort by some ingenious and lucky accident, and the colors are of such clear transparency that we think the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath. The fairy world here described resembles those elegant pieces of Arabesque where little Genii, with butterfly wings, rise, half embodied, above the flower cups.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens*
EGEUS, *father to Hermia*
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } *in love with Hermia*
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus*
QUINCE, *a carpenter*
SNUG, *a joiner*
BOTTOM, *a weaver*
FLUTE, *a bellows-mender*
SNOUT, *a tinker*
STARVELING, *a tailor*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius*

OBERON, *king of the fairies*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies*
PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow*
PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, } *fairies*

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Theseus, Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, are betrothed. Theseus finding the time before the marriage-ceremony hanging heavily on his hands orders the revels to start immediately. Six Athenian tradesmen—Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling—prepare a play for the Duke.

In Athens is a law which says a daughter must marry the man chosen by her father or her father can cause her to be put to death. Among the Athenian maidens is one named Hermia, who loves and is loved by a youth named Lysander. Another youth, Demetrius by name, also desires to marry Hermia. The latter is favored by Egeus, Hermia's father. Egeus brings the trio before the Duke, invoking him to command Hermia to wed Demetrius. Theseus orders her to obey her father within four days, allowing the alternative of death or of a life in a convent. Hermia and Lysander decide to flee to the latter's aunt in another city. They reveal their intentions to Helena, who loves Demetrius but has been jilted by him. She resolves to tell Demetrius of the lovers' flight that she may have the uncertain pleasure of following him to Hermia and Lysander's trysting-place.

ACT II

In the forest near Athens where Lysander and Hermia are to meet dwell the fairies over whom Oberon and Titania rule. This fairy king and queen are quarreling over a

changeling-boy which Titania refuses to give to Oberon for a page. Oberon orders Puck to procure the flower called "love-in-idleness" so that he can put the juice of it on Titania's eyes while she is sleeping, in order that she may love the first thing she sees when her eyes open. While Oberon is waiting for Puck's return, Demetrius and Helena enter the wood. Demetrius is reproaching Helena for following him. Oberon is touched by the lady's distress, and on Puck's return orders him to search out Demetrius and put some of the love-juice on his eyes in order that he may return Helena's love. Puck, in obeying his master, mistakes Lysander for Demetrius and anoints his eyes. Lysander awakes just as Helena is passing and straightway abandons Hermia for her.

ACT III

The Athenian tradesmen have chosen this same wood in which to rehearse their play. Puck overhears them and determines to have some fun. He puts an ass's head on Bottom the weaver and the other players flee in terror. Puck then leads Bottom to where Titania is sleeping, her eyes having been anointed by Oberon. When she awakes her enchanted gaze falls on Bottom with his ass's head and she begins to make love to him.

In another part of the woods the lovers become greatly bewildered. Oberon, discovering Puck's mistake, himself anoints Demetrius's eyes, and he, seeing Helena on first awakening, returns to his old love for her. Helena believes that her three companions are mocking her and Hermia is dazed by the situation. Demetrius and Lysander retire to fight for the love of Helena, but the fairies interpose and prevent the duel by causing the young people to wander about until, tired out, they all fall asleep. Then Puck makes amends for his blunder by anointing Lysander's eyes with another lotion which causes him to return to his normal state.

ACT IV

Titania continues to be enamoured of Bottom until Oberon releases her from the enchantment, the fairy-queen having first yielded the changeling-boy to Oberon. The ass's head is removed from Bottom's shoulders, and he rejoins his companions in the city. The Duke, accompanied by Egeus, the father of Hermia, is hunting in these same woods. The party discovers the four lovers sleeping and arouses them with their horns. The situation is explained; Egeus withdraws his objection to Hermia's marriage with Lysander, since Demetrius now desires to wed Helena.

ACT V

The Duke and Hippolyta, Lysander and Hermia, and Demetrius and Helena, celebrate their wedding feasts together in the Duke's palace. Bottom and his friends present their play. After all have retired for the night, the fairies dance through the rooms, scattering blessings and good-wishes.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

2. *"four happy days."* The subsequent action does not agree with this reiterated statement, the marriage festivity taking place on the evening of the next day but one.—C. H. H.

10. *"new-bent";* Rowe's correction of *"now bent,"* the reading of the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with reveling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! 20
The. Thanks, good Egeus: what 's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

11. *"Philostrate"* is the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale;* it occurs too in Plutarch's *Lives,* where are to be found also the names, Lysander, and Demetrius.—I. G.

20. Steevens set this down as "a misapplication of a modern title." If it be such, Shakespeare is not responsible for it, as Theseus is repeatedly called *duk* in Chaucer's Knight's Tale, to which the Poet was evidently indebted for some of the material of this play. But indeed this application of *duke* to the heroes of antiquity was quite common; the word being from the Latin *dux,* which means a chief or leader of any sort. Thus in 1 Chronicles, i. 51, we have a list of "the *dukes* of Edom."—H. N. H.

27. The second Folio reads, *"this hath bewitched";* the earlier edition *"this man";* perhaps we should read *"this man hath 'witched."* —I. G.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid;
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power

32. *"stolen the impression of her fantasy,"* imprinted thyself surreptitiously upon her affections; *stolen* seems to combine the notions of "secretly," "by false pretences," and "without a title."—C. H. H.

44. *"our law";* Solon's laws gave a father the power of life and death over his child.—I. G.

To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death, or to adjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.
Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*
Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys. Aye me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—
Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,

159, 160. These lines should perhaps be transposed.

167. *"to do observance to a morn of May," cp. Knight's Tale,* 1500: *"And for to doon his observance to May."—I. G.*

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Touching the rites of this ancient holiday,—a time that inspired the seraph-souled Chaucer to sing,

> "O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
> Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May,
> I hope that I some grene here getten may,"—

Stowe informs us how our ancestors were wont to go out into "the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." But Stubbs, the atrabilious Puritan, in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* speaks very differently: he accounts for the delight others take in the season thus: "And no marvel, for there is a great lord present among them, as superintendent over their pastimes and sports, namely, Sathan, Prince of Hell." The spirit of the olden time, however, seems to have revived in Wordsworth's Odes to May.—H. N. H.

170. *"his best arrow with the golden head,"* that which, according to Ovid, excited love, as the arrow with a leaden head quelled it.—C. H. H.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'ld give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,

183. The *"lode-star"* is the leading or guiding star, that is, the *polar star.* The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode*-stone.—H. N. H.

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:

219. *"stranger companies";* Theobald's emendation of *"strange companions,"* which is the reading of the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the

duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

11. *"The most lamentable comedy,"* &c. *Cp.* the title of Preston's *Cambyses, "a lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth";* &c.—L. G.

32. *"Ercles"—Hercules*—was one of the roarers of the old rude stage. Thus Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit,* 1592: "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage."—H. N. H.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That 's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover

54. This speech of Peter Quince's shows, what is known from other sources, that the parts of women were used to be played by boys, or, if these could not be had, by men in masks. Prynne, the Puritan hero, informs us that female actors appeared on the stage at the Blackfriars as early as 1629. The pious dare-devil comes down upon women's acting with a tempest of wrath; but then he is still harder upon the personating of women by boys and men: he could endure the histrionic art nowhere but in religion.—H. N. H.

57. *"Thisne, Thisne,"* so the Quartos and Folios: perhaps this spelling was intentional to represent Bottom's attempt to speak the

dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will

name "in a monstrous little voice." The words may, however, be an error for *"thisne, thisne," i. e.* "in this manner, in this manner," *"thissen"* being used in this sense in various dialects.—I. G.

aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse

101. It seems to have been a custom to stain or dye the beard. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman:* "I have fitted my divine and canonist, *dyed their beards* and all." And, in *The Alchemist:* "He has *dy'd his beard* and all."—H. N. H.

111. The *"properties"* were the furnishings of the stage, the keeper

most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

of which is still called the *property*-man. A curious list of them is given by Brome, 1640:

"He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties;
Our statues and our images of gods,
Our planets and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs and beards,
Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies."—H. N. H.

118. *"Hold or cut bow-strings";* Capell informs us that this was a common pledge of punctuality among archers; as we should say,—"I'll be there, *rain* or *shine*."—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

7. Mr. Collier informs us that "Coleridge, in his lectures in 1818, was very emphatic in his praises of the beauty of these lines: 'the measure,' he said, 'had been invented and employed by Shakespeare for the sake of its appropriateness to the rapid and airy motion of the Fairy by whom the passage is delivered.'" And in his *Literary Remains,* after analyzing the measure, he speaks of the "delightful effect on the ear," caused by "the sweet transition" from the amphimacers of the first four lines to the trochaic of the next two. An absurd passion for rhymed regularity has caused *moon's* to be usually printed as a dissyllable, *moones.* There is no authority for this: besides, it mars the beauty of the verse; and is quite unnecessary, as the pronouncing of *moon's* naturally occupies the time of a trochee. Coleridge is rather hard upon Theobald for shortening *thorough* into *through,* as he had the authority of the folio and one of the quartos for doing so. But if any confirmation of *thorough* be wanted, we have it in Drayton's imitation of the passage in his *Nymphidia,* 1619:

"Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it."—H. N. H.

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I 'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

9. These *"orbs"* were the verdant circles which the sweet old superstition here so sweetly delineated called fairy-rings, supposing them to be made by the night-tripping fairies dancing their merry roundels. As the ground became parched under the feet of the moonlight dancers, Puck's office was to refresh it with sprinklings of dew, thus making it greener than ever. Science has of course brushed away the charm that once hung about these circles; but we are not aware that it has given any better explanation of them than that of the old superstition.—H. N. H.

10. The allusion is to Elizabeth's band of gentlemen *pensioners*, who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with *gold lace*.—H. N. H.

16. *"Lob"*; it would seem that Puck, though he could "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," was heavy and sluggish in comparison with the other fairies: he was the *lubber* of the spirit tribe. Shakespeare's *"lob* of spirits" is the same as Milton's *"lubbar* fiend," thus spoken of in his *L'Allegro:*

"And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end:
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings."—H. N. H.

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

23. A *"changeling"* was a child taken or given in *exchange;* it being a roguish custom of the fairies, if a child of great promise were born, to steal it away, and leave an ugly, or foolish, or ill-conditioned one in its stead.—H. N. H.

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;

42. That this whole account of Puck was gathered from the popular notions of the time, might be shown from many passages. Thus, in Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures:* "And if that the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why, then either the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head." Likewise, in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft:* "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight;—this white bread and milk was his standing fee." See also the ballad entitled *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,* in *Percy's Reliques,* and Drayton's *Nymphidia;* from the latter of which we subjoin one stanza:

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And, leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."—H. N. H.

54. *"tailor,"* an exclamation made in suddenly falling backwards, which Johnson thought he remembered to have been customary in his youth. Probably it was a mild execration, connected with the traditional repute of tailors as thieves or as cowards.—C. H. H.

And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train; from the other, Titania, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

54, 55. The Quartos and Folios read *"coffe . . . loffe,"* for the sake of the rhyme.—I. G.

56. *"Waxen"* seems to be an old plural form of *wax;* the meaning of course being, *increase* in their mirth. Dr. Farmer proposed to read *yexen. Yex* is an old synonyme of *hiccup:* so that the sense in this case would be, they laugh themselves into a hiccuping; which is indeed very good, but by no means such as to warrant the change. The Chiswick editor adopted *yexen:* why he should think that only "a glimmering of sense may be extracted from the passage as it stands in the old copies," is too deep for us.—H. N. H.

58. *"room";* probably pronounced as a dissyllable.—I. G.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

78. *"Perigenia,"* called *"Perigouna"* in North's *Plutarch;* she was the daughter of the famous robber Sinnis, by whom Theseus had a son, Menaloppus.—I. G.

79. *"Ægle";* Rowe's correction for *"Eagles"* of the Quartos and Folios; probably *"Eagles"* was for *"Ægles,"* a form due to North's *Plutarch,* where it is stated that some think Theseus left Ariadne "because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appear,

'Ægles the nymph was lov'd of Theseus,
Who was the daughter of Panopeus.'"—I. G.

80. *"Antiopa,"* said to be the name of the Amazon queen, and the mother of Hippolytus.—I. G.

The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green
corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:

98. *"Nine Men Morris";* this was a plat of green turf cut into a sort of chess board, for the rustic youth to exercise their skill upon. The game was called nine men's morris, because the players had each nine men, which they moved along the lines cut in the ground, until one side had taken or penned up all those on the other. The game is said to have been brought into England by the Normans, under the name of *merelles,* which meant *counters,* and was corrupted into *morris.*—H. N. H.

99. *"The quaint mazes in the wanton green"* were where the youths and maidens led their happy dances in the open air, before people were so wise but that they would suffer kind thoughts and tender loves to be cherished by the remembered pleasures of each other's company.—H. N. H.

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.
Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.
Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania with her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remem-berest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

168. *"Love-in-idleness";* the tri-colored violet, commonly called pansy, or heartsease, is here meant: one or two of its petals are of

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I 'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood,
And here am I, and wode within this wood,

a purple color. It has other fanciful and expressive names, such as—Cuddle me to you; Three faces under a hood; Herb trinity, etc. —H. N. H.

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place

195. *"Adamant";* "There is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him." *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature,* by Edward Fenton, 1569.—H. N. H.

With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I 'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Aye, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
[*Exit Dem.*
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

231. *"Daphne holds the chase";* the story tells how Apollo pursued Daphne, who was changed into a laurel-tree as he reached her. —I. G.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Aye, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Another part of the wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to you offices, and let me rest.

Song.

Fir. Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

Sec. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant: and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

45. That is, understand *the meaning of my innocence,* or my *innocent meaning.* Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning.*—H. N. H.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,
That though thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd
And reason says you are the worthier maid.

116. Though this play be but a dream, Lysander shows a good deal of human nature, as it is when awake, or claiming to be so, in thus attributing to riper reason a change wrought in his vision by enchantment. The bewitching juice only develops a "higher law" in him. And in like sort it often happens that men, mistak-

Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So, I being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!

ing change for progress, grow the more opinionated for their frequent changes of opinion, thus turning the natural arguments of modesty into a basis of conceit.—H. N. H.

And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honor Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Aye me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I 'll find immediately.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well.

Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm

with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living: and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies,—I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other

39–52. This was probably suggested by an actual incident which occurred during the Kenilworth festivities, when one Harry Goldingham, who was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back, tore off his disguise and swore he was none of Arion: (*cp.* Scott's use of this story in *Kenilworth*).—I. G.

men are:' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Aye; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse

your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet,—

Quin. Odors, odors.

Bot.—odors savors sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Aye, marry must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus:

you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

135. In the opinion of some commentators, the Poet or Bottom is a little out here in his ornithology. This opinion has probably arisen from a change in the use of the name since Shakespeare's day; *ousel* being then used to denote the *blackbird,* as is evident from the Thirteenth Song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion:*

"The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had mark'd of purpose t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be;
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play."

And in a note upon this passage he adds,—"Of all birds the *blackbird* only whistleth"; thus showing that the *ousel,* the *merle* and the *blackbird* were all one. Bottom's *orange-tawney* bill accords with what Yarrell says of the blackbird: "The beak and the edges of the eyelids in the adult male are *gamboge yellow.*"—H. N. H.

141. The *"plain-song"* was used for the simple *air* or *ground* in music, to distinguish it from the tenor, which was called *mean,* and from the variations, which were called descant. The cuckoo is called *plain-song,* as having no variety of note, but singing in a monotone, after the manner of the ancient simple *chant.*—H. N. H.

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

157. *"Gleek";* Bottom is chuckling over the wit he has just vented. *Gleek* is from the Anglo-Saxon *glig,* and means *catch, entrap, play upon, scoff at.* So says Richardson. *Glee* is from the same original.—H. N. H.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

First Fai. Ready.
Sec. Fai. And I.
Third Fai. And I.
Fourth Fai. And I.
All. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
First Fai. Hail, mortal!
Sec. Fai. Hail!
Third Fai. Hail!
Fourth Fai. Hail!

180. Dr. Johnson informs us, in a note upon this passage, that the glow-worm's light is in his tail, not his eyes. What a pity it is the Poet did not know this! as he might then have written,—"And light them at the fiery glow-worm's *tail.*"—H. N. H.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

197. *"Squash," i. e.* an unripe peascod.—I. G.

203. *"Patience,"* that is, your patience is suffering "that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef" to devour "many a gentleman of your house." Mason proposed to read,—"I know you *passing well";* but the proposal has been rejected on the ground that Bottom here intends a bit of irony on the supposed virtue of mustard in making the eaters choleric!—H. N. H.

Scene II

Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With a love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

36. *"latch'd";* the word *"latch"* in this passage, as Prof. Skeat has pointed out, is not connected with the ordinary *"latch,"* "to catch," but is etymologically the causal form of *"leak,"* and means "to cause to drop, to drip."—I. G.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

70. A *"touch"* anciently signified a *trick*. Ascham has—"The shrewd *touches* of many curst boys." And, in the old story of Howleglas,—"For at all times he did some mad *touch*."—H. N. H.

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
[*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;

96. *"Cheer"* is from the old French *chère,* which Cotgrave thus explains: "The face, visage, countenance, favour, looks, aspect." Hence it naturally came to mean that which *affects* the face, or gives it expression.—H. N. H.

119. *"sport alone," i. e.* "by itself, without anything else"; others render "alone" by "above all things, without a parallel."—I. G.

And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales.
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

129. *"truth kills truth."* Lysander's present professions of good faith show his former ones to have been false, and thus destroy his pretension to have any good faith at all. An internecine war of "truths" is "devilish" in proportion as truth itself is "holy."—C. H. H.

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

144. *"princess of pure white."* Some editors have found difficulty in this phrase for Helena's hand; but it is quite in keeping with the hyperbolic mannerism of the whole speech.—C. H. H.

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou are not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

188. *"oes"; o* was used for anything round, among other things for circular discs of metal used for ornaments, *cp.* Bacon, Essay xxxvii.: "And Oes, and Spangs, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory."—I. G.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

203. *"Artificial"* is here used for the worker in art, not the work; like its Latin original *artifex*, artist, or artificer.—H. N. H.

204. *"needles,"* a monosyllable; *"needle"* was often spelled *"neeld"* in Old English.—I. G.

212–214. "Helena says, 'we had two seeming bodies but one heart.' She then exemplifies her position by a simile—'we had two of the first, *i. e.* bodies, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which, like our single heart, have but one crest.'"—I. G.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Aye, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he'll . . .
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake the from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—
Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!

257. *"No no; he'll . . . seem"*; the first Quarto *"heele seem"*; the second *"hee'l seem"*; the first Folio *"No, no, Sir, seem."* The passage is clearly corrupt in the old editions. I am inclined to accept Mr. Orson's ingenious suggestion:—

"No no, sir; still
Seeme to breake loose,"

"heele" being an easy misreading of *"stille"*.—I. G.

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Aye, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

282. The canker is a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So before, in this play: "Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds."—H. N. H.

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? aye, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

329. *"Knot-grass,"* it seems, was anciently supposed to stop the growth of those to whom it was applied. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* Act. ii. sc. 2: "The child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass;* he would *never grow* after after it." "O, who can tell the hidden power of *herbs,* and might of magic spell!" Knot-grass is a low, creeping *herb.*—H. N. H.

Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you;
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I
No longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.
[*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,

379. *"Swift dragons";* the chariot of Madam Night was anciently drawn by a team of dragons, that is, serpents, who were thought to be always awake, because they slept with their eyes open; and therefore were selected for this purpose. So, in *Cymbeline,* Act ii. sc. 2: "Swift, swift, ye *dragons* of the night." And in Milton's *Il Penseroso:*

"Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her *dragon* yoke."—H. N. H.

That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

383. The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. See the fine passage in *Hamlet,* Act i. sc. 1: "I have heard, the cock, that is the trumpet of the morn," etc.—H. N. H.

389. *"morning's love";* Cephalus, the mighty hunter, and paramour of Aurora, was here probably meant.—H. N. H.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we 'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The same.

Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where 's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not;

I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where 's Mounsieur Mustardseed.

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let 's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

26. *"Cavalery Cobweb";* Grey says,—"Without doubt it should be cavalery Peas-blossom: as for cavalery Cobweb, he has just been despatched upon a perilous adventure." Of course Mr. Grey is right.—H. N. H.

33. *"a reasonable good ear in music";* weavers were supposed to be fond of music, more especially of psalm-singing; *cp. 1 Henry IV,* II. iv. *"I would were a weaver, I could sing psalms."*—I. G.

39. *"Bottle"* is an old word for *bundle,* from the French *boteau.* Richardson says,—"It is still common in the northern parts of England to call a truss or bundle of hay *a bottle."*—H. N. H.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
[*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle 50
Gently entwist; the female ivy so.
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,

50. *"So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle";* commonly *"woodbine"* is identical with *"honeysuckle,"* but it is also used by Elizabethans for "convolvulus" and "ivy." Shakespeare, however, uses the word in two other passages in the sense of "honeysuckle"; hence Warburton suggested:—

"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist the maple, ivy so," &c.

Johnson thought that *"woodbine"* was the plant, and *"honeysuckle"* the flower. These suggestions are not satisfactory: the simplest way out of the difficulty is to take "woodbine" as equivalent to "convolvulus" or "bindweed"; *cp.* Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight*:—

"behold!
How the blue bindweed doth itself unfold
With honeysuckle."—I. G.

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamor'd of an ass.

81. *"Dian's bud";* it has been thought that perhaps *"Dian's bud"*= "Diana's rose," "the rose of England's Virgin Queen"; *"Diana's Rose"* is actually used in this complimentary sense in Greene's *Friar Bacon.*—I. G.

Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
[*Music, still.*
Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,

91. *"Than common sleep,"* &c.; the Quartos and first two Folios read *"sleepe: of all these, fine the sense";* the correction is Theobald's.—I. G.

99. *"prosperity";* so the first Quarto; the second and Folios *"posterity."*—I. G.

That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horns winded within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an Attend.*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

125. *"fountains"*; perhaps an error for *"mountains."*—I. G.

Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen awake them with their horns.

[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—

I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:

And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let 's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a

202. That is, as the jewel which one finds is his own and not his own; his own unless the loser claim it.—H. N. H.

most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of a man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

235. *"Her death,"* that is, at Thisbe's death, Bottom's head being full of the part he is going to play. Theobald could not imagine what *her* meant, and therefore proposed *after death.*—H. N. H.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day: an the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*

41. *"preferred,"* handed in to the "manager of mirth" to be included in his list of sports ripe for performance. This was, for Bottom, equivalent to its acceptance.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Thesus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*reads*] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[*Reads*] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[*Reads*] The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[*Reads*] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

47. *"my kinsman Hercules"; cp.* North's *Plutarch, Life of Theseus:* "they (Theseus and Hercules) were near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side."—I. G.

54. *"critical," i. e.* "censorious," as in the well-known utterance of Iago, *"I am nothing, if not critical"* (*Othello,* II. i.).—I. G.

59. *"wondrous strange snow"; "strange"* is hardly the epithet one would expect, and various emendations have been suggested:—*"strange black," "strong snow," "swarthy snow," "sable-snow," "and, wondrous strange! yet snow."* Perhaps the most plausible conjecture is Mr. S. W. Orson's *"wondrous flaming snow," cp.* "What strange fits be these, Philautus, that burne thee with such a heat, that thou shakest for cold, and all thy body in a shivering sweat, in *a flaming ice,* melteth like wax and hardeneth like the adamant" (Lyly's *Euphues,* ed. Arber, p. 311).—I. G.

Which, is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labor'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiced accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

91. *"And what poor duty,"* &c.; Coleridge proposed:—

"And what poor duty cannot do, yet would,
Noble respect takes it," &c.

The meter is defective as the lines stand. Theobald read *"poor willing duty . . . Noble respect."* The meaning is sufficiently clear, and recalls *Love's Labor's Lost,* V. ii., *"That sport best pleases that doth least know how,"* &c. *Takes it in might* = regards the ability or effort of the performance.—I. G.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

118. *"stand upon points"*; Quince's punctuation reminds one of the reading of Roister Doister's letter to Mistress Constance in the old comedy (*cp. Roister Doister,* iii. 3).—I. G.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast:
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

141. *"name";* as there is no rhyme to *name,* the loss of a line is to be inferred, or perhaps we should read *"which by name Lion hight."*—I. G.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!

169. Some commentator has expressed the odd fancy, that *partition* here refers to the many-headed sermons which the Puritans were so zealous to reform into the place of the Scriptures and the *Book of Common Prayer;* and which Jeremy Taylor had in his eye, something more than fifty years later, when he got himself imprisoned for writing,—"The people have fallen under the saws and harrows of impertinent and ignorant preachers, who think all religion is a sermon, and pray, that they may be thought able to talk, but not to hold their peace."—H. N. H.

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.
Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*
Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go.
[*Exit.*
The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbors.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

200. *"Limander"* and *"Helen,"* blunderingly for Leander and Hero, as *"Shafalus"* and *"Procrus"* for Cephalus and Procris.—H. N. H.
210. *"mural down";* the Quartos read *"Moon used";* the Folios *"morall downe";* the emendation *"mural"* was due to Pope.—I. G.

Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar,
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

227. *"a lion-fell";* the Quartos read *"a lion fell," i. e.* a fierce lion, but Snug wishes to say "he is not a lion," wherefore the words have been hyphened by most modern editors, "lion-fell," *i. e.* "a lion's skin." Johnson understood *"neither"* before *"a lion fell";* Rowe read *"No lion fell."* There is, I think, a more obvious emendation, and I propose:—

"Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, n'am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam,"

"n'am" being an archaic form, like *nill* (*i. e.* ne will). In Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* the following couplet occurs, remarkably suggestive of our text:—

"I n'am a man, as some do think I am;
(Laugh not good lord), I am indede a dame."—I. G.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*
Dem. Well roared, Lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.
Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*
The. Well moused, Lion.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!

281, 282. Spedding proposed to invert these lines.—I. G.
285. *"gleams"*; the Quartos and Folio 1 read *"beams"*; Folio 2 *"streams."*—I. G.

Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear;
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?
The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.
Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.
Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.
Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—
This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:

334–336. *"he for a man—God bless us,"* omitted in the Folios, probably in consequence of the statute of James I forbidding profane speaking, or use of "the holy name of God."—I. G.

339. *"means,"* changed by Theobald to *"moans." "Mean"* in the sense of "to lament," an archaic form, is really more correct than "moan," and probably intentionally used by Shakespeare to harmonize with the archaisms of the interlude.—I. G.

His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk:
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,

390. *"behowls"*; Theobald's emendation of *"beholds,"* the reading of the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;

413. *"this ditty";* Johnson supposes that two songs are lost, one led by Titania, and one by Oberon.—I. G.

422. *"Blessed";* this ceremony was in old times used at all marriages. Mr. Douce has given the formula from the *Manual for the use of Salisbury.* In the French romance of *Melusine,* the Bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut. The good prelate is sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes, during the benediction, the married couple only *sat* on the bed; but they generally received a portion of the consecrated bread and wine. It was ordained, in the year 1577, that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should be performed in the daytime, and in the presence of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations, only.—H. N. H.

And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

437, 438. These lines should obviously be transposed in order to make sense of the passage.—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abridgment, an entertainment to while away the time; V. i. 39.

Aby, pay for; III. ii. 175.

Adamant, loadstone; II. i. 195.

Address'd, ready; V. i. 106.

Admirable, to be wondered at; V. i. 27.

Advised, "be advised"="consider what you are doing"; I. i. 46.

Against, in preparation for; V. i. 75.

Aggravate; Bottom's blunder for "decrease"; I. ii. 87.

All, fully; II. i. 157.

An, if; I. ii. 55.

An if, if; II. ii. 153.

Antique, strange; V. i. 3.

Approve, prove; II. ii. 68.

Apricocks, apricots; III. i. 176.

Argument, subject of story; III. ii. 242.

Artificial, skilled in art; III. ii. 203.

As, that as; I. i. 42.

Ask, require; I. ii. 27.

Aunt, old dame; II. i. 51.

Austerity, strictness of life; I. i. 90.

Barm, froth, yeast; II. i. 38.

Barren, empty headed; III. ii. 13.

Bated, excepted; I. i. 190.

Beard, the prickles on the ears of corn; II. i. 95.

Belike, very likely; I. i. 130.

Bellows-mender, mender of the bellows of organs; I. ii. 45.

Bergomask dance, a rude clownish dance such as the people of the town Bergamo or of the province Bergamasco were wont to practice. "Bergamo, a town in the Venetian territory, capital of the old province Bergamasco, whose inhabitants used to be ridiculed as clownish"; V. i. 370.

Beteem, accord, permit; I. i. 131.

Bill, list; I. ii. 111.

Blood, passion; I. i. 68; I. i. 74; birth, social rank; I. i. 135.

Bolt, arrow; II. i. 165.

Bootless, in vain, uselessly; II. i. 37.

Bosom, heart; I. i. 27.

Bottle, bundle, truss; IV. i. 39.

Bouncing, imperious; II. i. 70.

Brave touch, noble action; III. ii. 70.

Breath, voice, notes; II. i. 151.

Brief, short statement; V. i. 42.

Brisky, brisk; III. i. 102.

Broach'd, stabbed, spitted; V. i. 149.

Bully, comrade; III. i. 8.

Buskin'd, wearing the buskin, a boot with high heels, worn by hunters and huntresses; II. i. 71.

Canker-blossom, the worm that eats into blossoms; III. ii. 282.

Cankers, worms; II. ii. 3.

Capacity, "to my c." *i. e.* "so far as I am able to understand"; V. i. 105.

Cavalery, cavalero, cavalier; IV. i. 26.

Centaurs; "battle with the c." an allusion to the attack made on Hercules by the Centaurs when he was in pursuit of the Erymanthian boar; the battle referred to is not their famous contest with the Lapithæ; V. i. 44.

Chance; "how c." *i. e.* "how chances it"; I. i. 129.

Changeling, a child substituted by the fairies for the one stolen by them; II. i. 23.

Cheek by jole, *i. e.* cheek to cheek, side by side; III. ii. 338.

Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 96; V. i. 308.

Chiding, barking; IV. i. 124.

Childing, productive, fertile; II. i. 112.

Church-way, leading to the church; V. i. 400.

Churl, boor, peasant; II. ii. 78.

Clerk, scholars; V. i. 93.

Coil, confusion, ado; III. ii. 339.

Collied, dark, black; I. i. 145.

Compact, composed, formed; V. i. 8.

Compare with, try to rival; II. ii. 99.

Con, learn by heart; I. ii. 106.

Concern, accord with, befit; I. i. 60.

Condole, probably one of Bottom's blunders, unless perhaps used in the sense of lament; I. ii. 30.

Confusion, ruin; I. i. 149.

Consecrate, consecrated; V. i. 433.

Constancy, consistency; V. i. 26.

Contagious, pestilential; II. i. 90.

Continents, banks; II. i. 92.

Courageous, happy, fortunate; IV. ii. 28.

Coy, fondle; IV. i. 2.

Crazed; "c. title," *i. e.* "a title with a flaw in it"; I. i. 92.

Create, created; V. i. 423.

Critical, censorious; V. i. 54.

Cry, pack of hounds; IV. i. 133.

Cupid's flower, the pansy, "love-in-idleness"; IV. i. 81.

Curst, shrewish; III. ii. 300.

Cut thread and thrum, = cut everything, good and bad (vide Thread and Thrum); V. i. 297.

Dances and delight = delightful dances; II. i. 254.

Darkling, in the dark; II. ii. 86.

Dead, deadly, death-like; III. ii. 57.

Dear; "dear expense," a privilege dearly bought; I. i. 249.

Debate, contention; II. i. 116.

Defeated, cheated; IV. i. 167.

Defect, Bottom's blunder for "effect"; III. i. 42.

Derived; "as well derived," as well-born; I. i. 99.

Devices, plans, projects; I. ii. 107; performance; V. i. 50.

Dewberries, the fruit of the dewberry bush; III. i. 176.

Dewlap, the loose skin hanging from the throat of cattle; here used for "neck"; II. i. 50; dewlapp'd; IV. i. 131.

Dian's bud, probably the bud of the Agnus Castus or Chaste-tree; "the vertue of this herbe

is that he wyll kepe man and woman chaste"; IV. i. 81.

Discharge, perform; I. ii. 98; IV. ii. 8.

Disfigure, to obliterate; I. i. 51.

Disfigure, Quince's blunder for "figure"; III. i. 66.

Distemperature, disorder of the elements; II. i. 106.

Dole, grief; V. i. 289.

Done; "when all is done,"= when all is said and done; III. i. 16.

Dowager, a widow with a jointure; I. i. 5.

Drawn, with drawn sword; III. ii. 402.

Earthlier; "earthlier happy," happier as regards this world; I. i. 76.

Eat, ate; II. ii. 149.

Eglantine, sweetbriar; II. i. 252.

Egypt; "brow of E."= the brow of a gypsy (*i. e.* an Egyptian); V. i. 11.

Eight and six, alternate verses of four and three feet; the common ballad meter of the time; III. i. 27.

Embarked traders, traders embarked upon the sea; II. i. 127.

Enforced, forced, violated; III. i. 212.

Enough; "you have enough," *i. e.* you have heard enough to convict him; IV. i. 164.

Ercles = Hercules, whose twelve labors had often formed the subject of dramatic shows, the hero resembling Herod in his ranting; I. ii. 32.

Erewhile, a little while ago; III. ii. 274.

Estate unto, bestow upon; I. i. 98.

Ever, always; I. i. 150.

Exposition; Bottom's blunder for "disposition"; IV. i. 45.

Extenuate, mitigate, relax; I. i. 120.

Faint, pale; I. i. 215.

Fair, fairness, beauty; I. i. 182.

Fair, kindly; II. i. 199.

Fall, let fall, drop; V. i. 144.

Fancy, love; I. i. 155; IV. i. 173.

Fancy-free, free from the power of love; II. i. 164.

Fancy-sick, sick for love; III. ii. 96.

Favor, features; I. i. 186.

Favors, love-tokens; II. i. 12; nosegays of flowers; IV. i. 57.

Fell; "passing fell," extremely angry; II. i. 20.

Fellow, match, equal; IV. i. 40.

Figure, typify; I. i. 237.

Fire, will of the wisp; III. i. 117.

Flew'd, having an overhanging lip on the upper jaw; IV. i. 128.

Floods, waters; II. i. 103.

Flout, mock at; II. ii. 128.

Fond, foolish; II. ii. 88.

For, "for the candle," *i. e.* "because of"; V. i. 257.

Force, "of force"= perforce; III. ii. 40.

Fordone, exhausted; V. i. 392.

Forgeries, idle inventions; II. i. 81.

Forth, out of, from; I. i. 164.

For that, because; II. i. 220.

Forty, used as an indefinite number; II. i. 176.

French crown color, light yellow, the color of the gold of the French crown; I. ii. 100.

Gallant ="gallantly" (which the Folios read); I. ii. 25.

Gawds, trifles, trinkets; I. i. 33.
Generally, Bottom's blunder for "severally"; I. ii. 2.
Glance at, hint at; II. i. 75.
Gleek, jest, scoff; III. i. 157.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 221.
Gossip's bowl, originally a christening cup; thence applied to a drink usually prepared for christening feasts; its ingredients were ale, spice, sugar, and roasted *crabs* (*i. e.* crab-apples); II. i. 47.
Government, control; "in government"=under control; V. i. 125.
Grace, favor granted; II. ii. 89.
Grim-look'd, grim-looking; V. i. 172.
Grow; "grow to a point," come to the point; I. ii. 10.

Hands, "give me your hands," applaud by clapping; V. i. 455.
Head; "to his head"=to his face; I. i. 106.
Hearts, good fellows; IV. ii. 27.
Helen, a blunder for "Hero"; V. i. 200.
Hempen home-spuns, coarse fellows (rude mechanicals); III. i. 84.
Henchman, page, attendant; II. i. 121.
Hight, is called; V. i. 141.
Horned moon, used perhaps quibblingly with reference to the material of Moonshine's lanthorn; V. i. 245.
Human, humane, courteous; II. ii. 57.
Human mortals, men as distinguished from fairies, who were considered *mortal,* though not *human;* II. i. 101.

Imbrue, stain with blood; V. i. 360.
Immediately, purposely; I. i. 45.
Impeach, bring into question; II. i. 214.
In=on; II. i. 85.
Incorporate, made one body; III. ii. 208.
Injurious, insulting; III. ii. 195.
Intend, pretend; III. ii. 333.
Interchained, bound together; II. ii. 49.

Juvenal, juvenile, youth; III. i. 102.

Kind; "in this kind," in this respect; I. i. 54.
Knacks=knick-knacks; I. i. 34.
Knot-grass; "hindering k." was formerly believed to have the power of checking the growth of children; III. ii. 329.

Lakin; by 'r lakin, *i. e.* by our ladykin, or little lady, *i. e.* the Virgin Mary; III. i. 14.
Latch'd, moistened, anointed; III. ii. 36.
Leave, give up; II. i. 197.
Leviathan, whale; II. i. 174.
Limander, a blunder for "Leander"; V. i. 200.
Lion-fell, lion's skin (but *cp.* Note); V. i. 229.
Lob, buffoon, clown; II. i. 16.
Lode-star, the leading star, the polar star; I. i. 183.
Lordship; "unto his lordship, whose," etc.,=unto the government of him to whose, etc.; I. i. 81.
Lose, forget; I. i. 114.
Love-in-idleness, the heartsease, or pansy, called "Cupid's flower"; II. i. 168.

Loves; "of all loves," for love's sake; II. ii. 154.

Luscious, delicious, sweet; II. i. 251.

Make mouths upon = "make face at, mock at"; III. ii. 238.

May, can; V. i. 2.

Mazed, perplexed; II. i. 113.

Mazes, "figures marked out on village greens for rustic sports, such as the game called *running the figure of eight*"; II. i. 99.

Means, moans; V. i. 339.

Mechanicals, working-men; III. ii. 9.

Mimic, actor; III. ii. 19.

Minding, intending; V. i. 113.

Minimus, tiny creature; III. ii. 329.

Misgrafted, grafted on a wrong tree; I. i. 137.

Misprised, mistaken; III. ii. 74.

Misprision, mistake; III. ii. 90.

Momentany, momentary, lasting a moment; I. i. 143.

Morning's love, *i. e.* Cephalus; III. ii. 389.

Moused, torn in pieces, as a cat worries a mouse; V. i. 280.

Mouth, sound; IV. i. 132.

Murrion = infected with murrain, a disease among cattle; II. i. 97.

Musk-rose, described in Gerarde's *Herbal* as "a flower of a white colour," with "certaine yellow seedes in the middle . . . of most writers reckoned among the wilde Roses"; II. i. 252.

Naught; "a thing of naught," a worthless thing; IV. ii. 14.

Neaf, fist; IV. i. 21.

Nearly; "nearly that concerns" = that nearly c.; I. i. 126.

Neeze = sneeze; II. i. 56.

Next, nearest, first; III. ii. 2.

Night-rule, night revel; III. ii. 5.

Nine men's morris, "a plat of green turf cut into a sort of chess board, for the rustic youth to exercise their skill upon. The game was called 'nine men's morris' (or 'merrils,' *i. e.* 'counters' or 'pawns') because the players had each nine men which they moved along the lines cut in the ground—a diagram of three squares, one within the other—until one side had taken or penned up all those on the other"; II. i. 98.

Ninus, the supposed founder of Nineveh, the husband of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon; V. i. 140.

Nole, noddle, head; III. ii. 17.

None; "I will none," *i. e.* "nothing to do with her, none of her"; III. ii. 169.

Obscenely; Bottom's blunder for (?) seemly; I. ii. 115.

Observance, "to do o. to a morn of May," *i. e.* "to observe the rights of May-day"; I. i. 167.

Observation = observance of May-day; IV. i. 113.

Of, by, II. ii. 134; for, III. i. 47.

On, "fond on," *i. e.* "doting on"; II. i. 266.

On = of; V. i. 231.

Orange-tawny, dark yellow; I. ii. 99.

Orbs, rings of rich green grass thought to be caused by the fairies; II. i. 9.

ORIGINAL = originators; II. i. 117.
OTHER, others; IV. i. 74.
OUNCE, a kind of lynx; II. ii. 30.
OUSEL, blackbird; III. i. 135.
OVERBEAR, overrule; IV. i. 189.
OWE, own; II. ii. 79.
OXLIPS, a kind of cowslip not often found wild; II. i. 250.

PAGEANT, show, exhibition; III. ii. 114.
PALPABLE-GROSS, palpably gross; V. i. 385.
PARD = leopard; II. ii. 31.
PARLOUS = perilous; III. i. 14.
PARTS, qualities; III. ii. 153.
PAT, PAT, exactly, just as it should be; III. i. 2.
PATCHED, wearing a coat of various colors; "patched fool," *i. e.* "a motley fool"; IV. i. 224.
PATCHES, clowns; III. ii. 9.
PATENT; "virgin patent," privilege of virginity; I. i. 80.
PELTING, paltry; II. i. 91.
PENSIONERS, retainers; II. i. 10.
PERIODS, full stops; V. i. 96.
PERT, lively; I. i. 13.
PHIBBUS = Phœbus; I. ii. 38.
PILGRIMAGE; "maiden pilgrimage," a passing through life unwedded; I. i. 75.
PLAIN-SONG, used as an epithet of the cuckoo, with reference to its simple, monotonous note; a "plain-song" is a melody without any variations; III. i. 141.
POINTS; "stand upon points," used quibblingly (1) "mind his stops," and (2) "be overscrupulous"; V. i. 118.
POSSESS'D; "as well possess'd," possessed of as much wealth; I. i. 100.
PREFERRED, submitted for approval; IV. ii. 41.
PREPOSTEROUSLY, perversely; III. ii. 121.
PRESENTLY = immediately; IV. ii. 39.
PREVAILMENT, weight, sway; I. i. 35.
PREY, the act of preying; II. ii. 150.
PRINCESS, paragon, perfection; III. ii. 144.
PRIVILEGE, safeguard, protection; II. i. 220.
PROCRUS, a blunder for "Procris," the wife of Cephalus; V. i. 202.
PRODIGIOUS, unnatural; V. i. 430.
PROLOGUE, speaker of the prologue; V. i. 106.
PROPER, fine, handsome; I. ii. 91.
PROPERTIES; a theatrical term for all the adjuncts of a play, except the scenery and the dresses of the actors; I. ii. 111.
PROTEST, vow; I. i. 89.
PUMPS, low shoes; IV. ii. 39.
PURPLE-IN-GRAIN, dyed deep red; I. ii. 100.

QUAIL, quell, overpower; V. i. 298.
QUELL, kill; V. i. 298.
QUERN, a mill for grinding corn by hand; II. i. 36.
QUESTIONS, arguing; II. i. 235.

RECORDER, a kind of flageolet; V. i. 124.
RENT, rend; III. ii. 215.
RERE-MICE, bats; II. ii. 4.
RESPECT; "in my r.," *i. e.* "in my estimation"; II. i. 224.
RESPECTS, regards; I. i. 160.
RIGHT MAID, true maid; III. ii. 302.

RINGLETS, the circles on the green-sward, supposed to be made by the fairies (*cp.* ORBS); II. i. 86.
RIPE, grow ripe; II. ii. 118.
RIPE, ready for presentation; V. i. 42.
ROUND, a dance in a circle; II. i. 140.
ROUNDEL, dance in a circle; II. ii. 1.
RUN THROUGH FIRE; a proverbial expression signifying "to do impossibilities"; II. ii. 103.

SAD, serious; IV. i. 104.
SANDED, sandy colored; IV. i. 129.
SAVORS, scents, fragrance; II. i. 13.
SCHOOLING, instructions; I. i. 116.
SCRIP, "scroll," *i. e.* list of actors; I. ii. 3.
SEAL, pledge; III. ii. 144.
SEETHING, heated, excited; V. i. 4.
SELF-AFFAIRS, my own business; I. i. 113.
SENSIBLE, capable of feeling; V. i. 184.
SERPENT'S TONGUE, *i. e.* hissing, as a sign of disapproval; V. i. 451.
SHAFALUS, a blunder for "Cephalus," who remained true to his wife Procris notwithstanding Aurora's love for him; V. i. 202, 203.
SHEEN, brightness; II. i. 29.
SHORE = shorn; V. i. 356.
SHREWD, mischievous; II. i. 33.
SIMPLENESS, simplicity; V. i. 83.
SINISTER, left; V. i. 165.
SISTERS THREE, *i. e.* the Fates; V. i. 352.
SLEEP, sleeping; IV. i. 157.
SMALL, in a treble voice like a boy or a woman; I. ii. 53.
SNUFF, used equivocally; "to be in snuff" = "to be offended"; V. i. 258.
So, in the same manner; IV. i. 129.
SOLEMNITIES, nuptial festivities; I. i. 11.
SOLEMNLY, with due ceremony; IV. i. 97.
SOOTH, truth; II. ii. 129.
SORT, company, crew; III. ii. 13.
SORTING; "not s. with," not befitting; V. i. 55.
SPHERY, star-like; II. ii. 99.
SPLEEN, sudden passion; I. i. 146.
SPLIT, "to make all split," a proverbial expression used to denote violent action; originally used by sailors; I. ii. 33.
SPOTTED, polluted; I. i. 110.
SPRING; "middle summer's spring," the beginning of midsummer; II. i. 82.
SQUARE, wrangle, squabble; II. i. 30.
STAY = to stay; II. i. 138.
STEALTH, stealing away; III. ii. 310.
STEPPE (so Quarto 1), probably an error for "steep" (the reading of the Folios and Quarto 2); hence Milton's "Indian steep" (*Comus*, 139); it is doubtful whether Shakespeare was acquainted with this Russian term; II. i. 69.
STILL, always, ever; I. i. 212.
STOOD UPON, depended upon; I. i. 139.
STREAK, touch softly; II. i. 257.
STRETCH'D, strained; "extremely s." *i. e.* "strained to the utmost"; V. i. 80.

STRINGS, to tie on false beards with; IV. ii. 37.

SUPERPRAISE, overpraise; III. ii. 153.

TARTAR'S BOW; the Tartars or Parthians were famous for their skill in archery; in the old maps Tartary included the ancient Parthia; III. ii. 101.

TEAR; "to tear a cat in," a proverbial phrase = to rant violently; I. ii. 32.

THICK-SKIN, dolt; III. ii. 13.

THRACIAN SINGER, *i. e.* Orpheus; "His grief for the loss of Eurydice led him to treat with contempt the Thracian women, who in revenge tore him to pieces under the excitement of their Bacchanalian orgies"; V. i. 49.

THREAD, the warp; V. i. 297.

THROWS, throws off, sheds; II. i. 255.

THRUM, the loose end of a weaver's warp; V. i. 297.

'TIDE, betide; V. i. 207.

TIRING-HOUSE, dressing-room; III. i. 5.

TOWARD, in progress; III. i. 86.

TOYS, trifles; "fairy toys," fanciful tales; V. i. 3.

TRACE, traverse; II. i. 25.

TRANSLATED, transformed; I. i. 191; III. i. 127.

TRANSPORTED, removed, carried off; IV. ii. 4.

TRIPLE HECATE, *i. e.* ruling in three capacities—as Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell; V. i. 402.

TRIUMPH, public show; I. i. 19.

TROTH, truth; II. ii. 36.

TUNEABLE, tuneful; I. i. 184.

UNBREATHED, unexercised; V. i. 74.

UNHARDEN'D, impressionable; I. i. 35.

UPON, by; II. i. 244.

VANTAGE; "with vantage," having the advantage; I. i. 102.

VAWARD = vanguard; IV. i. 110.

VILLAGERY, a collective word, meaning either (1) village population, or (2) villages; II. i. 35.

VIRTUE; "fair virtue's force," *i. e.* the power of thy fairness; III. i. 150.

VOICE, approval; I. i. 54.

VOTARESS, a vestal vowed to virginity; II. i. 163.

WANDERING KNIGHT = knight errant; I. ii. 48.

WANT, lack; II. i. 101.

WANTON, luxuriant, thick; II. i. 99.

WASTED, consumed; V. i. 393.

WAYS; "all ways," in all directions; IV. i. 48.

WEED, robe; II. i. 256.

WHERE (dissyllabic); II. i. 249.

WHERE = wherever; IV. i. 162.

WHETHER (monosyllabic); I. i. 69.

WITHERING OUT, delaying the enjoyment of; I. i. 6.

WITHOUT, outside of; I. i. 165; beyond the reach of; IV. i. 163.

WODE, mad (with a play upon "wood"); II. i. 192.

WOODBINE, honeysuckle; II. i. 251; probably convolvulus or bindweed; IV. i. 50.

WORM, serpent; III. ii. 71.

WRATH, wrathful; II. i. 20.

YOU (ethic dative); I. ii. 87, 89.

STUDY QUESTIONS

GENERAL

1. What are suppositions concerning the occasion for which the play was originally written?

2. With what especial group of plays do the characteristics of this play lead us to connect it?

3. What are the probable sources of the framework of the play?

4. What are the sources of Shakespeare's fairy mythology?

5. What, especially, are the characteristics of Puck, and what their derivation?

6. What may have suggested to Shakespeare the subject of his burlesque interlude?

7. What explanations have been advanced of the meaning of "Oberon's Vision"?

8. What perhaps suggested the idea of a "dream-drama" to Shakespeare?

9. To what medieval form is his employment of the Dream akin?

10. What internal evidences of mature work do some passages of the play bear?

11. What constitute the essential life and merit of the play? Describe at length. Does the execution accord with the plan?

12. Is the characterization striking? In what instances? What distinguishes the treatment of the fairy element?

ACT I

13. Where does the play open?
14. What marriage is to take place?
15. What was the plaint of Egeus? Whom did he want his daughter to marry?
16. Whom did Hermia love?
17. Who loved Demetrius?
18. What plan do Hermia and Lysander make? What dramatic purpose does their plan serve?
19. Describe scene ii. What is distinctive about the characters?

ACT II

20. What is striking about the fairy's lyrics?
21. What is meant by "orbs" in line 9, scene i?
22. What were the folk-beliefs about Robin Goodfellow as suggested in the fairy's description, scene i?
23. What was the quarrel between Titania and Oberon?
24. What is meant by "nine men's morris" in line 108, scene i?
25. What is Oberon's plot against Titania?
26. How does he plan to right the loves of Helen and Demetrius?
27. What does Puck do?
28. Describe the fairy opening of scene ii?
29. What happens when Lysander awakes? What is the effect upon Hermia?

ACT III

30. Describe the rehearsal in scene i. Is it suggestive of theatrical performances in Shakespeare's time?
31. What is to be supposed really befell Bottom while away from his companions in the hawthorn-brake "tiring house"?
32. What happens to Titania when she awakes?
33. Describe the comedy elements in the scenes between Titania and Bottom, and the fairies.

34. How does the mistake of Puck tangle the affairs of the Athenian lovers?

35. How is Puck's nature shown by the way he takes the situation made by his mistake?

36. How does Helena interpret the protestations of love, when they are directed to her?

37. What characterizes the quarrel between Hermia and Helena?

38. How does Oberon direct Puck to resolve the difficulties of the lovers?

ACT IV

39. How does Oberon begin to feel about the plight of Titania? What does he do about it?

40. What element do Theseus and Hippolyta bring into the scene? What is the scenic impression of their entry with their train? What does its dramatic contrast to the fairy scene,—just past,—serve?

41. How does the awaking of the lovers, and of Bottom, emphasize the effect of the previous incident of the entry of Theseus and his retinue?

42. What is the feature of Bottom's soliloquy when he awakens?

43. What marks the breaking of the dream atmosphere?

44. What points in the meeting of Bottom with his friends after the night in the woods, emphasize his experience as having been a dream? Compare it with the scene of their flight from the woods before. What in that previous scene was the turning point from the actual to the incidents of Bottom's dream?

ACT V

45. How does Theseus explain the illusions of the night?

46. What poetic and ethical meaning is in Hippolyta's reply? Of what is this characteristic in Shakespeare's expression?

47. Why did Theseus decide to choose the "mechanicals" play? How is this characteristic of Shakespeare's portrayal of human feeling?

48. Describe the giving of the play. Bottom's rendering of the Prologue.

49. Describe the attitude of different members of the audience throughout the enactment. How does it distinguish them severally? From what point of view do they witness the play?

50. How is the plot resolved? What effect is attained by having the fairy element carry the end?

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Shk-3-23

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLIEST EDITIONS

The First Edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was a quarto published in 1597 with the following title-page:—

"*An* | Excellent | conceited Tragedie | of | Romeo and Iuliet, | As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the right Ho- | nourable the L. of *Hunsdon* | his Seruants. | London, | Printed by Iohn Danter. | 1597. | "

A second quarto edition appeared in 1599:— "The | Most Ex- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie, of Romeo | and *Iuliet*. | *Newly* corrected, augmented, and | amended: | As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the | right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. | London | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to | be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. | 1599."

A third quarto was issued in 1609, as "acted by the King's Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe," and "printed for Iohn Smethwick;" this edition was subsequently reprinted, with an undated title-page, giving us for the first time the name of the author—"written by *W. Shakespeare*," though this additional information is not found in all the copies.

A fifth quarto, identical with the fourth, bears the date of 1637.

The text of the First Folio version was taken from the third quarto; many errors therein seem due to the compositors. The second quarto is our best authority for the play,

though "it is certain that it was not printed from the author's MS., but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text." It formed the basis of the third quarto; this again was used for the fourth, and the fourth was reprinted as the fifth edition; all these are therefore often in agreement, and are referred to as Qq.

Quarto 1, which is nearly one quarter less than Quarto 2 (2,232 lines as against 3,007), was evidently made up from shorthand notes taken at the theater, supplemented by copies of portions of the original play, which for the most part appears to have agreed with the authorized version of 1599, though certain essential differences between the two editions make it probable that many a passage had been revised, re-written, or augmented (*e.g.* Act II, sc. vi, the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's cell; Act IV, sc. v, the lamentations over Juliet; Act V, sc. iii, 12-17). In spite of its many defects, the First Quarto cannot be altogether neglected in dealing with the text of the play. The theory, however, that it gives us "a fairly accurate version of the play as it was first written" is now held by few scholars.[1]

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The evidence seems to point to as early a year as 1591 for the date of the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, at least in its first form, though the play, as we know it, may safely be dated *circa* 1596.

In proof of the early date the following are noteworthy points:—(i) in Weever's *Epigrams*, written before 1595,

[1] The First quarto has been reprinted by the Cambridge Editors, and in Mr. Furness' Variorum Edition; there is a facsimile edition of Qq. 1, 2, 4, in *Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles;* there are two valuable critical parallel editions of the First and Second quartos, by Tycho Mommsen (published in 1859, with a full study of the textual problems), and by P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespere Society*, 1874); a summary of the various theories held by scholars on the relationship of the quartos, etc., is to be found in Furness, pp. 415–424.

Romeo is alluded to as one of Shakespeare's popular characters; (ii) the allusions (I, iii, 23, 25) to the earthquake seem to refer to a famous earthquake felt in London in 1580; (iii) passages in Daniel's *Complainte of Rosamunde*, 1592, are probably reminiscent of Romeo's speech in presence of Juliet in the tomb;[1] (iv) there are several striking parallels in *Romeo and Juliet* and Marlowe's plays[2] and other early dramas (*e.g.* Dr. Dodipoll, written before 1596); certain passages in undoubtedly early plays, *e.g.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act V, ii, 1–10) suggest points of contact with the present play.

But over and above these external points must be placed the internal evidence, which places *Romeo and Juliet* among the early love-plays:—(i) the frequency of rhyme, much of it in the form of alternate rhymes; (ii) the conceits, word-play, alliteration, and the like; (iii) the lyrical character of the whole. It is peculiarly striking that the three chief forms of medieval love-poetry are to be found in the play: (i) in the *sonnet-form* of the first meeting of the lovers; (ii) in the *serena*, or evening-song, of Juliet (Act III, sc. ii, 1–33); (iii) in the *alba*, or dawn-song, of the parting lovers (Act III, sc. v, 1–36).

To these typical lyrical pieces should be added Paris'

1 The argument might, of course, work the other way (and it is often taken so), but Daniel was notorious for his conveyance of Shakespearian beauties, and is alluded to, from his point of view, in *The Return from Parnassus*, where a character, Gallio by name, shows too ready a knowledge of the play, and Ingenioso observes in an "aside":—"Mark, Romeo and Juliet. O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a book of Samuel Daniell's." The meaning of this comment is clear from the third play of the "Parnassus Trilogy," where the criticism on Daniel is to this effect:—

> "Only let him more sparingly make use
> Of others' wit and use his own the more."

2 *E. g.* The first lines of Juliet's *"Serena"* seem like an echo of a passage in Edward II:—"Gallop apace bright Phœbus thro' the sky," etc.

highest lyrical expression, the graceful though conventional elegiac sestet (V, iii, 12–18).[1]

Finally, one must not overlook the close connection of the play with the sonnets, many of which, as we know from Meres, must have been written before 1598; it is a pity we cannot definitely date Sonnet CXVI:—

> "Love is not love
> Which alters where it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.
> . . . . . .
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass comes. . . ."

THE PLOT

A story having the same features as *Romeo and Juliet* has been found in a Greek medieval Romance of the fifth century, but whatever its ultimate origin, the story eventually became localized in Italy, the Veronese fixing the date of the tragedy in the year 1303. Dante, reproaching the Emperor Albert for the neglect of Italy (*Purg.* vi), alludes thus to the Montagues and Capulets:—

> "Vieni, a veder Montechi e Capelletti," etc.[2]

Although several earlier Italian stories exist recalling that of *Romeo and Juliet*, these names of the lovers are not found in Italian literature till about 1530, when their history, "*historia novellamente retrovata di duo nobili amanti*," was first told by Luigi da Porto, who, a love-sick soldier, once heard the story from his favorite archer, the Veronese Peregrino, as they rode along the lonely road from Gradisca and Udine, in the country of Friuli. Peregrino's story was in all probability based on an old tale

[1] Contrast this with Romeo's blank verse speech, which immediately follows. Nothing could be more significant.

[2] "Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man,
Who car'st for nought! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd."

found among the *Novelle* of Masuccio Salernitano, printed at Naples in 1476. Da Porto's novel became very popular, and several renderings were made of the story.[1] Most important is that of Bandello (1554), which was translated into French by Boisteau, and included in his famous *Histoires Tragiques* (1559), whence were derived two English versions:—(i) Arthur Brooke's poem (1562), and (ii) Paynter's novel (1567), included in the *Palace of Pleasure*.

THE POEM AND THE PLAY

Shakespeare probably consulted both these versions of the story, but Brooke's poem was his main source. He followed it closely; here and there the play betrays a slight influence upon its diction; conceits and antitheses in the poem may occasionally be parallel from the play. The plot of the two versions is substantially the same,[2] but Shakespeare shows his dramatic skill in dealing with the materials—*e.g.* (i) he compresses the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, into as many days; (ii) he recreates the character of Mercutio, who in the poem is a mere "courtier bold among the bashful maydes"; (iii) he makes Paris die at the grave of Juliet by the hand of Romeo; in the poem nothing is heard of the Count after his disappointment.

But though in subject Shakespeare follows Brooke, it need hardly be said that in its spirit—in its transfiguration of the story—the play altogether transcends the poem; a

1 In 1552 Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem on the subject; its author was probably Gherardo Boldiero. Ten years previously (1542) Adrian Sevin, the translator of Boccacio's *Philocopo*, gave the story in French, though the names of the lovers became strangely changed in his version. (The sources are discussed in Simrock's *Quellen*, Furness' *Variorum Edition*, etc.; specially valuable is Daniel's *Originals and Analogues*, Part I. *New Shak. Soc.*).

2 In the versions of Da Porto and Bandello, and in Garrick's acting version of Shakespeare's play, Juliet wakes from her sleep while Romeo still lives; Shakespeare follows Brooke and Paynter in the catastrophe of the play. On the other hand, Shakespeare makes Juliet two years younger than she is in Brooke's poem.

greater effort than Brooke's wearisome production [1] would pale its uneffectual fire before the glowing warmth of this Song of Songs of Romantic Passion.

EARLY PLAYS ON "ROMEO AND JULIET"

In his "address to the reader," Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for." No trace has been discovered of the drama alluded to; it is difficult to imagine a popular Romantic play belonging to this early date (*c.* 1562), and no doubt Brooke was referring to some such Academic production as *Tancred and Gismunda;* possibly the play in question was an exercise in Latin [2] verse, acted in a College Hall or at the Inns of Court.

The earliest extant play on the subject of Romeo and Juliet is *La Hadriana*, by the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto; its date is 1578. There are some few striking resemblances with Shakespeare's play; the most noteworthy being the parting of the two lovers.[3]

[1] A short specimen will perhaps interest the reader:—

"At last with trembling voice and shamefast cheer the maid
Unto her Romeus turned herself, and thus to him she said:—
O blessed be the time of thy arrival here:
But ere she could speak forth the rest, to her love drew so near;
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast
That no one word could scape her more, than what already past."

[2] There exist indeed among the Sloane MSS. the fragments of a Latin version of the story, evidently the exercise of a Cambridge student, but the MS. belongs, I think, to the beginning of the 17th century. It is nevertheless an interesting curiosity.

[3] J. C. Walker, in his *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,* first called attention to the play from this point of view, and translated the passage in question; *e. g.*

Latino. If I err not, the lamp of day is nigh.
List to the nightingale, that wakes with us,
With us laments mid thorns; and now the dew,
Like our tears, pearls the grass. Ah me, alas,
Turn towards the east thy face—etc.

Groto's play was certainly known in England; there is an annotated copy among the dramatist Ruggles' books at Clare College.

Shakespeare's great contemporary, the Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, used the same subject for one of his bright and graceful "cloak and sword comedies," under the title of *Castelvines y Monteses*. Again, Lope's successor, Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla, was drawn to the theme, and founded upon it his *Los Bandos de Verona*.[1]

As early as 1626, if not earlier, a version of Shakespeare's play was known in Germany (*v.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries*). On the many English acting perversions of the tragedy, it is unnecessary to comment.

DURATION OF ACTION

Shakespeare's compression of the story has already been referred to; four or five days cover the whole action of the play, the rapidity of events effectively harmonizing with the "local color," with the violent love and violent hate of the impulsive South, "too like the lightning."

The lovers meet on Sunday; they are wedded on Monday; they part at dawn on Tuesday; they are re-united in death on the night of Thursday.

> "O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

[1] F. W. Cosens published a translation of both plays in a privately printed edition. A full summary of Lope's drama is to be found in Furness' *"Variorum" Romeo and Juliet.*

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The story, which furnished the ground-work of *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*, was exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time; it had been made so to his hand, and of course it became more so in his hand. Mr. Douce has shown, that in some of its main incidents it bears a strong resemblance to an old Greek romance by Xenophon of Ephesus, entitled *The Love-adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia*. The original author, however, of the story as received in the Poet's time was Luigi da Porto, of Vincenza, who died in 1529. His novel, called *La Giulietta*, was first published in 1535, six years after his death. In an epistle prefixed to the work, the author says that the story was told by "an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well-practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker." Luigi's work was reprinted in 1539, and again in 1553. From him the matter was borrowed and improved by Bandello, who published it in 1554, making it the ninth novel in the second part of his collection. Bandello represents the incidents to have occurred when Bartholomew Scaliger was lord of Verona. And it may be worth noting, that the Veronese, who believe the tale to be historically true, fix its date in 1303, at which time the family of Scala or Scaliger held the rule of the city.

The story is next met with in the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest. It makes the third piece in that collection; and, as the first six pieces were rendered into French by Boisteau, it follows that this tale was translated by

him, and not by Belleforest. The *Histoires Tragiques* were professedly taken from Bandello, but some of them vary considerably from the Italian; as in this very piece, according to Bandello, Juliet awakes from her trance in time to hear Romeo speak and see him die, and then, instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, dies apparently of a broken heart; whereas Boisteau has it the same in this respect as we find it in the play.

The earliest English version of the story, that has come down to us, is a poem entitled *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, written by Arthur Brooke, and published in 1562. This purports to be from the Italian of Bandello, but the French of Boisteau was evidently made use of by Brooke, as his version agrees with the French in making the heroine's trance continue till after the death of her lover. In some respects, however, the poem is entitled to the rank of an original work; the author not tying himself strictly to any known authority, but giving something of freedom to his own invention. We say "known" authority, because in his prose introduction Brooke informs us that the tale had already been put to work on the English stage. His words are as follows: "Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for, yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to like good effect, if the readers do bring with them like good minds to consider it; which hath the more encouraged me to publish it, such as it is."

The only ancient reprint of Brooke's poem known to us was made in 1587; though it was entered a second time at the Stationers' in 1582. Malone set forth an edition of it in 1780; and in our own time Mr. Collier has given a very careful and accurate reprint of it in his *Shakespeare's Library*. In sentiment, imagery, and versification, the poem has very considerable merit. It is written in rhyme, the lines consisting, alternately, of twelve and fourteen syllables. On the whole, it may rank among the best specimens we have of the popular English literature of that

period; being not so remarkable for reproducing the faults of the time, as for rising above them.

Of Brooke himself very little is known. In a poetical address "to the Reader," prefixed to the *Tragical History*, he speaks of this as "my youthful work," and informs us that he had written other works "in divers kinds of style." We learn, also, from the body of the poem, that he was unmarried; and in 1563 there came out *An Agreement of sundry Places of Scripture*, by Arthur Brooke, with some verses prefixed by Thomas Brooke, informing us that the author had perished by shipwreck. George Turberville, also, in his *Epitaphs and Epigrams*, 1567, has one "On the Death of Master Arthur Brooke, drowned in passing to Newhaven"; and mentions the story of Romeus and Juliet as proving that he "for metre did excel."

In 1567, five years after the date of Brooke's poem, a prose version of the same tale was published by William Paynter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, a collection of stories made from divers sources, ancient and modern. Paynter calls it *The goodly History of the true and constant love between Rhomeo and Julietta*. It is merely a literal translation from the French of Boisteau, and by no means skillfully done, at that; though even here the interest of the tale is such as to triumph over the bungling rudeness of the translator. This version, also, has been lately reprinted by Mr. Collier in the work mentioned above.

These two are the only English forms, of an earlier date than the tragedy, in which the story has reached us. But the contemporary references to it are such and so many as to show that it must have stood very high in popular favor. For instance, a brief argument of the tale is given by Thomas Delapeend in his Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis, 1565; and Barnabe Rich, in his Dialogue between Mercury and a Soldier, 1574, says that the story was so well known as to be represented on tapestry. Allusions to it are also found in *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578; in *A Poor Knight's Palace of Private Pleasure*, 1579; and in Austin Saker's

Narbonus, 1580. After this time, such notices become still more frequent and particular; and the Stationers' books show an entry of *A new Ballad of Romeo and Juliet*, by Edward White, in 1596; of which, however, nothing has been discovered in modern times.

This popularity was doubtless owing in a large measure to the use of the story in dramatic form. We have already found that Brooke had seen it on the stage before 1562. That so great and general a favorite should have been suffered to leave the boards after having once tried its strength there, is nowise probable: so that we may presume it to have been kept at home on the stage in one shape or another, till Shakespeare took it in hand, and so far eclipsed all who had touched it before, that their labors were left to perish.

Whether Shakespeare availed himself of any preceding drama on the subject, we are of course without the means of knowing. Nor, in fact, can we trace a connection between the tragedy and any other work except Brooke's poem. That he made considerable use of this, is abundantly certain, as may be seen from divers verbal resemblances set forth in our notes. That he was acquainted with Paynter's version, is indeed more than probable; but we can discover no sign of his having resorted to it for the matter of his scenes, as the play has nothing in common with this, but what this also has in common with the poem. On the other hand, besides the verbal resemblances set forth in our notes, the play agrees with Brooke in divers particulars where Brooke differs from Paynter. The strongest instance, perhaps, of this is in the part of the Nurse, which is considerably extended in the poem: especially, she there endeavors, as in the play, to persuade Juliet into the marriage with Paris; of which there is no trace in the prose version. Moreover, the character of the Nurse has in the poem a dash of original humor, approaching somewhat, though not much, towards the Poet's representation of her. As regards the incidents, the only differences worth noting between the poem and the play

are in the death of Mercutio, and in the meeting of Romeo and Paris, and the death of the latter, at the tomb of Juliet.

The play was first printed in 1597, with a title-page reading as follows: "An excellent-conceited Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, As it hath been often, with great applause, played publicly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his Servants. London. Printed by John Danter. 1597." Here we have one point worth special noting. Until the accession of James, the company to which Shakespeare belonged were, as we have repeatedly seen, called "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants." Henry Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, died on July 22, 1596. George, the successor to his title, did not immediately succeed to the office; this was conferred on Lord Cobham, who held it till his death in March, 1597; and the new Lord Hunsdon did not become Lord Chamberlain till April 17. It was only during this interval that the company in question were known as the Lord Hunsdon's Servants. Malone hence concludes that the play was first performed between July, 1596, and April, 1597; but this is by no means certain; it merely proves that the play was printed during that period: for, however the company may have been designated at the first acting of the play, they would naturally have been spoken of in the title-page as the Lord Hunsdon's Servants, if they were so known at the time of the printing.

Another question, that may as well be disposed of here, is, whether the first issue of *Romeo and Juliet* was authentic and complete, as the play then stood; which question is best answered by Mr. Collier. "This edition," says he, "is in two different types, and was probably executed in haste by two different printers. It has been generally treated as an authorized impression from an authentic manuscript. Such, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly

from notes taken at the theater during representation. Our principal ground for this notion is, that there is such great inequality in different scenes and speeches, and in some places precisely that degree and kind of imperfectness, which would belong to manuscript prepared from defective short-hand notes. We do not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play subsequent to its earliest production on the stage; but merely that the quarto of 1597 does not contain the tragedy as it was originally represented."

The next issue of the play was in a quarto pamphlet, the title-page reading thus: "The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop near the Exchange. 1599." There was a third quarto issue in 1609, which was merely a reprint of the foregoing, save that in the title-page we have, "acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe," and "Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet-street, under the Dial." There was also a fourth edition in quarto, undated, but probably issued between 1609 and 1623. The folio of 1623 gives it as the fourth in the division of Tragedies, and without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have, *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*" The folio, though omitting several passages found in the quarto of 1609, is shown, by the repetition of certain typographical errors, to have been printed from that copy. In our text, as in that of most modern editions, the quarto of 1599 is taken as the basis, and the other old copies drawn upon for the correction of errors.

As may well be supposed, the second issue evinces a considerably stronger and riper authorship than the first; for of course the Poet would hardly proceed to rewrite the play until he thought that he could make important

changes for the better. How much the play was "augmented" may be judged from the fact that in Steevens' reprint of the editions of 1597 and 1609, both of which are in the same volume and the same type, the first occupies only 73 pages, the other 99. The augmentations are much more important in quality than in quantity; and both these and the corrections show a degree of judgment and tact hardly consistent with the old notion of the Poet having been a careless writer; though it is indeed much to be regretted that he did not carry his older and severer hand into some parts of the play, which he left in their original state.

The date more commonly assigned for the writing of this tragedy is 1596. This is allowing only a space of about two years between the writing and rewriting of the play; and we fully agree with Knight and Verplanck, that the second edition shows such a measure of progress in judgment, in the cast of thought, and in dramatic power, as would naturally infer a much longer interval. And the argument derived from this circumstance is strengthened by another piece of internal evidence. The Nurse, in reckoning up the age of Juliet, has the following:

> "On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
> That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
> And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
> Of all the days of the year, upon that day.
> Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
> To bid me trudge.
> And since that time it is eleven years;
> For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
> She could have run and waddled all about;
> For even the day before she broke her brow."

This passage was first pointed out by Tyrwhitt as probably referring to a very memorable event thus spoken of by the English chronicler of that period: "On the 6th of April, 1580, being Wednesday in Easter week, about 6 o'clock toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generally throughout all England,

caused such amazedness among the people as was wonderful for the time." There are indeed discrepancies in what the Nurse says, that more or less dash the certainty of the allusion. First, she says that Juliet was not weaned, then, proud of "bearing a brain," gets entangled in her reminiscent garrulity, and at last ties up in the remembrance that she could talk and "waddle all about;" but yet she sticks to the "eleven years." It is not so much, therefore, to what was in her thoughts, as to what was in theirs for whom the speech was written, that we must look for the bearing of the allusion.

Now, at the time of the event in question, the great clock at Westminster and divers other clocks and bells struck of themselves with the shaking of the earth: the lawyers supping in the Temple ran from their tables and out of the halls, with the knives in their hands: the people assembled at the theaters rushed forth into the fields, lest the galleries should fall: the roof of Christ Church near Newgate-market was so shaken that a stone dropped out of it, killing two persons, it being sermon time: chimneys were toppled down, and houses shattered. All which circumstances were well adapted to keep the event fresh in popular remembrance; and it was with this remembrance, most likely, that the Poet mainly concerned himself. We give the rest of the argument in the words of Knight: "Shakespeare knew the double world in which an excited audience lives; the half belief in the world of poetry amongst which they are placed during a theatrical representation, and the half consciousness of the external world of their ordinary life. The ready disposition of every audience to make a transition from the scene before them to the scene in which they ordinarily move, is perfectly well known to all who are acquainted with the machinery of the drama. In the case before us, even if Shakespeare had not this principle in view, the association of the English earthquake must have been strongly in his mind, when he made the Nurse date from an earthquake. Without reference to the circumstance of Juliet's age, he would

naturally, dating from the earthquake, have made the date refer to the period of his writing the passage, instead of the period of Juliet's being weaned. But, according to the Nurse's chronology, Juliet had not arrived at that epoch in the lives of children, till she was three years old. The very contradiction shows that Shakespeare had another object in view than that of making the Nurse's chronology tally with the age of her nursling."

This of course would throw the original writing of the play back to the year 1591, or thereabouts, and so give ample time for the growth of mind indicated by the additions and improvements of the second issue. However, we do not regard the argument from the Nurse's speech as conclusive; for, even granting the Poet to have had his thoughts on the particular earthquake in question, it does not follow that he would have made the Nurse perfectly accurate in her reckoning of time. It may be worth observing, in this connection, that there appears some little remembrance, one way or the other, between the play and Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, published in 1592. It will be seen, from the latter, that, except in one slight particular, the resemblances both of thought and expression are not found in the oldest copy of the play. Nor even in that particular is the resemblance so close as to infer any more acquaintance than might well enough have been formed by the ear; and Daniel was a man of theatrical tastes. So that this does not necessarily make against 1591 as Shakespeare's true date; though whether Daniel first improved upon him, and then he upon Daniel, or whether the original writing of the play was not till after the printing of the poem, cannot with certainty be affirmed.

At all events, we are quite satisfied, from many, though for the most part undefinable, tricks of style, that the tragedy in its original state was produced somewhere between 1591 and 1595. The cast of thought and imagery, but especially the large infusion, not to say preponderance, of the lyrical element, naturally associates it to the same

stage of art and authorship which gave us *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The resemblance of the two plays in these respects is too strong and clear, we think, to escape any studious eye, well-practiced in discerning the Poet's different styles. And a diligent comparison of *Romeo and Juliet* with, for example, the poetical scenes in the *First Part of King Henry IV*, which was published in 1598, will suffice for the conclusion that the former must have been written several years before the latter.

We have seen that nearly all the incidents of the tragedy were borrowed, the Poet's invention herein being confined to the duel of Mercutio and Tybalt, and the meeting of Romeo and Paris at the tomb. In the older English versions of the story, there is a general fight between the partisans of the two houses; when, after many have been killed and wounded on both sides, Romeo comes in, tries in vain to appease with gentle words the fury of Tybalt, and at last kills him in self-defense. What a vast gain of dramatic life and spirit is made by Shakespeare's change in this point, is too obvious to need insisting on. Much of a certain amiable grace, also, is reflected upon Paris from the circumstances that occasion his death; and the character of the heroine is proportionably raised by the beauty and pathos thus shed around her second lover; there being, in the older versions, a cold and selfish policy in his love-making, which dishonors both himself and the object of it. The judicious bent of the Poet's invention is the more apparent in these particulars, that in the others he did but reproduce what he found in Brooke's poem. Moreover, the incidents, throughout, are disposed and worked out with all imaginable skill for dramatic effect; so that what was before a comparatively lymphatic and lazy narrative is made redundant of animation and interest.

In respect of character, too, the play has little of formal originality beyond Mercutio and the Nurse; though all are indeed set forth with a depth and vigor and clearness of delineation to which the older versions of the tale can

make no pretension. It scarce need be said, that the two characters named are, in the Poet's workmanship, as different as can well be conceived from any thing that was done to his hand. But what is most worthy of remark, here, is, that he just inverts the relation between the incidents and the characterization, using the former merely to support the latter, instead of being supported by it. Before, the persons served but as a sort of frame-work for the story; here, the story is made to serve but as canvas for the portraiture of character. So that, notwithstanding the large borrowings of incident and character, the play, as a whole, has eminently the stamp of an original work; and, which is more, an acquaintance with the sources drawn upon nowise diminishes our impression of its originality.

Before proceeding further, we must make some abatements from the indiscriminate praise which this drama has of late received. For criticism, in its natural and just reaction from the mechanical methods formerly in vogue, has run to the opposite extreme of unreserved special-pleading, and of hunting out of nature after reasons for unqualified approval; by which course it stultifies itself without really helping the subject. Now, we cannot deny, and care not to disguise, that in several places this play is sadly blemished with ingenious and elaborate affectations. We refer not now to the conceits which Romeo indulges in so freely before his meeting with Juliet; for, in his then state of mind, such self-centered and fantastical eddyings of thought may be not altogether without reason, as proceeding not from genuine passion, but rather from the want of it: he may be excused for playing with these little smoke-wreaths of fancy, forasmuch as the true flame is not yet kindled in his heart. But, surely, this excuse will not serve for those which are vented so profusely by the heroine even in her most impassioned moments; as, especially, in her dialogue with the Nurse in the second scene of Act III. Yet Knight boldly justifies these, calling them "the results of strong emotion, seeking to relieve itself by a violent effort of the intellect, that the will

may recover its balance." Which is either a piece of forced and far-fetched attorneyship, or else it is too deep for our comprehension. No, no! these things are plain disfigurements and blemishes, and criticism will best serve its proper end by calling them so. And if there be any sufficient apology for them, doubtless it is this,—That they grew from the general custom and conventional pressure of the time, and were written before the Poet had by practice and experience worked himself above these into the original strength and rectitude of his genius. And we submit, that any unsophisticated criticism, however broad and liberal, will naturally regard them as the effects of imitation, not of mental character, because they are plainly out of keeping with the general style of the piece, and strike against the grain of the sentiment which that style inspires.

Bating certain considerable drawbacks on this score,—and the fault disappears after Act III,—the play gives the impression of having been all conceived and struck out in the full heat and glow of youthful passion; as if the Poet's genius were for the time thoroughly possessed with the spirit and temper of the subject, so that every thing becomes touched with its efficacy;—while at the same time the passion, though carried to the utmost intensity, is every where so pervaded with the light and grace of imagination, that it kindles but to ennoble and exalt. For richness of poetical coloring—poured out with lavish hand indeed, but yet so managed as not to interfere either with the development of character or the proper dramatic effect, but rather to heighten them both—it may challenge a comparison with any of the Poet's dramas.

It is this intense passion, acting through the imagination, that gives to the play its remarkable unity of effect. On this point, Coleridge has spoken with such rare felicity that his words ought always to go with the subject. "That law of unity," says he, "which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all

times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read Romeo and Juliet:—all is youth and spring;—youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies;—spring with its odors, its flowers, and its transiency;—it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring: with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth;—whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare."

In accordance with the principles here suggested, we find every thing on the run; all the passions of the drama are in the same fiery-footed and unmanageable excess: the impatient vehemence of old Capulet, the furious valor of Tybalt, the brilliant volubility of Mercutio, the petulant loquacity of the Nurse, being all but so many symptoms of the reigning irritability and impetuosity. Amid this general stress of impassioned life, old animosities are rekindled, old feuds have broken out anew; while the efforts of private friendship and public authority to quench the strife only go to prove it unquenchable, the same violent passions that have caused the tumults being brought to the suppression of them. The prevalence of extreme hate serves of course to generate the opposite extreme; out of the most passionate and fatal enmities there naturally springs a love as passionate and fatal. With dispositions too gentle and noble to share in the animosities so rife about them, the hearts of the lovers are but rendered thereby the more alive and open to impressions of a contrary nature; the fierce rancor of their houses only swelling in them the emotions that prevent their sympathizing with it.

In this way, both the persons and the readers of the drama are prepared for the forthcoming issues: the lead-

ing passion, intense as it is, being so associated with others of equal intensity, that we receive it without any sense of disproportion to nature; whereas, if cut out of the harmony in which it exists, it would seem overwrought and incredible. Thus the Poet secures continuity of impression, and carries us smoothly along through all the aching joys and giddy transports of the lovers, by his manner of disposing the objects and persons about them. And he does this with so much ease as not to betray his exertions; his means are hidden in the skill with which he uses them; and we forget the height to which he soars, because he has the strength of wing to bear us along with him, or rather gives us wings to rise with him of ourselves.

Not the least considerable feature of this drama is, how, by divers little showings, we are let into the general condition of life where the scene is laid, and how this again is made to throw light on the main action. We see before us a most artificial and unhealthy state of society, where all the safety-valves of nature are closed up by an oppressive conventionality, and where the better passions, being clogged down to their source, have turned their strength into the worse; men's antipathies being the more violent, because no free play is given to their sympathies. Principle and impulse are often spoken of as opposed to each other; and, as men are, such is indeed too often the case: but in ingenuous natures and in well ordered societies the two grow forth together, each serving to unfold and deepen the other, so that principle gets warmed into impulse, and impulse fixed into principle. When such is the case, the state of man is at peace and unity; otherwise, he is a house divided against itself, where principle and impulse strive each for the mastery, and sway by turns; headlong and sensual in his passions, cunning and selfish in his reason.

Now, this fatal divorce of reason and passion is strongly apparent in the condition of life here reflected. The generous impulses of nature are overborne and stifled by a discipline of selfishness. Coldly calculative where they

ought to be impassioned, people are of course blindly passionate where they ought to be deliberate and cool. Even marriage is plainly stripped of its sacredness, made an affair of expediency, not of affection, insomuch that a previous union of hearts is discouraged, lest it should interfere with a prudent union of hands. So that we have a state of society where the hearts of the young are, if possible, kept sealed against all deep and strong impressions, and the development of the nobler impulses foreclosed by the icy considerations of interest and policy.

Amidst this heart-withering refinement, the hero and the heroine stand out the unschooled and unspoiled creatures of native sense and sensibility. Art has tried its utmost upon them, but nature has proved too strong for it: in the silent creativeness of youth their feelings have insensibly matured themselves; and they come before us glowing with the warmth of natural sentiment, with susceptibilities deep as life, and waiting only for the kindling touch of passion. So that they exemplify the simplicity of nature thriving amidst the most artificial manners: nay, they are the more natural for the excess of art around them; as if nature, driven from the hearts of others, had taken refuge in theirs.

Principle, however, is as strong in them as passion; they have the purity as well as the impulsiveness of nature; and because they are free from immodest desires, they therefore put forth no angelic pretensions. Idolizing each other, they would, however, make none but permitted offerings. Not being led by the conventionalities of life, they therefore are not to be misled by them: as their hearts are joined in mutual love, so their hands must be joined in mutual honor; for, while loving each other with a love as boundless as the sea, they at the same time love in each other whatsoever is precious and heavenly in their unsoiled imaginations. Thus their fault lies not in the nature of their passion, but in its excess,—that they love each other in a degree that is due only to their Maker; but this is a natural reaction from that idolatry of interest and of self

which pervades the rest of society ct for itself; hence the merchandise, and sacrificing the h first comes before us. to avarice, ambition, and pride. uddenness and vehemence

The lovers, it is true, are not nce between this and his because this is a thing that cannim from the reproach of mately but by experience, which

Life lies glittering with golden Romeo of course does not ing all its enchantment, perhaps, t bstract truth: intelligent seems perfect, it is only because asions, he does not, how- but such bounty and such bliss "mr conduct by any rules: abide." Bereft of the new life tsophy in his case, unless other, nothing remains for them bcare to hear others speak which the wine has all evaporated; no life but passion, and the stale and vapid draught, when its object: therefore it that caused it to foam and sparkle exaggeration on the sen- less, it is not their passion, but thove, by reason of its ex- that is punished in their death; an sovereign good, defeats in their fate is against that barbari

makes love excessive by trying to e rectitude in his passion, ful place in life, and which subj blame its excess; and we venges of nature, because it puts trough it, not for it. We noblest purposes. Were we deepore full of manly sweet- dence, we might doubtless anticipacter. Love is the only these two beings, the pride and f-control, and this is the friends, would, even because them least a virtue. He will a sacrifice to the guilt of their fill not do a mean thing to through their death would be pto which he would sacrifice fatal strifes and animosities whichffections to which he will natural and so dangerous for themlf. Thus even in his re-

It has been aptly remarked, tht with those about him. of this play, though in love, argenerous thought as to af- however, is something love-sick ransports which prove so Juliet. His seeming love for Ros jump in wild fury from fancy, with which the heart has by his side; but then, as That the Poet so meant it, is plain he very dangerous when it in the Chorus at the end of A

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pears, creates in Romeo an object for itself; hence the love-bewilderment in which he first comes before us. Which explains and justifies the suddenness and vehemence of his passion, while the difference between this and his fancy-sickness amply vindicates him from the reproach of inconstancy.

Being of passion all compact, Romeo of course does not generalize, nor give much heed to abstract truth: intelligent indeed of present objects and occasions, he does not, however, study to shape his feelings or conduct by any rules: he therefore sees no use of philosophy in his case, unless it can make a Juliet; nor does he care to hear others speak of what they do not feel. He has no life but passion, and passion lives altogether in and by its object: therefore it is that he dwells with such wild exaggeration on the sentence of banishment. Thus his love, by reason of its excess, exalting a subordinate into a sovereign good, defeats its own security and peace.

Yet there is a sort of instinctive rectitude in his passion, which makes us rather pity than blame its excess; and we feel that death comes upon him through it, not for it. We can scarce conceive any thing more full of manly sweetness and gentleness than his character. Love is the only thing wherein he seems to lack self-control, and this is the very thing wherein self-control is least a virtue. He will risk his life for a friend, but he will not do a mean thing to save it; has no pride and revenge to which he would sacrifice others, but has high and brave affections to which he will not shrink from sacrificing himself. Thus even in his resentments he is in noble contrast with those about him. His heart is so preoccupied with generous thought as to afford no room for those furious transports which prove so fatal in others: where their swords jump in wild fury from their scabbards, his sleeps quietly by his side; but then, as he is very hard to provoke, so is he very dangerous when provoked.

Mr. Hallam—a man who weighs his words well before pronouncing them—gives as his opinion, that "it is im-

possible to place Juliet among the great female characters of Shakespeare's creation." Other critics of high esteem, especially Mrs. Jameson, take a different view; but this may result, in part, from the representation being so charged, not to say overcharged, with poetic warmth and brilliancy, as to hinder a cool and steady judgment of the character. For the passion in which Juliet lives is most potently infectious; one can scarce venture near enough to see what and whence it is, without falling under its influence; while in her case it is so fraught with purity and tenderness, and self-forgetting ardor and constancy, and has so much, withal, that challenges a respectful pity, that the moral sense does not easily find where to fix its notes of reproof. And if in her intoxication of soul and sense she loses whatsoever of reason her youth and inexperience can have gathered, the effect is breathed forth with an energy and elevation of spirit, and in a transporting affluence of thought and imagery, which none but the sternest readers can well resist, and which, after all, there may not be much virtue in resisting.

We have to confess, however, that Juliet appears something better as a heroine than as a woman, the reverse of which commonly holds in the Poet's delineations. But she is a real heroine, in the best sense of the term; her womanhood being developed through her heroism, not eclipsed or obscured by it. Wherein she differs from the general run of tragic heroines, who act as if they knew not how to be heroic, without unsexing themselves, and becoming something mannish or viraginous: the trouble with them being, that they set out with a special purpose to be heroines, and study to approve themselves such; whereas Juliet is surprised into heroism, and acts the heroine without knowing it, simply because it is in her to do so, and, when the occasion comes, she cannot do otherwise.

It is not till the marriage with Paris is forced upon her, that the proper heroism of her nature displays itself. All her feelings as a woman, a lover, and a wife, are then thor-

oughly engaged; and because her heart is all truth, therefore she cannot but choose rather to die "an unstain'd wife to her sweet love," than to live on any other terms. To avert what is to her literally an infinite evil, she appeals imploringly to her father, her mother, and the Nurse, in succession; nor is it till she is cast entirely on her own strength that she finds herself sufficient for herself. There is something truly fearful in the resolution and energy of her discourse with the Friar; yet we feel that she is still the same soft, tender, gentle being whose breath was lately so rich and sweet with words of love. When told the desperate nature of the remedy, she rises to a yet higher pitch, her very terror of the deed inspiring her with fresh energy of purpose. And when she comes to the performance, she cannot indeed arrest the workings of her imagination, neither can those workings shake her resolution; on the contrary, in their reciprocal action each adds vigor and intensity to the other, the terrific images which throng upon her excited fancy developing within her a strength and courage to face them. In all which there is certainly much of the heroine, but then the heroism is the free, spontaneous, unreflecting outcome of her native womanhood.

It is well worth noting, with what truth to nature the different qualities of the female character are in this representation distributed. Juliet has both the weakness and the strength of woman, and she has them in the right, that is, the natural places. For, if she appears as frail as the frailest of her sex in the process of becoming a lover, her frailty ends with that process: weak in yielding to the first touch of passion, all her strength of character comes out in courage and constancy afterwards. Thus it is in the cause of the wife that the greatness proper to her as a woman transpires. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, speaks of this as a peculiarity of the Italian women; but surely it is nowise peculiar to them, save that they may have it in a larger measure than others. For, if we mistake not, the general rule of women everywhere is, that the

easiest to fall in love are the hardest to get out of it, and at the same time the most religiously tenacious of their honor in it.

It is very considerable that Juliet, though subject to the same necessity of loving as Romeo, is nevertheless quite exempt from the delusions of fancy, and therefore never gets bewildered with a love of her own making. The elements of passion in her do not, it is against her nature that they should, act in such a way as to send her in quest of an object: indeed they are a secret even to herself, she suspects not their existence, till the proper object appears, because it is the inspiration of that object that kindles them into effect.—Her modesty, too, is much like Romeo's honor; that is, it is a living attribute of her character, and not merely a form impressed upon her manners from without. She therefore does not try to conceal or disguise from herself the impulses of her nature, because she justly regards them as sanctified by the religion of her heart. On this point, especially with reference to her famous soliloquy at the beginning of the second scene in Act III, we leave her in the hands of Mrs. Jameson; who, with a rare gift to see what is right, joins an equal felicity in expressing what she sees. "Let it be remembered," says she, "that in this speech Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante; and I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful 'Hymn to the Night,' breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart 'triumphing to itself in words.' In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole; and her impatience, to use her own ex-

pression, is truly that of 'a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them.' "

The Nurse is in some respects another edition of Mrs. Quickly, though in a different binding. The character has a tone of reality that almost startles us on a first acquaintance. She gives the impression of a literal transcript from actual life; which is doubtless owing in part to the predominance of memory in her mind, causing her to think and speak of things just as they occurred; as in her account of Juliet's age, where she cannot go on without bringing in all the accidents and impertinences which stand associated with the subject. And she has a way of repeating the same thing in the same words, so that it strikes us as a fact cleaving to her thoughts, and exercising a sort of fascination over them: it seems scarce possible that any but a real person should be so enslaved to actual events.

This general passiveness to what is going on about her naturally makes her whole character "smell of the shop." And she has a certain vulgarized air of rank and refinement, as if, priding herself on the confidence of her superiors, she has caught and assimilated their manners to her own vulgar nature. In this mixture of refinement and vulgarity, both elements are made the worse for being together; for, like all those who ape their betters, she exaggerates whatever she copies; or, borrowing the proprieties of those above her, she turns them into their opposite, because she has no sense of propriety. Without a particle of truth, or honor, or delicacy; one to whom life has no sacredness, virtue no beauty, love no holiness; a woman, in short, without womanhood; she abounds, however, in serviceable qualities; has just that low servile prudence which at once fits her to be an instrument, and makes her proud to be used as such. Yet she acts not so much from a positive disregard of right as from a lethargy of conscience; or as if her soul had run itself into a sort of moral dry-rot through a leak at the mouth.

Accordingly, in her basest acts she never dreams but that she is a pattern of virtue. And because she is thus unconscious and, as it were, innocent of her own vices, therefore Juliet thinks her free from them, and suspects not but that beneath her petulant, vulgar loquacity she has a vein of womanly honor and sensibility. For she has, in her way, a real affection for Juliet; whatsoever would give pleasure to herself, that she will do any thing to compass for her young mistress; and, until love and marriage become the question, there has never been any thing to disclose the essential oppugnancy of their natures. When, however, in her noble agony, Juliet appeals to the Nurse for counsel, and is met with the advice to marry Paris, she sees at once what her soul is made of; that her former praises of Romeo were but the offspring of a sensual pruriency easing itself with talk; that in her long life she has gained only that sort of experience which works the debasement of its possessor; and that she knows less than nothing of love and marriage, because she has worn their prerogatives without any feeling of their sacredness.

Mercutio is one of the instances which strikingly show the excess of Shakespeare's powers above his performances. Though giving us more than any other man, he still seems to have given but a small part of himself; for we see not but he could have gone on indefinitely reveling in the same "exquisite ebullience and overflow" of life and wit which he has started in Mercutio. As seeking rather to instruct us with character than to entertain us with talk, he lets off just enough of the latter to disclose the former, and then stops, leaving the impression of an inexhaustible abundance withheld to give scope for something better. From the nature of the subject, he had to leave unsatisfied the desire which in Mercutio is excited. Delightful as Mercutio is, the Poet valued and makes us value his room more than his company. It has been said that he was obliged to kill Mercutio, lest Mercutio should kill him. And certainly it is not easy to see how he could have kept Mercutio and Tybalt in the play without spoiling it, nor how he could

have kept them out of it without killing them: for, so long as they live, they seem bound to have a chief hand in whatsoever is going on about them; and they cannot well have a hand in anything without turning it, the one into a comedy, the other into a butchery. The Poet, however, so manages them and their fate as to aid rather than interrupt the proper interest of the piece; the impression of their death, strong as it is, being overcome by the sympathy awakened in us with the living.

Mercutio is a perfect embodiment of animal spirits acting in and through the brain. So long as the life is in him his blood must dance, and so long as the blood dances the brain and tongue must play. His veins seem filled with sparkling champagne. Always reveling in the conscious fullness of his resources, he pours out and pours out, heedless whether he speaks sense or nonsense; nay, his very stumblings seem designed as triumphs of agility; he studies, apparently, for failures, as giving occasion for further trials, and thus serving at once to provoke his skill and to set it off. Full of the most companionable qualities, he often talks loosely indeed, but not profanely; and even in his loosest talk there is a subtilty and refinement, both of nature and of breeding, that mark him for the prince of good fellows. Nothing could more finely evince the essential frolicsomeness of his composition, than that, with his ruling passion strong in death, he should play the wag in the face of his grim enemy, as if to live and to jest were the same thing with him.

Of Mercutio's wit it were vain to attempt an analysis. From a fancy as quick and aërial as the Aurora Borealis, the most unique and graceful combinations come forth with almost inconceivable facility and felicity. If wit consists in a peculiar briskness, airiness, and apprehensiveness of spirit, catching, as by instinct, the most remote and delicate affinities, and putting things together most unexpectedly and at the same time most appropriately, it can hardly be denied that Mercutio is the prince of wits, as well as of good fellows.

We have always felt a special comfort in the part of Friar Laurence. How finely his tranquility contrasts with the surrounding agitation! And how natural it seems that he should draw lessons of tranquility from that very agitation! Calm, thoughtful, benevolent, withdrawing from the world, that he may benefit society the more for being out of it, his presence and counsel in the play are as oil poured, yet poured in vain, on troubled waters. Sympathizing quietly yet deeply with the very feelings in others which in the stillness of thought he has subdued in himself, the storms that waste society only kindle in him the sentiments that raise him above them; while his voice, issuing from the heart of humanity, speaks peace, but cannot give it, to the passions that are raging around him.

Schlegel has remarked with his usual discernment on the skill with which the Poet manages to alleviate the miracle of the sleeping-potion; and how, by throwing an air of mysterious wisdom round the Friar, he renders us the more apt to believe strange things concerning him; representing him as so conjunctive and private with nature, that incredulity touching what he does is in a great measure forestalled by impressions of reverence for his character. "How," says he, "does the Poet dispose us to believe that Father Laurence possesses such a secret? He exhibits him at first in a garden, collecting herbs, and descanting on their wonderful virtues. The discourse of the pious old man is full of deep meaning: he sees everywhere in nature emblems of the moral world; the same wisdom with which he looks through her has also made him master of the human heart. In this way, what would else have an ungrateful appearance, becomes the source of a great beauty."

Much fault has been found with the winding-up of this play, that it does not stop with the death of Juliet. Looking merely to the uses of the stage, it might indeed be better so; but Shakespeare wrote for humanity as well as, yea, rather than, for the stage. And as the evil fate of the lovers springs from the bitter feud of their houses and from a general stifling of nature under a hard crust of

artificial manners, he wisely represents it as reacting upon and removing the cause. We are thus given to see and feel that they have not suffered in vain; and the heart has something to mitigate and humanize its over-pressure of grief. The absorbing, devouring selfishness of society generates the fiercest rancor between its leading families, and that rancor issues in the death of the very members through whom they had thought most to advance their rival pretensions; earth's best and noblest creatures are snatched away, because, by reason of their virtue, they can best afford to die, and because, for the same reason, their death will be most bitterly deplored. The good old Friar indeed thought that by the marriage of the lovers the rancor of their houses would be healed. But a Wiser than he knew that the deepest touch of sorrow was required to awe and melt their proud, selfish hearts; that nothing short of the most afflicting bereavement, together with the feeling that themselves had both caused it and deserved it, could teach them rightly to "prize the breath they share with human kind," and remand them to the impassioned attachments of nature. Accordingly, the hatred that seemed immortal is buried in the tomb of the faithful lovers; families are reconciled, society renovated, by the storm that has passed upon them; the tyranny of selfish custom is rebuked and broken up by the insurrection of nature which itself has provoked; tears flow, hearts are softened, hands joined, truth, tenderness, and piety inspired, by the noble example of devotion and self-sacrifice which stands before them. Such is the sad but wholesome lesson to be gathered from the heart-rending story of "Juliet and her Romeo."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

ROMEO

The love of Romeo again, with all its vehement intensity and seeming extravagance, is preserved to our respect, by the proof that it tends rather to regulate than extinguish the more peculiarly manly sentiment. When elate from marriage he lights upon his friends skirmishing with his new kinsfolk in anger, sudden and violent as his own love, he opposes calmness and expostulation to insult, though not without self-reproach when his friend is hurt beside him, and, indeed, through his interference; and when he hears that he is dead and Tybalt returns in triumph, reason how we may, it is with advantage to our feeling for his character, that he thrusts his love aside and vindicates in mortal attack his own honor and his friend.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

It is easy to dwell upon his [Romeo's] despair at banishment, his fatal errors of judgment, as when he fails to suspect life in Juliet's still warm and rosy form. But to suppose that he is unmanned by his love of Juliet contradicts the whole tenor of Shakespeare's implicit teaching. Passion for a Cressida or a Cleopatra saps the nerve of Troilus and Antony; but nowhere does Shakespeare represent a man as made less manly by absolute soul-service of a true woman: rather, this was a condition of that "marriage of true minds" to which, in his loftiest sonnet, he refused to "admit impediments."—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

ROMEO'S FIRST LOVE

From the ranks of the Montague swordsmen there has been one remarkable absentee. The aged head of the house has flourished his blade in defense of the family honor, but Romeo, the son and heir, is nowhere to be seen. His mother's anxious inquiry elicits the news that he has been espied before dawn, stealing alone towards a grove of sycamore, and we further learn that such is his wont, and that at the first streak of light he creeps home to his chamber, where he pens himself in artificial night. We are thus warned, before Romeo appears in person, that he is apart from his kinsmen in nature and sympathies. There is a sentimental strain in his character, and at the outset he and Proteus, though they develop so differently, have a certain likeness. His entrance gives the key to his strange humor. He is in love with the lady Rosaline, but his suit is in vain. Hence his passion for solitude, his sighs, and his tears. But neither the love nor the misery, we are persuaded, can be very deep that finds its vent in unmeaning fantastic antithesis, the *reductio ad absurdum* of "the numbers that Petrarch flowed in." A heart that is really breaking does not explode in verbal fireworks about "anything of nothing first created." This calf-love of Romeo is adopted by Shakspere from Brooke, and it is probably a mistake to invest it with too great significance. That there enters into Romeo's character a vein of weakness, of volatile emotion, cannot be denied, but it is important to notice that whenever Shakspere gives it prominence he is following closely in the wake of Brooke, and that in the scenes due to his own invention the more sterling and genuinely impassioned side of his hero's nature is developed. The retention of the Rosaline episode is very possibly due to the fact that it prepares the way for one of those instances of the irony of fortune which stud the drama. Benvolio bids Romeo attend the feast of the Capulets that he may forget his mistress in the light of other eyes, and Romeo, though he assents, does so with pro-

testations of unswerving fidelity to Rosaline. But even while he is on the way to the palace of the rival house, he is haunted by presentiments that his fate is not in his own hands:

> "My mind misgives
> Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
> Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
> With this night's revels."

And so it proves: Romeo has but to change eyes with Juliet, and his love in idleness for Rosaline is annihilated, only to give place to a far more absorbing passion. Benvolio's well-meant panacea becomes the root of a direr malady than it was devised to cure.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

JULIET

It may be remarked of Juliet as of Portia, that we not only trace the component qualities in each as they expand before us in the course of the action, but we seem to have known them previously, and mingle a consciousness of their past, with the interest of their present and their future. Thus, in the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, and in the scenes with the Nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her previous education and habits: we see her on the one hand kept in severe subjection by her austere parents; and on the other, fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse—a situation perfectly accordant with the manners of the time. Then Lady Capulet comes sweeping by with her train of velvet, her black hood, her fan, and her rosary—the very *beau-idéal* of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth century, whose offer to poison Romeo in revenge for the death of Tybalt, stamps her with one very characteristic trait of the age and country. Yet she loves her daughter; and there is a touch of remorseful tenderness in her lamentation over her, which adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet, and the harsh subjection in which she has been kept:—

> But one, poor one!—one poor and loving child,
> But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
> And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Capulet, as the jovial, testy old man, the self-willed, violent, tyrannical father,—to whom his daughter is but a property, the appanage of his house, and the object of his pride,—is equal as a portrait: but both must yield to the Nurse, who is drawn with the most wonderful power and discrimination. In the prosaic homeliness of the outline, and the magical illusion of the coloring, she reminds us of some of the marvelous Dutch paintings, from which, with all their coarseness, we start back as from a reality. Her low humor, her shallow garrulity, mixed with the dotage and petulance of age—her subserviency, her secrecy, and her total want of elevated principle, or even common honesty,—are brought before us like a living and palpable truth.

Among these harsh and inferior spirits is Juliet placed; her haughty parents, and her plebeian nurse, not only throw into beautiful relief her own native softness and elegance, but are at once the cause and the excuse of her subsequent conduct. She trembles before her stern mother and her violent father; but, like a petted child, alternately cajoles and commands her nurse. It is her old foster-mother who is the confidante of her love. It is the woman who cherished her infancy, who aids and abets her in her clandestine marriage. Do we not perceive how immediately our impression of Juliet's character would have been lowered if Shakespeare had placed her in connection with any commonplace dramatic waiting-woman?—even with Portia's adroit Nerissa, or Desdemona's Emilia? By giving her the Nurse for her confidante, the sweetness and dignity of Juliet's character are preserved inviolate to the fancy, even in the midst of all the romance and wilfulness of passion.

The natural result of these extremes of subjection and independence, is exhibited in the character of Juliet, as it gradually opens upon us. We behold it in the mixture of

self-will and timidity, of strength and weakness, of confidence and reserve, which are developed as the action of the play proceeds. We see it in the fond eagerness of the indulged girl, for whose impatience the "nimblest of the lightning-winged loves" had been too slow a messenger; in her petulance with her nurse; in those bursts of vehement feeling, which prepare us for the climax of passion at the catastrophe; in her invectives against Romeo, when she hears of the death of Tybalt; in her indignation when the Nurse echoes those reproaches, and the rising of her temper against unwonted contradiction:

NURSE. Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame.

Then comes that revulsion of strong feeling, that burst of magnificent exultation in the virtue and honor of her lover:

Upon his brow Shame is asham'd to sit,
For 'tis a throne where Honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth!

And this, by one of those quick transitions of feeling which belong to the character, is immediately succeeded by a gush of tenderness and self-reproach—

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?

With the same admirable truth of nature, Juliet is represented as at first bewildered by the fearful destiny that closes round her; reverse is new and terrible to one nursed in the lap of luxury, and whose energies are yet untried.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

While a stay remains to her amid the evils that encompass her, she clings to it. She appeals to her father—to her mother—

> Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
> Hear me with patience but to speak one word!
> . . . . . .
> Ah, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
> Delay this marriage for a month,—a week!

And, rejected by both, she throws herself upon her nurse in all the helplessness of anguish, of confiding affection, of habitual dependence—

> O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
> Some comfort, nurse!

The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and the baseness of her confidante, is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which take possession of her mind. She assumes at once and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair.

> JULIET. Speakest thou from thy heart?
> NURSE. Aye, and from my soul too;—or else
> Beshrew them both!
> JULIET. AMEN!

This final severing of all the old familiar ties of her childhood—

> Go, counselor!
> Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain!

and the calm, concentrated force of her resolve,

> If all else fail,—myself have power to die:

have a sublime pathos. It appears to me also an admirable touch of nature, considering the master passion which, at this moment, rules in Juliet's soul, that she is as much shocked by the Nurse's dispraise of her lover, as by her wicked, time-serving advice.

This scene is the crisis in the character; and henceforth we see Juliet assume a new aspect. The fond, impatient, timid girl puts on the wife and the woman: she has learned heroism from suffering, and subtlety from oppression. It is idle to criticise her dissembling submission to her father and mother; a higher duty has taken the place of that which she owed to them; a more sacred tie has severed all others. Her parents are pictured as they are, that no feeling for them may interfere in the slightest degree with our sympathy for the lovers. In the mind of Juliet there is no struggle between her filial and her conjugal duties, and there ought to be none. The Friar, her spiritual director, dismisses her with these instructions:—

> Go home,—be merry,—give consent
> To marry Paris;

and she obeys him. Death and suffering in every horrid form she is ready to brave, without fear or doubt, "to live an unstained wife"; and the artifice to which she has recourse, which she is even instructed to use, in no respect impairs the beauty of the character; we regard it with pain and pity, but excuse it, as the natural and inevitable consequence of the situation in which she is placed. Nor should we forget, that the dissimulation, as well as the courage of Juliet, though they spring from passion, are justified by principle:—

> My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven:
> How shall my faith return again to earth,
> Unless that husband send it me from heaven?

In her successive appeals to her father, her mother, her nurse, and the Friar, she seeks those remedies which would first suggest themselves to a gentle and virtuous nature, and grasps her dagger only as the last resource against dishonor and violated faith;

> God join'd my heart with Romeo's—thou our hands.
> And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
> Shall be the label to another deed,

> Or my true heart, with treacherous revolt
> Turn to another,—this shall slay them both!

thus, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion and terror, preserving, to a certain degree, that moral and feminine dignity which harmonizes with our best feelings, and commands our unreproved sympathy.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

JULIET'S LOVE

There is nothing but the mask of night upon Juliet's face to hide the blush which her lips acknowledge. "Farewell compliment. Dost thou love me?" The bud of love becomes a beauteous flower in its first spring day, for it is too impatient to levy on the lagging warmth of summer; and the sudden heat sends every drop of Juliet's blood rushing into the frankest words that maiden ever spoke. She has not even mental device enough to hush what the most passionate women, of a type less frigid than our own, are quite content to feel if there's love enough to justify. So the verses which come fluent from Juliet's lips do not scald like the insinuations of some modern novels which plot random passions and ingeniously dally with them. Shakspeare has no pages of this elaborate suggestion. His mental style was like the archer's bolt that quivers in the middle of the boss: he never could have learned this modern practice of the boomerang, which dips, skims, makes ricochets, lingers, doubles corners, and plays back into the sender's hand.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

JULIET'S HOME SURROUNDINGS

The old Capulet, her father (a masterly design of the poet's), is, like all passionate natures, a man of unequal temper, and fully calculated to explain the alternate outbursts and pauses in the discord between the houses. At one time, in his zeal, he forgets his crutch, that he may

wield the old sword in his aged hands; and again, in merrier mood, he takes part against his quarrelsome nephew with the enemy of his house, who trustfully attends his ball. On one occasion he thinks his daughter too young to marry, and two days afterwards she appears to him "ripe to be a bride." Like a good father he leaves the fate of his daughter entirely to her own free choice in the case of the suitor Paris, and then, in the outburst of his passion, he compels her to a hated marriage, and threatens her in a brutal manner with blows and expulsion. From sorrow at Tybalt's death he relapses into rage, and from rage, after the apparent yielding of his daughter, he passes into the extreme of mirth. Outward refinement of manner was not to be learned from the man who speaks to the ladies of his ball like a sailor, any more than inward morality was to be expected from the man who had once been a "mouse-hunter" and had to complain of the jealousy of his wife. The lady Capulet is at once a heartless and unimportant woman, who asks advice of her nurse, who in her daughter's extremest suffering coldly leaves her, and entertains the thought of poisoning Romeo, the murderer of Tybalt. The nurse Angelica, whose whole character is designed in Brooke's narrative, is therefore the real mistress of the house; she manages the mother, she assists the daughter, and fears not to cross the old man in his most violent anger. She is a talker with little modesty, a woman whose society was not likely to make a Diana of Juliet, an instructress without propriety, a confidant with no enduring fidelity, and Juliet at length suddenly rejects her.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

THE LOVE OF ROMEO AND JULIET

The love of Romeo and Juliet is romantic and ideal, rather than positive and passionate: the pathos of their fate is no more than that of the thwarted desires of a boy and girl. . . . The hearts of the lovers beat beneath a veil of euphuistic preciosity, but the ardor and freshness

of their love is immortal.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

There are some lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which the poet compares "the course of true love" to that of lightning in midnight.

> "And ere a man hath power to say, Behold
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
> So quick bright things come to confusion."

It is thus that love is conceived in *Romeo and Juliet*—it is sudden, it is intensely bright for a moment, and then it is swallowed up in darkness. The action is accelerated by Shakspere to the utmost, the four or five months of Brooke's poem being reduced to as many days. On Sunday the lovers meet, next day they are made one in marriage, on Tuesday morning at dawn they part, and they are finally reunited in the tomb on the night of Thursday. —Dowden, *Shakspere* in the *Literature Primers.*

THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF JULIET

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!
Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

This is a curious passage. It is a lamentation over the supposed dead Juliet by her father, mother, Nurse, and the man they intended to have married her to. The Quartos give us two distinct versions, but in both the effect is purposely comic. This may seem strange, but if we compare Romeo's lament under similar circumstances in the tomb of the Capulets, we may perhaps divine the intention of the writer; there is a genuine pathos in the sorrow of the genuine lover, which finds its purely tragic climax in his death: but Shakspere may well have felt that the language which such a sorrow inspired would be misplaced in the mouths of a matchmaking couple, who had been doing their best to force the unwilling daughter into a marriage so plainly repugnant to her. If this was his main intention he may not have been unwilling to satirize, as critics have suggested, the ravings of some of the tragedy heroes of the day.—Evans, *Romeo and Juliet* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile.*

MERCUTIO

Mercutio is a man possessing all the elements of a poet: the whole world was, as it were, subject to his law of association. Whenever he wishes to impress any thing, all things become his servants for the purpose: all things tell the same tale, and sound in unison. This faculty, moreover, is combined with the manners and feelings of a perfect gentleman, himself utterly unconscious of his powers. By his loss it was contrived that the whole catastrophe of the tragedy should be brought about: it endears him to Romeo, and gives to the death of Mercutio an importance which it could not otherwise have acquired.—Coleridge, *Lectures.*

ROMEO'S FRIENDS

Benvolio is his close friend; of a steady, still character, equally ready to win his friend out of his useless life by gentle reproof, and to quiet down the riots in the street; the type of the temperate man who lives long, and who is of use at all periods of history. The sketch Mercutio makes of him as one who is ready to quarrel for anything is plainly a mocking of his quiet and reconciling temper. He has no genius, little fancy, and is cut out for a statesman. Nor is he he specially Italian. I am sure Shakespeare met this type among the young men of the court of Elizabeth, men who would grow into statesmen like Cecil.

Opposed to him in character, but his friend, is Mercutio; wit's scintillating star, thrilling with life to his fingertips, not caring for women save as the toys of an hour, ready to tackle, on the instant, any woman, young or old; brave, audacious, going swiftly to his point, keeping no thought within him but flinging it at once into speech; "he will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month"; quick in choler, ready to attempt the moon and pull the sun down, loose of speech, mocking old and young out of the racing of his blood—the gay ruffler of Italy, such as Shakespeare often met in London, such as many of the Italian novels enclose and paint.

But he is more than that. He has wit. Whatever he touches he finds ten remote analogies for it; his wayward thinking plays with every unimportant matter, as a cat with a mouse, till the matter seem important. Nor is his wit unmanly, like that of the dainty courtiers of the day who conned their quips and cranks out of books, and whose most absurd type is Osric in *Hamlet*. It is, on the contrary, all his own, the fresh coinage of his brain. It is kindly too; while he mocks at Romeo's love he does not despise him. Those he despises are the fools and the blusterers, like Tybalt—

The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! . . . these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez mois,* who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench.

Mercutio scorns these water-flies. He had added the sturdy sense of the Englishman to the rippling gaiety of the Italian. More than wit belongs to him. There is a touch of genius in his soul, and a single grain of that rarity makes its possessor loveable. Even in the midst of Romeo's new passion he loves Mercutio. Benvolio weeps for him—

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds.

Romeo avenges him, swept away by grief to forget for an instant his love of Juliet.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

TYBALT

Tybalt is not, though his ill-temper makes him seem so, a swashbuckler, or a bully. He is the quick-offended duelist of the day, one of those whom the French court called the *raffinés;* hot to challenge a smile, a motion of the hand, but a gentleman quite fit to rank with Benvolio and Mercutio. Like the rest, he is as ready to die as to live. Unlike Benvolio, who is good-temper personified; unlike Romeo, who is quiet by nature; unlike Mercutio, who is good-humored, but touchy on the point of honor; Tybalt is of a natural bad temper, quarrelsome, liable to fits of fury. When Capulet, who is as hot as he, bids him lay by his rage at Romeo's appearance in his house, and forces peace upon him, his body trembles;

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

"A king of cats," Mercutio calls him. He slays Mercutio. Romeo, lashed into wrath, slays him. He is the second victim of the event; the second step by which Justice marches through blood to her fixed purpose. His death,

more than Mercutio's, hurries up the catastrophe. Owing to it, Romeo is banished, and Juliet left alone. Owing to it, Capulet forces the County Paris on Juliet. Owing to that, Juliet takes the drug and is thought by Romeo to have died, and Romeo resolves on death.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

Between the lovers and the haters Shakespeare has placed Friar Laurence, one of his most delightful embodiments of reason. Such figures are rare in his plays, as they are in life, but ought not to be overlooked, as they have been, for example, by Taine in his somewhat one-sided estimate of Shakespeare's greatness. Shakespeare knows and understands passionlessness; but he always places it on the second plane. It comes in very naturally here, in the person of one who is obliged by his age and his calling to act as an onlooker in the drama of life. Friar Laurence is full of goodness and natural piety, a monk such as Spinoza or Goethe would have loved, an undogmatic sage, with the astuteness and benevolent Jesuitism of an old confessor—brought up on the milk and bread of philosophy, not on the fiery liquors of religious fanaticism.

It is very characteristic of the freedom of spirit which Shakespeare early acquired, in the sphere in which freedom was then hardest of attainment, that this monk is drawn with so delicate a touch, without the smallest ill-will towards conquered Catholicism, yet without the smallest leaning towards Catholic doctrine—the emancipated creation of an emancipated poet.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE

We have heard it objected to *Romeo and Juliet*, that it is founded on an idle passion between a boy and a girl, who have scarcely seen and can have but little sympathy or rational esteem for one another, who have had no experi-

ence of the good or ills of life, and whose raptures or despair must be therefore equally groundless and fantastical. Whoever objects to the youth of the parties in this play as "too unripe and crude" to pluck the sweets of love, and wishes to see a first-love carried on into a good old age, and the passions taken at the rebound, when their force is spent, may find all this done in the *Stranger* and in other German plays, where they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiment and create philosophy. Shakespear proceeded in a more straight-forward, and, we think, effectual way. He did not endeavor to extract beauty from wrinkles, or the wild throb of passion from the last expiring sigh of indifference. He did not "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." It was not his way. But he has given a picture of human life, such as it is in the order of nature. He has founded the passion of the two lovers not on the pleasures they had experienced, but on all the pleasures they had *not* experienced. All that was to come of life was theirs. At that untried source of promised happiness they slaked their thirst, and the first eager draught made them drunk with love and joy. They were in full possession of their senses and their affections. Their hopes were of air, their desires of fire. Youth is the season of love, because the heart is then first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to rapture, for it knows no end of its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limit but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to check and kill it. Juliet exclaims on her first interview with Romeo—

> "My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep."

And why should it not? What was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience which she was yet without? What was to abate the trans-

port of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart and her senses had just tasted, but indifference which she was yet a stranger to? What was there to check the ardor of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment which she had not yet felt! As are the desires and the hopes of youthful passion, such is the keenness of its disappointments, and their baleful effect. Such is the transition in this play from the highest bliss to the lowest despair, from the nuptial couch to an untimely grave. The only evil that even in apprehension befalls the two lovers is the loss of the greatest possible felicity; yet this loss is fatal to both, for they had rather part with life than bear the thought of surviving all that had made life dear to them. In all this, Shakespear has but followed nature, which existed in his time, as well as now. The modern philosophy, which reduces the whole theory of the mind to habitual impressions, and leaves the natural impulses of passion and imagination out of the account, had not then been discovered; or if it had, would have been little calculated for the uses of poetry.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE KEY TO THE ACTION

From out of the very midst of the deadly enmity of the parents, there arises the consuming love of the children, extremes meet, not accidentally, but by reason of their inmost nature. The transgression of the moral law, which lies in the irreconcilable hatred of the parents, takes its revenge upon the children, and through them again upon the parents themselves. For the destructive element in hate exists also in love—in spite of the contradiction—for both are one in passion. Regarded in this light, even the foundation upon which the whole play is based, manifests an internal necessity which determines its structure, and which has its seat in human nature itself.

This tragic contrariety is the key to the tragic action in all its essential features. The tragic conflict of the

rights and duties is given: on the one side we have Romeo's and Juliet's love in the full justice of its ideal beauty, their marriage as a necessary demand of this love, not as a merely subjective, but as an objective moral necessity—for marriage ought to be desired where there is genuine and sincere love;—on the other side we have the equally justified right of the parents, the sacred sphere of the family bond, which cannot be broken with impunity. Accordingly, right and wrong are so interwoven with one another, that the right of the lovers is, at the same time, a wrong, their secret marriage both a moral and an immoral proceeding. The task of the tragic action is to solve this contradiction. The first five or six scenes therefore, in the first place, exhibit the problem clearly and distinctly, they elucidate and build up the foundation, and also intimate the positions of the dramatic characters toward one another. In Shakspeare's usual manner, definite groups detach and arrange themselves according to the degree of their importance. In the center stand Romeo and Juliet with their love, behind, assisting and influencing them, stand Friar Laurence and the Nurse; on one side the Montagues and their adherents, Mercutio and Benvolio; on the other, the ruder passionateness of the Capulets, with Tybalt and Count Paris; but above them all, and yet in the background, stands the Prince, the representative of the general power of right and morality, who has to protect the ethical whole—the state—against the disturbing attacks of its various members. These groups—every one of which bears within itself a principal motive in the development of the action—then advance towards one another, each coming forward alternately, and thus carry the action forward to its catastrophe entirely of their own accord (each being engaged in the pursuit of its special interests).—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE LAST SCENE

Shakspere did not intend that the feeling evoked by the last scene of this tragedy of Romeo and Juliet should be one of hopeless sorrow or despair in presence of failure, ruin, and miserable collapse. Juliet and Romeo, to whom Verona has been a harsh step-mother, have accomplished their lives. They loved perfectly. Romeo had attained to manhood. Juliet had suddenly blossomed into heroic womanhood. Through her, and through anguish and joy, her lover had emerged from the life of dream into the waking life of truth. Juliet had saved his soul; she had rescued him from abandonment to spurious feeling, from abandonment to morbid self-consciousness, and the enervating luxury of emotion for emotion's sake. What more was needed? And as secondary to all this, the enmity of the houses is appeased? Montague will raise in pure gold the statue of true and faithful Juliet; Capulet will place Romeo by her side. Their lives are accomplished; they go to take up their place in the large history of the world, which contains many such things. Shakspere in this last scene carries forward our imagination from the horror of the tomb to the better life of man, when such love as that of Juliet and Romeo will be publicly honored, and remembered by a memorial all gold.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona*
PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince*
MONTAGUE, CAPULET, } *heads of two houses at variance with each other*
An old man, of the Capulet family
ROMEO, *son to Montague*
MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo*
BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo*
TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet*
FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order*
BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo*
SAMPSON, GREGORY, } *servants to Capulet*
PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse*
ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague*
An Apothecary
Three Musicians
Page to Paris; another Page: an Officer

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague*
LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet*
JULIET, *daughter to Capulet*
Nurse to Juliet

Citizens of Verona; kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants

Chorus

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

The two wealthy and influential families of Montague and Capulet in Verona have a quarrel of long standing, and so bitter is the feeling between them that even their remotest relatives and the servants are ready to draw their swords whenever they meet. Lord Capulet makes a great feast to which all of his friends are invited. Romeo, the heir of the Montagues, admires the Lady Rosaline and to see her he masks and goes to the supper. There he sees Juliet, the heiress of the Capulets, and straightway forgets Rosaline. They exchange vows and later discover each other's identity. In the meantime, Tybalt, a nephew of Lady Capulet, recognizes Romeo and, but for Lord Capulet's interference, would have fought him then and there.

ACT II

After the festivities are over, Romeo slips away from his friends and climbing over the Capulet's orchard wall, places himself under Juliet's window. A moment later Juliet herself appears at the window above and talks aloud of her love. Romeo, too happy to remain quiet, reveals his presence by speaking to her. They decide to be married soon and secretly. The very next day Friar Laurence unites them in his cell.

ACT III

About noon of the wedding-day Tybalt and a party of Capulets meet some of Romeo's friends. They exchange words, when, Romeo passing that way, Tybalt turns to

him and calls him villain. Romeo, not being in the mood to quarrel with one of his bride's family, answers with soft words. Mercutio, one of Romeo's friends, angry at the latter's weakness, draws his sword and fights with Tybalt. The Capulet slays his opponent. Romeo in vengeance kills Tybalt and for this deed is banished from Verona by order of the Prince. Lord Capulet resolves to marry his daughter to Paris, a young nobleman and a kinsman.

ACT IV

In her distress, Juliet applies to Friar Laurence for advice. He counsels her to "go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris," and on the night before the day set for the wedding to drink a liquor he gives her, the effect of which will be to throw her into a death-like sleep for forty-two hours; in accordance with the custom of the country she will be borne on an open bier to the family vault. He, himself, will notify Romeo, and when she wakes her husband will be waiting to take her away. At the appointed time Juliet drinks the drug and is laid away in the tomb.

ACT V

The friar's message telling Romeo that Juliet's death was but a sham never reached him and he hears from another source that she is dead. He buys a quick-acting poison and goes to Verona that he may die beside his wife. Before the tomb he meets Count Paris and they fight, Romeo slaying Paris. Then he enters the vault, drinks the poison, and dies. Juliet awakes in a few moments and learns the truth from Friar Laurence, who, having heard that his letter to Romeo had not been delivered, had come to release her. She refuses to leave the tomb with him and slays herself with Romeo's dagger. The Friar tells the story of Romeo and Juliet's love to their families and they bury their feud in the grave of their children.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

"Prologue," omitted in Ff.—I. G.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Aye, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to

1. To *"carry coals"* is *to put up with insults.* Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the *black-guard;* and hence the origin of that term. Thus in *May Day,* a comedy by Chapman, 1608: "You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must *carry no coals."* And in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour:* "Here comes one that will *carry coals;* ergo will hold my dog."—H. N. H.

stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Aye, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

27. *"cruel";* so Qq. 4, 5; Qq. 2, 3, Ff. read *"civil,"* and *"civil."*—I. G.

39. *"Montagues";* it should be observed that the partisans of the

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!
Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say aye?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a distance. Gascoigne adverts to this in a Masque written for Viscount Montacute, in 1575:

> "And for a further proofe, he shewed in hys hat
> Thys token, which the *Montacutes* did beare always, for that
> They covet to be knowne from *Capels.*"—H. N. H.

49. *"Bite my thumb at them";* this was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel. Dekker, in his *Dead Term,* 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's, says, "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs,* to beget quarrels!" And Lodge, in his *Wits Miserie,* 1596: "Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico with his thumbe in his mouthe.*" The mode in which this contemptuous action was performed is thus described by Cotgrave: "Faire la nique: to mocke by nodding or lifting up of the chinne; or, more properly, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke."—H. N. H.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.
Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*
Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.* Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

66. "*one of my master's kinsmen,*" *i. e.* Tybalt. Gregory may be supposed to be looking in the direction from which Tybalt comes, with his back to Benvolio. Mr. Daniel's stage direction, "Enter at opposite sides, Benvolio and Tibalt," relieves the otherwise awkward ambiguity.—C. H. H.

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens and Peace officers, with clubs.

First Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

82. The old custom of crying out, Clubs, clubs! in case of any tumult occurring in the streets of London, has been made familiar to most readers by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. *Bills* and *partizans* were weapons used by watchmen and foresters. This transferring of London customs to an Italian city is thus justified by Knight: "The use by Shakespeare of home phrases, in the mouths of foreign characters, was a part of his art. It is the same thing as rendering Sancho's Spanish proverbs into the corresponding English proverbs, instead of literally translating them. The cry of clubs by the citizens of Verona expressed an idea of popular movement, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase."—H. N. H.

84. The *long sword* was used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament.—H. N. H.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

110. *"farther"*; so Qq. 2, 4; Q. 5, *"further"*; Q. 3, Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Fathers"*; F. 4, *"Father's."*—I. G.

111. In Brooke's poem *"Free-town"* is the name of a castle belonging to Capulet.—Upon the foregoing part of this scene Coleridge has the following: "With his accustomed judgment, Shakespeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Her-

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

aclitus, and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensoreal power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an *ourishness* about all this, that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes."—H. N. H.

129. *"drave me to walk abroad";* Pope (from Q. 1), *"drew me from company";* Theobald, *"drew me to walk abroad."*—I. G.

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

136. *"Which then most sought where most might not be found"*; Pope (from Q. 1), *"That most are busied, when they're most alone"*; Keightley, *"Which there . . . ,"* etc.; Herr conj. *"Which then most sought where many . . ."*; Allen conj. *"which then most sought where more . . ."*—I. G.

137. The meaning evidently is, that his disposition was to be in solitude, as he could hardly endure even so much company as that of himself.—H. N. H.

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counselor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you step aside,
I 'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let 's away. [*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*
Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Aye me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—

162. *"sun"*; Theobald's emendation of Qq. and Ff., *"same."*—I. G.

Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favor, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

183. *"see pathways to his will"*; Staunton conj. *"set pathways to our will"*; Hanmer, ". . . *ill.*"—I. G.

194. This string of antithetical conceits seems absurd enough to us; but such was the most approved way of describing love in Shakespeare's time, and for some ages before. Petrarch and Chaucer used it, and divers old English poets and ballad-makers abound in it. Perhaps the best defense of the use here made of it is, that such an affected way of speaking not unaptly shows the state of Romeo's mind, that his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any object. At all events, as compared with his style of speech after meeting with Juliet, it serves to mark the difference between *being love-sick* and *being in love*.—H. N. H.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

196. *"Why such is"*; Seymour conj. *"Why such is, merely"*; Collier MS., *"Why such, Benvolio, is"*; Mommsen conj. *"Why, such, Benvolio, such is"*; Keightley, *"Why, gentle cousin, such is"*; Orger conj. *"Why, such a love is."*—I. G.

201. *"raised"*; Pope's correction (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"made."*—I. G.

213. *"Bid a sick man in sadness make"*; so (Q. 1) Qq. 4, 5; Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, read *"A sicke man in sadnesse makes"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"A sicke man in good sadnesse makes."*—I. G.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she 's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

223. *"From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd"*; Grant White conj. *"'Gainst . . . encharm'd"*; Qq., Ff., *vncharm'd"*; Collier MS., *"encharm'd."*—I. G.

228. *"with beauty dies her store"*; Theobald reads *"with her dies Beauty's Store"*; Keightley, *"with her dies beauty store."*—I. G.

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honorable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride

241. *"To call hers, exquisite, in question more,"* to force that exquisite beauty of hers, yet more upon my judgment, by comparison, and so make me yet more keenly alive to it.—C. H. H.

242. *"These happy masks"*; this is probably an allusion to the *masks* worn by the female spectators of the play, unless we suppose that *these* means no more than *the*.—H. N. H.

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one

15. *"She is the hopeful lady of my earth";* Johnson conj. *"She is the hope and stay of my full years."*—I. G.

25. *"make dark heaven light";* Theobald reads *"make dark heaven's light";* Warburton, *"make dark even light";* Jackson conj. *"mask dark heaven's lights";* Daniel conj. *"mock dark heaven's light."*—I. G.

26. *"young men";* Johnson conj. *"yeomen."*—I. G.

32. *"Which on more view,"* etc.; so Qq. 4, 5; Qq. 2, 3, Ff., *"one"* for *"on";* (Q. 1), *"Such, amongst view of many myne being one";* perhaps we should read with Mason, *"Whilst on more view of many, mine being one";* many readings have been proposed.—I. G.

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another 's burning.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

53. The *"plantain leaf"* is a blood-stancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds.—H. N. H.

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Aye, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Aye, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I 'll tell you without asking: my

master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I 'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

106. Heath says, "*Your lady's love* is *the love you bear to your lady*, which, in our language, is commonly used for the lady herself." Perhaps we should read, "Your *lady-love*."—H. N. H.

Scene III

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—Where 's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou 's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;

23. *"since the earthquake";* perhaps an allusion to the violent earthquake shock which actually occurred in England in 1580.—C. H. H.

29. The nurse means to boast of her retentive faculty. To *bear a brain* was to possess much mental capacity. Thus in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan:* "My silly husband, alas! knows nothing of it; 'tis I that must *beare a braine* for all."—H. N. H.

33. *"Shake, quoth the dove-house,"* referring to the effects of the earthquake; Daniel conj. *"goeth"* for *"quoth."*—I. G.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband,—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Aye.'
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Aye.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Aye':
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Aye.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

L. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honor that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he 's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he 's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.

66, 67. *"honor"*; Pope's emendation (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"houre"* and *"hour."*—I. G.

86. The comments on ancient books were generally printed in the *margin*. Horatio says, in *Hamlet*, "I knew you must be edified by the *margent*." So in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

"But she that never cop'd with stranger *eyes*
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy *margent* of such *books.*"

This speech is full of quibbles. The *unbound* lover is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book,* and the *binding* in *marriage;* and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, *femme couverte.*—H. N. H.

89. It is not quite clear what is meant by this. Dr. Farmer explains it, "The fish *is not yet caught";* and thinks there is a reference to the ancient use of fish-skins for book-covers. It does not well appear what this meaning can have to do with the context. The sense apparently required is, that the fish is hidden within the sea, as a thing of beauty within a beautiful thing. Malone thinks we should read, "The fish lives in the *shell";* and he adds that "the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may."—This whole speech and the next are wanting in the quarto of 1597.—H. N. H.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Serving-man.*] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, and Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

3. In *King Henry VIII,* where the king introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask,* and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude. In *Histriomastix,* 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the maskers enter without any compliment: "What, come they in so blunt, without device?" Of this kind of masquerading there is a specimen in *Timon,* where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech.—H. N. H.

5, 6. The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.—A *crow-keeper* was simply a *scare-crow.*—H. N. H.

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore-enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

11. A *"torch-bearer"* was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers. To *hold a torch* was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College on a Sunday evening.—H. N. H.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I 'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.
Rom. Nay, that 's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

36. The apartments of our ancestors were strewed with rushes, and so was the ancient stage.—H. N. H.

39. *"The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done";* "an allusion to an old proverbial saying which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest" (Ritson).—I. G.

41. *Cp.* Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue:*—

> Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,
> And seyde, sirs, what!
> Dun is in the myre!

A proverbial expression originally used in an old rural sport, and meaning, "we are all at a standstill!" or, "let us make an effort to move on" (*vide* Prof. Skeat's *Notes to Canterbury Tales,* Vol. v.).—I. G.

42. *"Of this sir-reverence love";* Singer's emendation from (Q. 1); Qq. read *"Or saue you reuerence loue";* Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Or saue your reuerence loue."*—I. G.

45. Capell's emendation; (Q. 1) reads *"We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day";* Qq., *"We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day";* Ff., *"We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day."*—I. G.

Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night

54. The *"fairies' midwife"* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain.* When we say the *king's judges,* we do not mean persons who judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.—Steevens.

66. *"Maid";* Pope's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., F. 1, *"man";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"woman";* Ulrici (from Collier MS.), *"milk-maid."*—I. G.

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,

77. *"Courtier's";* Pope (from Q. 1) reads *"lawyer's";* Theobald conj. *"taylor's."*—I. G.

85. *"Of healths";* Thirlby conj *"Of delves";* Keightley conj. *"Trenches";* Clark MS., *"Of hilts."*—I. G.

89. This alludes to a singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the continent. It was believed that certain malignant spirits assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them into inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters. There is a very uncommon old print, by Hans

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

Burgmair, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and, previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practices her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the nightmare. The belamites or elf-stones were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease, and against evil spirits of all kinds.— The next line, "And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs," seems to be unconnected with the preceding, and to mark a superstition which, as Dr. Warburton has observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica,* which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves; whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks, or elf-knots. Thus Edgar talks of "elfing all his hair in knots" (Douce). —H. N. H.

91. *"Untangled"; "which once u.,"* the untangling of which.—I. G.

With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;

103. *"Face";* Pope's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"side";* Collier MS., *"tide."*—I. G.

8. The *"court cupboard"* was the ancient sideboard: it was a cumbrous piece of furniture, with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed at festivals. They are mentioned in many old comedies.—H. N. H.

9. *"Marchpane"* was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. It was a sweet cake, composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour. They were often made in fantastic forms.—H. N. H.

and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Aye, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Third Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you:
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I 'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come musicians, play.

21. *"Will have a bout"*; (Q. 1); *"will haue about"*; Qq., Ff., *"will walke about"*; Pope, *"we'll have a bout"*; Daniel, *"will walke a bout."* —I. G.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady 's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

30. *"A hall, a hall";* an exclamation to make room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say *a ring! a ring!*—H. N. H.

31. The ancient *"tables"* were flat leaves or *boards* joined by hinges and placed on trestles; when they were to be removed they were therefor *turned up.*—H. N. H.

49. *"It seems she";* so (Q. 1) Qq., F. 1; Ff., 2, 3, 4, reads *"Her beauty";* Bulloch conj. *"In streams she";* etc.—I. G.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:

I 'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or— More light, more light! For shame!
I 'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with willful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.
[*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Aye, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.
[*Kissing her.*

111. *"Kissing her";* in Shakespeare's time, the kissing of a lady at a social gathering seems not to have been thought indecorous. So, in *King Henry VIII,* we have Lord Sands kissing Anne Boleyn, at the supper given by Wolsey.—Mr. R. G. White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar,* has the following happy remarks on this bit of dialogue: "I have never seen a Juliet upon the stage, who appeared to appreciate the archness of the dialogue with Romeo in this scene. They go through it solemnly, or, at best, with staid propriety. They reply literally to all Romeo's speeches about saints and palmers. But it should be noticed that, though this is the first interview of the lovers, we do not hear them speak until the close of their dialogue, in which they have arrived at a pretty thorough understanding of their mutual feelings. Juliet makes a feint of parrying Romeo's advances; but does it archly, and knows that he is to have the kiss he sues for. He asks,—'Have not saints lips, and holy palmers, too?' The stage Juliet answers with literal solemnity. But it was not a *conventicle* at old Capulet's: Juliet was not holding forth. How demure was her real answer: 'Aye, pilgrim, lips that

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Aye, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I 'll to my rest.
[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

they must use—in prayer.' And when Romeo fairly gets her into the corner, towards which she has been contriving to be driven; and says,—'Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd,' and does put them to that purgation; how slyly the pretty puss gives him an opportunity to repeat the penance, by replying,—'Then have my lips the sin that they have took.'"—H. N. H.

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What 's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.
[*One calls within 'Juliet.'*
Nurse. Anon, anon!
Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.
Enter Romeo, alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.
Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'aye me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove;'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

10. *"pronounce";* Qq. 2, 3, *"prouaunt";* F. 1, *"Prouant";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Couply";* Rowe, *"couple."*—I. G.

13. *"Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim";* all the early editions read *"Abraham Cupid";* Theobald conjectured *"auborn";* Upton, *"Adam,"* referring to Adam Bell, the famous archer. It must be borne in mind, however, that *"Abram," "Abraham,"* was a regular corrupt form of *auburn,* formerly often written *abern, abron.* —I. G.

"trim," Steevens (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"true."*—I. G.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*

39. The *"truckle-bed"* or *trundle-bed* was a bed for the servant or page, and was so made as to run under the *"standing-bed,"* which

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid are far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Aye me!

was for the master. We are not to suppose that Mercutio slept in the servant's bed: he merely speaks of his *truckle-bed* in contrast with the *field-bed*, that is, the *ground*.—H. N. H.

6. *"Be not her maid"*; that is, be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.—H. N. H.

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

41–42. *"nor any other part Belonging to a man." "O, be some other name!"* Malone's emendation; Pope (from Q. 1) reads *"nor any other part"*; Qq., Ff., *"O be some other name Belonging to a man."*—I. G.

44. *"name,"* so Pope (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"word."*—I. G.

Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,

61. *"fair maid, if either thee dislike";* so Qq., Ff.; Pope (from Q. 1) reads *"fair saint . . . displease";* Theobald, *"fair saint . . . dislike";* Grant White, *"fair maid . . . displease";* Anon. conj. *"fair maid . . . mislike."*—I. G.

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Aye,'
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

92. *"At lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs"*; this Shakespeare found in Ovid's Art of Love; perhaps in Marlowe's translation:

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries."—H. N. H.

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,

107. *"blessed moon I swear";* so (Q. 1) Qq.; Ff. read *"moon I vow."*—I. G.

116 et seq. "With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with Act

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

iii. sc. 1, of *The Tempest*. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,

153. *"suit"*; so Q. 5; Q. 4, *"sute"*; Qq. 2, 3, Ff., *"strife."*—I. G.

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. 190
[*Exit.*

Scene III

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

189. *"father's cell";* Capell's reading (from Q. 1); Qq. Ff. 3, 4, *"Friers close cell";* Ff. 1, 2, *"Fries close cell."*—I. G.

1–4. Omitted in Ff. 2, 3, 4.—I. G.

1. "The reverend character of the Friar, like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

4. *"day's path and Titan's fiery wheels";* Malone's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., F. 1, *"day's path, and Titans burning wheels";* Pope, *"day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels."*—I. G.

7–9. Shakespeare has very artificially prepared us for the part Friar Laurence is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. —H. N. H.

9, 10. Lucretius has the same thought: "Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulcrum." Likewise, Milton, in *Paradise Lost,* Book ii.: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."—H. N. H.

23. *"small,"* so Pope from (Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"weake."*—I. G.

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.
Fri. L. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.
Fri. L. That 's my good son: but where hast thou been then?
Rom. I 'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

That 's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then:

Women may fall when there 's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he 's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duelist, a duelist; a gentleman of

21. *"Prince of cats"; Tybert,* the name given to a cat in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox.* So in Dekker's *Satiromastix:* "Tho' you were *Tybert,* prince of long-tail'd cats." Again, in *Have With You to Saffron Walden,* by Nash: "Not *Tibalt* prince of cats."—H. N. H.

23. *"Prick-song"* music was music *pricked* or written down, and so sung by *note,* not from memory, or as learned by the ear.—H. N. H.

28. *"A gentleman of the first house";* that is, a gentleman of the first rank among these duelists; and one who understands the whole science of quarreling, and will tell you of the *first cause,* and the *second cause* for which a man is to fight. The clown, in *As You Like It,* talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense.—H. N. H.

the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy;

29. *"Passado";* all the terms of the fencing school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai,* you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. Our fencers on the same occasion cry out *ha!*—H. N. H.

36. *"Grandsire";* humorously apostrophizing his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. —H. N. H.

40. *"Cannot sit at ease";* during the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great "boulstered breeches," it is said to have been necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, without which those *who stood on the new* FORM could not sit at ease on the old bench.—H. N. H.

Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there 's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That 's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

50. A "*gray*" eye appears to have meant what we now call a *blue* eye. He means to admit that Thisbe had a tolerably fine eye.—H. N. H.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild- 80 goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet 90 goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art

79. *"Wild-goose chase";* one kind of horserace which resembled the flight of *wild geese,* was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here. "My wits faint," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if our wits run the *wild goose chase,"* &c.—H. N. H.

95–96. *"far and wide a broad goose";* perhaps "far and wide abroad, goose"; or *broad* may be "flat, arrant." Staunton suggested "brood-goose." No fine point need be sought in the phrase, for Romeo's preoccupied mind betrays itself in his harsh and strained wit.—C. H. H.

thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here 's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

105. *"Against the hair";* against the grain.—C. H. H.

121. *"God ye good den";* that is, "God *give* you a good *even*." The first of these contractions is common in our old dramas.—H. N. H.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

148. *"Hoar,"* or hoary, is often used for *mouldy,* as things grow white from moulding. These lines seem to have been part of an old song. In the quarto of 1597, we have this stage direction: *"He walks by them and sings."*—H. N. H.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*Singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave. I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

158. *"Lady, lady, lady";* the burden of an old song.—H. N. H.

161. *"Ropery"* appears to have been sometimes used in the sense of *roguery;* perhaps meaning *tricks* deserving the *rope,* that is, the gallows. So in *The Three Ladies of London,* 1584: "Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy *roperye.*"—*"Merchant"* was often used as a term of abuse.—H. N. H.

162. *"I am none of his skains-mates"; "skains-mates"* occurs nowhere else, its origin is uncertain; it is perhaps connected with *skain, skein,* "as if associated in winding yarns" (or *skain's* = *gen.* of *skain, skean* = dagger; "as if a brother in arms").—I. G.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, 'i faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Aye, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sen-

209. "*tackled stairs*"; that is, like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. A *stair* for a *flight of stairs* was once common.—H. N. H.

Juliet: "But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth."

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tentious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Aye, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

Peter. Anon? 240

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that 's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

232. *"R";* Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar,* says *"R is the dog's letter,* and hirreth in the sound." And Nashe, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* 1600, speaking of dogs: "They *arre* and barke at night against the moone." And Barclay, in his *Ship of Fooles,* pleasantly exemplifies it:

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter *R,*
Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath,
Save the dogges letter glowming with *nar, nar.*"

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours; yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'
Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here 's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue

17. This scene was entirely rewritten after the first quarto, and in this place not improved. The passage originally stood thus:

"Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.
See where she comes!—
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower:
Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power!"

The hyperbole of *"never wearing out the everlasting flint,"* appears less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind.—H. N. H.

Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.
Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.
[*Exeunt.*

34. *"sum up sum of half my"*; so Qq. 2, 3; Qq. 4, 5, *"summe up some of halfe my"*; Ff., *"sum up some of halfe my,"* etc.—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table, and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel

with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling: thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not,

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—
Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Mer. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.
Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

55. *"consorts";* it should be remembered that *a consort* was the old term for a set or company of musicians.—H. N. H.

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? 81

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 91

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio and flies with his followers.*

80. *"Alla stoccata,"* the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.—H. N. H.

87. *"Pilcher";* Warburton says that we should read *pilche,* which signifies a coat or covering of skin or leather; meaning the scabbard. The first quarto has *scabbard.*—H. N. H.

Mer. I am hurt;
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Aye, aye, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*
Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

107. After *"for this world,"* the quarto of 1597 continues Mercutio's speech as follows: "A pox of your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders, for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets; and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

"Boy. He's come, sir.

"Mer. Now will he keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side. —Come, Benvolio; lend me thy hand. A pox of your houses!"—H. N. H.

And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio 's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,

122. *"kinsman,"* Capell's reading from (Q. 1); Q. 5, other texts, *"cousin."*—I. G.

128. This day's unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.—H. N. H.

131. *"Alive, in triumph";* so the first quarto; the later copies, *"He gone* in triumph."—The later copies also have "fire *and* fury" instead of "fire-*eyed* fury."—*Respective* is considerative. *Conduct* for *conductor*.—H. N. H.

Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! 141
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Citizens, &c.

First. Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all. 151
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt.
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,

168. "This small portion of untruth in Benvolio's narrative is finely conceived" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

175. *"agile";* (Q. 1) Qq. 4, 5, *"agill";* Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, *"aged";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"able."*—I. G.

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning: for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offense
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.

196. *"hate's"*; Knight's emendation; Qq., Ff., read *"hearts"*; Hanmer, *"heats"*; Johnson, *"hearts'."*—I. G.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo

205. "Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to the Poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humor, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

6. *"That runaways' eyes may wink";* an epitome of the various interpretations of these words filling no less than twenty-eight pages of Furness' *Variorum Edition;* the Quartos and Folios do not mark the possessive, and scholars are divided on the subject of the singular or plural possessive. The Cambridge editors evidently make *"runaways"*= runagates, night-prowlers. The present editor cannot bring

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,

himself to believe that Shakespeare intended this reading, and would fain substitute *"Runaway's"* in the sense of "Day's"; "Runaway" may have belonged to the playful phraseology of Elizabethan girls, and savors of the expressive language of children's rhymes.—I. G.

14. These are terms of falconry. An *"unmanned"* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *"Bating"* is fluttering or beating the wings as striving to fly away.—H. N. H.

19. *"On a raven's back";* the old copies till the second folio have *upon* instead of *on*. *Upon* overfills the measure; and the undated quarto remedies this by omitting *new*.—H. N. H.

21. *"When he shall die";* so the undated quarto; the other old copies, "when *I* shall die."—H. N. H.

But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Aye, aye, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Aye me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead.
We are undone, lady, we are undone.
Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

45. *"I";* in Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle *aye* was usually written *I,* and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. —H. N. H.

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

53. *"God save the mark!"* a phrase originally used to avert the evil omen attaching to some token or "mark," by invoking a blessing on it; hence, loosely, "God bless us!"—C. H. H.

66. *"dear-loved";* Pope's reading (from Q. 1); Qq., Ff., read *"dearest."*—I. G.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where 's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

76. *"Dove-feather'd raven";* Theobald's emendation of Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, *"Rauenous douefeatherd Rauen";* Qq. 4, 5, Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen."*—I. G.

79. *"damned saint";* so Qq. 4, 5, Ff. 2, 3, 4; Qq. 2, 3, *"dimme saint";* F. 1, *"dimne saint."*—I. G.

90. *"Blister'd be thy tongue For such a wish";* "note the Nurse's mistake of the mind's audible struggles with itself for its decision *in toto*" (Coleridge).—H. N. H.

For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt 's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

102. To *"smooth"* is to *speak fair;* it is here metaphorically used for to mitigate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo's name would be now mentioned.—H. N. H.

113–114. *"'Banished' Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts";* that is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.—H. N. H.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt 's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished:' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word 's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I 'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I 'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then 'banished'
Is death mis-term'd: calling death 'banished,'
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
This may flies do, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished:

40–43. The quartos of 1599 and 1609 jumble various readings together thus:

"This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?

Rom. "Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend."

Romeo and Juliet. Act 3, Scene 5.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?—'Banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I 'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

> But Romeo may not, he is banished.
> Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
> They are free men, but I am banished."—H. N. H.

52. "Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word"; Malone's emendation (from Q. 1); Qq. 2, 3, *"Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake";* Qq. 4, 5, *"Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake";* F. 1, *"Then fond mad man, heare me speake";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Fond mad man, heare me speake."*—I. G.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who 's there? Romeo arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death 's the end of all.
Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancel'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand

85–86. *"O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament!";* the old copies make these words a part of the Nurse's speech. They were assigned to the Friar, at Farmer's suggestion.—H. N. H.

98. The epithet *"concealed"* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady.—H. N. H.

Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

109. Shakespeare has here followed Brooke's poem:

"Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art,
Thy crying and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart:
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;
So that I stoode in doute this howre at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast."

—H. N. H.

119. *"Why rail'st thou on thy birth,"* etc. Romeo, in the play as it stands, has not done this. But Brooke's Romeus, his original, had. Shakespeare has obliterated the offense but retained the reproof.—C. H. H.

And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defense.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;

133. *"Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance";* to understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using match locks, instead of locks with flints, as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they carried their powder. The same allusion occurs in Humor's *Ordinary,* an old collection of English Epigrams:

"When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,
And till this hour the burning is not out."—H. N. H.

134. *"And thou dismember'd with thine own defense";* and thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons.—H. N. H.

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,

166. *"Here stands all your state";* the whole of your fortune depends on this.—H. N. H.

And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late; she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled

12. "'*Desperate*' means only *bold, adventurous,* as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, I will speak a *bold* word, *and venture* to promise you my daughter" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by:
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

2–4. *"nightingale . . . pomegranate tree";* a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare* gives the following on this passage: "Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and therefore, in the South of Europe, and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of the garden. But where did Shakespeare find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week? Doubtless in some old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale in 'a fresh green laurel tree'; but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time,' says Russel, in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveler are as acute as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia."—H. N. H.

6. *"Herald of the morn";* Shakespeare has glorified the subject with special power, in *Venus and Adonis:*

> "Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
> And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty;
> Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
> The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."—H. N. H.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't my soul? let 's talk: it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

14. *"Torch-bearer";* so in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "The *moon,* then full (not thinking scorn to be a *torch-bearer* to such beauty) guided her steps." And Sir John Davies's *Orchestra,* speaking of the Sun:

> "When the great *torch-bearer* of heaven was gone
> Downe in a maske unto the ocean's court."—H. N. H.

17–25. The quarto of 1597 gives this speech in a form which the Poet will hardly be thought to have improved; thus:

> "Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die;
> If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
> I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
> It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
> I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
> The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,
> And not the lark, the messenger of morn:
> Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so,—
> What says my love? let's talk, 'tis not yet day."

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend.

[*Descends.*

29. *"A division,"* in music, is *a variation* upon some fundamental air.—H. N. H.

31. According to Warburton there is a popular saying to this effect, due to the fact that the toad has very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones.—I. G.

34. The *"hunt's up"* was originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burden of hunting ballads. Puttenham says that one Gray grew into good estimation with the Duke of Somerset for making certain merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *the hunte is up, the hunte is up.* According to Cotgrave the *Reveille,* or morning song to a new married woman, was called the *hunt's up.* So Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion:* "But *hunt's up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing." And in his third *Eclogue:* "Time plays the *hunt's up* to thy sleepy head."—H. N. H.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!
[*Exit.*
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

54. *"Ill-divining soul";* "This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance peculiarly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

'My mind misgives me,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
From this night's revels.'" (Steevens).—H. N. H.

55. *"below";* Pope's reading from (Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"so lowe."*—I. G.

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? it is my lady mother!
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Aye, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

91. So all the old copies but the first quarto, which reads thus: "That should bestow on him so sure a draught." This reading, with *should* changed to *shall,* has been commonly adopted in the modern text.—H. N. H.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

112. *"In happy time," A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected when the hearer was not so well pleased as the speaker (Johnson).—H. N. H.

115. *"County,"* or *countie,* was the usual term for an earl in Shakespeare's time. Paris is in this play first styled a *young earle.*—H. N. H.

124. In Mr. Collier's second folio, the words, *"These are news indeed!"* are transferred to Lady Capulet, and made a part of the next speech. The change, though not necessary to the sense, seems well worthy of being considered.—H. N. H.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Aye, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

130. *"conduit";* the same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Brooke's Poem: "His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the *conduit* of his tears."—H. N. H.

142. *"Take me with you";* that is, *let me understand you;* like the Greek phrase, "Let me go along with you."—Coleridge exclaims,—"A noble scene! Don't I see it with my own eyes?—Yes! but not with Juliet's. And observe in Capulet's last speech in this scene his mistake, as if love's causes were capable of being generalized."—H. N. H.

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.
Cap. How, how! how, how! chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
And yet 'not proud:' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,

150. *"Chop-logic";* Capulet uses this as a nickname. "Choplogyk is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will give him xx wordes for one, or elles he will bydde the devylles paternoster in scylence" (*The xxiiii Orders of Knaves*).—H. N. H.

152. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

158. *"Tallow-face";* in the age of Shakespeare, authors not only employed these terms of abuse in their original performances, but even in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas *hedge-brat, cullion,* and *tar-breech,* in the course of one speech.—H. N. H.

Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been

166. *"lent"*; Pope (from Q. 1) reads *"sent"*; Cowden Clarke conj. *"left."*—I. G.

169. *"Hilding"* was a common term of reproach; meaning something vile.—H. N. H.

177–179. So Q. 2 and the other Qq.; Q. 1 reads:—

> "Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
> Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
> Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
> Still my core hath been to see her matcht."

Many attempts have been made to smooth the lines, but perhaps they express Capulet's excitement.—I. G.

To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I 'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you; I 'll not be forsworn.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

182. *"train'd"*; Capell's reading (from Q. 1); Qq. 3, 4, 5, Ff., *"allied"*; Q. 2, *"liand,"* etc.—I. G.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo 's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

214–227. The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. The picture is not, however, an original; the nurse in the poem exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture. Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse,* has copied, in this respect, the character of his nurse from Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

222. *"Green . . . eye";* Chaucer, in *The Knightes Tale,* says of Emetrius,—"His nose was high, his *eyen* bright *citrin";* which

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much. 230
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.
Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy: 241
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

probably means that his eyes had the color of an unripe lemon or *citron.* So, Fletcher, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen:* "O! vouchsafe with that thy rare *green* eye." And Lord Bacon says that "eyes somewhat large, and the circles of them inclined to *greenness,* are signs of long life."—H. N. H.

234. There is a significant stage direction here in Q_1: "She lookes after Nurse." This Q having been taken down from notes in the theater, we doubtless have here a direct clue to the original manner of playing the part.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

3. *"nothing slow to slack his haste";* Collier conj. *"something slow,"* etc.; Q. 1, *"nothing slack to slow his haste";* Johnson conj. *"nothing slow to back his haste."*—I. G.

The meaning of Paris is clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken his haste:* but the words given him seem rather to mean *I am not backward in restraining his haste.* In the first edition the line ran: "An I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste."—H. N. H.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. That 's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

16. Omitted in Qq., Ff.—I. G.
To *"slow"* and to *foreslow* were anciently in common use.—H. N. H.

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

38. *"evening mass."* The practice of saying mass in the afternoon had been prohibited, a generation before Shakespeare wrote, by Pius V (1566–72); Simpson, however, has shown (*N. Sh. Soc. Transactions,* 1875) that it notwithstanding continued in certain places, among the rest at Verona. It was not Shakespeare's way to avail himself of local accidents such as this; but early associations may have suggested the phrase.—C. H. H.

45. *"cure,"* so (Q. 1) Q. 5; Qq. 2, 3, 4, Ff., *"care."*—I. G.

57. *"Label to another deed";* the seals of deeds formerly were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II* the Duke of York discovers a covenant, which his

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I 'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into, by the depending seal.—H. N. H.

77. *"Yonder tower";* so the first quarto; the other old copies, *"any* tower."—In the second line below, the first quarto reads thus:

"Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions are."—H. N. H.

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

85. *"Shroud"; so* the undated quarto: the folio of 1623 has *grave* instead of *shroud:* the quartos of 1599 and 1609 have nothing after *his,* thus leaving the sense incomplete. The first quarto gives the line thus: "Or lay me in a tomb with one new dead."—Instead of the last line in this speech, the quarto of 1597 has the following:

"To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife
To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo."—H. N. H.

100. *"Paly"; so* the undated quarto: the other old copies have *many* instead of *paly;* except the second folio, which has *mealy.*—H. N. H.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear

106–107. *"A cold . . . surcease";* in the first quarto, where this whole speech extends only to fourteen lines, we have the following, which is in some respects better than the reading of the other old copies:

"A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat."—H. N. H.

110. *"Bier";* the Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face *uncovered,* Shakespeare found particularly described in Brooke's poem:

"An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church, *with open face upon the beere he lyes,*
In wonted weed attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete."
—H. N. H.

115–116. *"and he and I Will watch thy waking";* the reading of Qq. 3, 4, 5; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Abate thy valor in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!
Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I 'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
[*Exit First Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. *"Cunning cooks";* cooking was an art of great esteem in Shakespeare's time, as indeed it is likely to be, so long as men keep up the habit of eating. Ben Jonson's description of "a master cook," too long to be quoted here, is a specimen of the humorous sublime not apt to be forgotten by anyone that has feasted upon it. The Poet has been suspected of an oversight or something worse, in making Capulet give order here for so many "cunning cooks"; whereupon the pictorial edition defends him thus: "Old Capulet, in his exuberant spirits at his daughter's approaching marriage, calls for 'twenty' of these artists. The critics think this too large a number. Ritson says, with wonderful simplicity,—'Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us.' This is indeed to understand the Poet with admirable exactness. The passage is entirely in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir, for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit Sec. Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Aye, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests,—'We have a trifling foolish banquet toward.' In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris' marriage, he just hints,—'We'll keep no great ado; —a friend, or two.' But Shakespeare knew that these indications of 'the pride which apes humility' were not inconsistent with the 'twenty cooks,'—the regret that 'we shall be much unfurnish'd for this time,' and the solicitude expressed in, 'Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.'"—H. N. H.

7. *"Fingers";* this adage is in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie,* 1589:

> "As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke:
> A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick."—H. N. H.

To beg your pardon! pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Aye, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we 'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I 'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I 'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself

26. *"Becomed"* for *becoming.* The old writers furnish many such instances of the active and passive forms used interchangeably.—H. N. H.

To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Aye, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

14–58. We subjoin the whole of this speech as it stands in the

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?

first quarto, that the reader may observe with what growth of power it was afterwards worked out by the Poet:

"Farewell: God knows when we shall meet again.
Ah! I do take a fearful thing in hand.
What if this potion should not work at all,
Must I of force be married to the county?
This shall forbid it: knife, lie thou there.
What if the friar should give me this drink
To poison me, for fear I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah! I wrong him much;
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the tomb?
Awake an hour before the appointed time?
Ah! then I fear I shall be lunatic;
And, playing with my dead forefather's bones,
Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks, I see
My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,
Seeking for Romeo! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee."—H. N. H.

23. *"Dagger";* "Daggers," says Gifford, "or, as they are commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."—H. N. H.

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

41. *"Are pack'd";* this idea was probably suggested to the Poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. —H. N. H.

47. "The *mandrake,"* says Thomas Newton in his *Herbal,* "has been idly represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried." So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy,* 1623: "I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake,* and am grown *mad* with it."—H. N. H.

That living mortals hearing them run mad:
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*

Scene IV

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

58. Such is the closing line of this speech in the quarto of 1597. The other old copies give it thus: "Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink: I drink to thee"; where a stage-direction "[*Here drink.*]" has evidently got misprinted as a part of the text. The oldest reading is retained by all modern editors except Knight, Collier, and Verplanck.—Coleridge remarks upon the passage thus: "Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies. It would have been too bold a thing for a girl of fifteen;—but she swallows the draught in a fit of fright." Schlegel has the same thought: "Her imagination falls into an uproar,—so many terrors bewilder the tender brain of the maiden,—and she drinks off the cup in a tumult, to drain which with composure would have evinced a too masculine resolvedness."—H. N. H.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Aye, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,
What 's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

2. *"Pastry,"* the room where the pastry was made.—H. N. H.

6. *"Cot-quean"* was a term for a man who busied himself overmuch in women's affairs: so used down to the time of Addison, as appears from the Spectator, No. 482.—H. N. H.

11. The animal called the *"mouse-hunt"* is the martin, which, being of the weasel tribe, prowls about in the night for its prey. "Cat after kinde, good *mouse-hunt,"* is one of Heywood's proverbs.—H. N. H.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.
Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*]
Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I 'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Aye, let the county take you in your bed;
He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains.*
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady 's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She 's dead, deceased, she 's dead; alack the day!

6. To *"set up one's rest"* was the same as to *make up one's mind.* In *The Merchant of Venice,* Act ii. sc. 2, Launcelot has a similar quibble: "As I have *set up my rest* to run away, so I *will not rest* till I have run some ground."—H. N. H.

La. Cap. Alack the day, she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she 's cold;
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face

29. In the first quarto, this speech stands thus:

"Stay! let me see: all pale and wan.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!"—H. N. H.

40. So in the old copies, but commonly changed in modern editions to, "life *leaving,* all is death's."—H. N. H.

41. The quarto of 1597 continues the speech of Paris thus:

"And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

Born to the world to be a slave in it:
Distrest, remediless, and unfortunate.
Oh heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?"—H. N. H.

And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married that lives married long,
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

82. *"Fond";* all the old copies except the folio of 1632 have *some* instead of *fond.*—*"In all,"* of the preceding line, is from the first quarto; the later copies having *And in.*—H. N. H.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up; For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Aye, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease?'

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

101. *"Enter Peter";* such is the stage-direction of the undated quarto and the folio of 1623. The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have, "Enter Will Kemp"; which shows that Kemp was the original performer of Peter's part. It seems not unlikely that this part of the scene was written on purpose for Kemp to display his talents in, as there could hardly be any other reason for such a piece of buffoonery. Coleridge has the following upon it: "As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce;—the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion."—H. N. H.

107. This is the burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers:* "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe."—A *dump* was formerly the term for a grave or melancholy strain in music, vocal or instrumental. It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A *merry dump* is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter.—H. N. H.

107–108. *"O play me some merry dump, to comfort me";* the reading of Qq.; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; I 'll re you, I 'll fa you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'?—What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

115–116. *"Gleek . . . minstrel";* a pun is here intended. A *gleekman,* or *gligman,* is a *minstrel. To give the gleek* meant also to pass a jest upon a person, to make him appear ridiculous; a *gleek* being a *jest* or *scoff.*—H. N. H.

128–130. These lines are from Richard Edwards' *Paradise of Dainty Devises,* 1576.—I. G.

132. *"Simon Catling";* this worthy takes his name from a small lutestring made of catgut; his companion the fiddler, from an instru-

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

First. Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we 'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ment of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,
And the joyful *rebecks* sound."—H. N. H.

135. *"Pretty";* so the first quarto; the other old copies, *Prates,* or *Pratest.*—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

1. *"flattering truth";* so Qq., Ff.; Malone following (Q. 1) reads *"flattering eye";* Collier MS., *"flattering death";* Grant White, *"flattering sooth,"* etc.—I. G.

3–5. "These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakespeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Enter Balthasar, booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I 'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*

24. *"I defy you";* Pope's reading; (Q. 1), *"I defie my";* Qq. 2, 3, 4, F. 1, *"I denie you";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, Q. 5, *"I deny you."*—I. G.

27. *"I do beseech you, sir, have patience";* Pope (from Q. 1) reads *"Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus";* Steevens (1793) reads *"Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus."*—I. G.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

43. *"Alligator stuff'd";* we learn from Nashe's *Have with You to Saffron Walden,* 1596, that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop: "He made an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or *dried alligator.*"—H. N. H.

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,

71. *"Contempt . . . back";* thus the old copies. Otway copied the line in his Caius Marius, only changing *starveth* to *stareth,* which has been adopted into the text by Singer, and may be right. Pope changed *"starveth in* thy eyes" to *"stare within* thy eyes." As it stands, the expression conveys a strong sense, though it will hardly bear analyzing. The two nouns with a verb in the singular was not ungrammatical according to old usage.—In the next line, the first quarto has, "Upon thy back hangs ragged misery," which is strangely preferred by some editors.—H. N. H.

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Friar Laurence' cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,

6. *"To associate me";* each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Seleborne,* a curious record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne,* Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur." There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. So in the poem:

"Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes,
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
That friers in the towne should seldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent ay *should be accompanide with one*
Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
In mynde to take some frier to walke the town about."

Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I 'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

Shakespeare has departed from the poem, in supposing the pestilence to rage at Verona instead of Mantua.—H. N. H.

9–11. It was a part of the constable's business to seal up the doors of plague-stricken houses. The Middlesex Sessions Rolls contain cases of the trial of constables for neglecting this duty.—C. H. H.

18. *"The letter was not nice";* that is, was not on a *trivial* or *idle* matter, but on a subject of importance.—H. N. H.

Scene III

A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—

3. *"Yew-trees";* all the old copies except the first quarto have *"young* trees" instead of *"yew*-trees."—H. N. H.

2–17. Instead of these six lines, the quarto of 1597 has the follow-seven, which are preferred by some editors:

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity,
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favor at my hands,
That living honor'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."—H. N. H.

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable by far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I 'll cram thee with more food.
[*Opens the tomb.*

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
[*Comes forward.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[*Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;

68. *"Conjurations";* so the quarto of 1597: that of 1599 has *commiration;* the later copies, *commiseration. Conjurations* are *earnest requests* or *entreaties:* the verb *conjure* is still much used in the same sense. Mr. Collier, however, retains the later reading, alleging that "the sense of *commiseration* is clear; not so of *conjurations.*" What can the man mean? *Conjurations* is just the word wanted for the place.—H. N. H.

84. A *"lantern"* does not here signify an enclosure for a lighted

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

candle, but a *louvre,* or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium;* that is, a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated; such as the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster. The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinborough Castle:* "This lofty seat and *lantern* of that land like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er ev'ry streete." And in Holland's translation of *Pliny:* "Hence came the louvers and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples." A *"presence"* is a public room, which is at times the *presence-chamber of a sovereign.*—H. N. H.

90. *"A lightning before death";* this idea frequently occurs in old dramas. So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon,* 1601:

"I thought it was *a lightning before death,*
Too sudden to be certain."—H. N. H.

93. *"Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty";* so in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty, from her body."—This speech yields another apt instance of the care and skill with which the "corrected, augmented, and amended" copy of this play was elaborated. The quarto of 1597 gives merely the following:

"Ah, dear Juliet!
How well thy beauty doth become this grave!
O! I believe that unsubstantial death
Is amorous, and doth court my love:
Therefore will I, O here, O ever here!
Set up my everlasting rest,
With worms, that are thy chamber-maids.
Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:
Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die."—H. N. H.

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night

102–103. *"Shall . . . amorous";* the old copies, except the first quarto, read thus: "I will believe, shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous." Where "I will believe" is obviously but another reading for "shall I believe." Collier, however, retains both!—A connection is traceable between parts of this speech and some lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond,* published in 1592. In the first five lines the ghost of Rosamond is speaking of her death, and in the others is reporting what her royal lover spoke when he came and found her dead:

"But now, the poison, spread through all my veins,
'Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And nought-respecting death, the last of pains,
Plac'd his pale colours, th' ensign of his might,
Upon his new-got spoil before his right."

"Ah! now, methinks, I see, *death, dallying, seeks*
To entertain itself in love's sweet place:
Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That death itself doubts whether she be dead."—H. N. H.

Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here 's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

108. *"Depart again";* all the old copies except the first quarto have a remarkable corruption here which is not easy to be accounted for. Whether the matter were a various reading by the Poet, or an interpolation by the players, is uncertain; but the confusion it makes shows that it could not have been meant by Shakespeare as a part of the text. It may also be cited as proving that the folio must have been printed from one of the quarto copies. After the words, "Depart again," are added the following lines:

> "Come, lie thou in my arms.
> Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.
> O, true apothecary! thy drugs are quick.
> Thus with a kiss I die. Depart again."—H. N. H.

116. *"Conduct"* for *conductor.* So in a former scene: "And fire-eyed fury be my *conduct* now."—H. N. H.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's there?
Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour. 130
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. L. Stay, then; I 'll go alone: fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

122. *"Stumbled at graves," etc.*:—
"For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within";
3 Henry VI, IV. vii.—I. G.

138. *"Dreams"*; "This is one of the touches of nature that would

Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulcher?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolor'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*
Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.

have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision" (Steevens).—H. N. H.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160
[*Exit Fri. L.*
What 's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm.
First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?
Jul. Yea, noise? then I 'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

167. *"Thy lips are warm";* Shakespeare has been arraigned for making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance, and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. Schlegel remarks, that "the Poet seems to have hit upon what was best. There is a measure of agitation, beyond which all that is superadded becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already-saturated mind. In case of the cruel reunion of the lovers for an instant, Romeo's remorse for his over-hasty self-murder, Juliet's despair over her deceitful hope, at first cherished, then annihilated, that she was at the goal of her wishes, must have deviated into caricatures. Nobody surely doubts that Shakespeare was able to represent these with suitable force; but here every thing soothing was welcome, in order that we may not be frightened out of the melancholy, to which we willingly resign ourselves, by too painful discords. Why should we heap still more upon accident, that is already so guilty? Wherefore shall not the tortured Romeo quietly

'Shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From his world-wearied flesh?'

He holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish."—H. N. H.

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Sec. Watch. Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter Friar Laurence, and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

169. *"rust"*; so Qq., Ff.; Hazlitt (from Q. 1) reads *"rest."*—I. G.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?
La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?
First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,

194. *"Our";* the old copies have *your* instead of *our.* Johnson made the change, which, though perhaps not necessary to the sense, helps it a good deal.—H. N. H.

203–205. The words *"for lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague,"* are parenthetical. It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back.* So in Humor's *Ordinarie:* "See you yon huge bum *dagger at his back?"* And in *The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art,* 1570:

"Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,
And thy *dagger* handsumly *at thy backe.*"

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

205. *"it," i. e.* the dagger; so Q. 2; the rest read *"is."* —— *"mis-sheathed";* the reading of F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3, Q. 5, *"misheathed";* Q. 2, *"missheathd";* Qq. 3, 4, *"missheath'd";* Jackson conj. *"mi-sheath'd."* —I. G.

211. After this line (Q. 1) reads *"and young Benvolio is deceased too."*—I. G.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desperate would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:

295. *"Brace of kinsmen,"* Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman, in Act iii. sc. 1; and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman, may be inferred from what Romeo says: "Let me peruse this face; *Mercutio's kinsman,* noble county Paris."—H. N. H.

305. *"A glooming peace";* the quarto of 1597 reads, "A *gloomy* peace." To *gloom* is an ancient verb, used by Spenser and other old writers.—H. N. H.

308. This line has reference to the poem from which the fable is

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. 310

[*Exeunt.*

taken; in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage near Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A, one, the same; II. iv. 229.

A', he; I. iii. 40.

Abused, disfigured; IV. i. 29.

Adam cupid, (*v. note*); II. i. 13.

Advanced, raised; V. iii. 96.

Adventure, venture; II. ii. 84.

Advise, consider, think over it; III. v. 192.

Afeard, afraid; II. ii. 139.

Affecting, affected; II. iv. 32.

Affections, inclinations; I. i. 135.

Affray, frighten; III. v. 33.

Afore, before; II. iv. 178.

Afore me, "by my life"; III. iv. 34.

Against, in preparation of; III. iv. 32.

Agate-stone, figures cut in the agate-stone, much worn in rings; I. iv. 55.

All along, at your full length; V. iii. 3.

All so soon, as soon; (*all* used intensively); I. i. 143.

Ambling, moving in an affected manner; (used contemptuously); I. iv. 11.

Ambuscadoes, ambuscades; I. iv. 84.

Amerce, punish; III. i. 199.

An, if; I. i. 4.

An if, if; V. i. 50.

Ancient, old, aged; II. iii. 74.

Antic face, quaint mask; I. v. 60.

Apace, quickly; II. iv. 242.

Ape, a term of endearment or pity; II. i. 16.

Appertaining rage to, rage belonging to; III. i. 69.

Apt to, ready for; III. i. 46.

Apt unto, ready for; III. iii. 157.

As, as if; II. v. 16.

——, namely; IV. iii. 39.

Ascend, ascend to; III. iii. 147.

Aspired, mounted to; III. i. 126.

Associate, accompany; V. ii. 6.

As that, as to that heart; II. ii. 124.

Athwart, across, over; (so (Q. 1); Qq., Ff., *"ouer"*); I. iv. 58.

Atomies = atoms, little creatures as tiny as atoms; ((Q. 1), *"Atomi"; Q. 2, "ottamie"*); I. iv. 57.

Attach, arrest; V. iii. 173.

Attending, attentive; II. ii. 167.

Baked meats, pastry; IV. iv. 5.

Bandy, beat to and fro, hurry; II. v. 14.

Bandying, contending, quarrelling; III. i. 96.

Bare, lean, poor; V. i. 68.

——, did bear; V. ii. 13.

Bating, to flap or flutter the wings; a term in falconry; (Steevens' emendation; Qq. 2, 3, Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"bayting"*); III. ii. 14.

Bear a brain, have a good memory; I. iii. 29.

Becomed, becoming; IV. ii. 26.

Behoveful, befitting, becoming; IV. iii. 8.

Bent, inclination, disposition; II. ii. 143.

Bepaint, paint; II. ii. 86.

Bescreen'd, screened, hidden; II. ii. 52.

Betossed, deeply agitated; V. iii. 76.

Better temper'd, of better quality; III. iii. 115.

Bill, "a kind of pike or halberdt, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen"; I. i. 82.

Blaze, make known; III. iii. 151.

Blazon, trumpet forth; II. vi. 26.

Brace, couple; V. iii. 295.

Brief, briefly; III. iii. 174.

Broad goose; "far and wide a b. g.," prob.= far and wide abroad, a goose; (some lost allusion perhaps underlies the quibble); II. iv. 91.

Broken, cracked; I. ii. 54.

Brow, face, countenance; (Collier MS. and Singer MS. *"bow"*); III. v. 20.

Burn daylight, "a proverbial expression used when candles are lighted in the day-time" (Steevens); hence, superfluous actions in general; here "waste time"; I. iv. 43.

Butt-shaft, "a kind of arrow used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to be easily extracted" (Nares); II. iv. 18.

By and by, directly; II. ii. 152.

By my fay, by my faith; (a slight oath); I. v. 130.

By my troth, by my truth, on my word; II. iv. 129.

By the rood, by the cross; (a slight oath); I. iii. 36.

Caitiff, wretched, miserable; V. i. 52.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iii. 30.

Captain of compliments, "complete master of all the laws of ceremony"; II. iv. 22.

Carry coals, endure affronts; (the carriers of coal, prob. charcoal, were the lowest menials; *cp.* "blackguard," originally the attendants upon the royal household's progress); I. i. 1.

Chapless, without jaws; IV. i. 83.

Charge, weight; V. ii. 18.

Cheerly, cheerily; I. v. 18.

Cheveril, the skin of the kid; II. iv. 92.

Chinks, a popular term for *money;* I. v. 121.

Chop-logic, sophist; III. v. 150.

Circumstance, details; II. v. 36.

Civil, sober, grave; III. ii. 10.

Close, closely, very near; III. i. 41.

Closed, enclosed; I. iv. 110.

Closely, secretly; V. iii. 255.

Closet, chamber; IV. ii. 33.

Cocatrice (called also basilisk); the fabulous serpent, said to kill by a look; III. ii. 47.

Cock-a-hoop; "set c.-a-h.," *i. e.* "pick a quarrel"; I. v. 85.

Cockerel, young cock; I. iii. 53.

Coil, ado, confusion; II. v. 69.

Coldly, coolly, calmly; III. i. 58.

Come near ye, hit it; I. v. 24.

COMFORTABLE, helpful, full of comfort; V. iii. 148.

COMMISSION, warrant; IV. i. 64.

CONCEALED, "secretly married"; III. iii. 98.

CONCEIT, imagination; II. vi. 30.

CONCLUDES, ends; III. i. 195.

CONDUCT, conductor; V. iii. 116.

CONDUIT, referring to the human figures on wells which spouted water; III. v. 130.

CONFOUNDS, destroys; II. vi. 13.

CONJURATIONS, entreaties; (Q. 2, *"commiration"*; Q. 3, F. 1, *"commisseration"*; Capell, *"conjuration,* etc."); V. iii. 68.

CONSORT, used with play on the two meanings of the word; (i.) a company of musicians, (ii.) associate, keep company; III. i. 51.

CONSORT, consort with, keep company with; III. i. 139.

CONSORTED, associated; II. i. 31.

CONSORT'ST, dost keep company; III. i. 48.

CONTENT THEE, keep your temper; I. v. 70.

CONTRARY, contradict, oppose; I. v. 89.

CONVOY, conveyance; II. iv. 211.

CORSE, corpse; III. ii. 128.

COT-QUEAN, a man who busies himself with women's business; IV. iv. 6.

COUNTERFEIT; "gave the c.," played a trick; II. iv. 53.

COUNTERVAIL, balance; II. vi. 4.

COUNTY, count; I. iii. 106.

COURT-CUPBOARD, side-board for setting out plate; I. v. 8.

COURTSHIP, courtliness; III. iii. 34.

COUSIN, a term used for any kinsman or kinswoman; I. v. 34.

COVER, book-cover; used with a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* (*feme covert*) in law French (Mason); I. iii. 88.

CROSS, perverse; IV. iii. 5.

——, thwart, hinder; V. iii. 20.

CROTCHETS, used with play upon both senses of the word (i.) whims, fancies; (ii.) notes in music; IV. v. 120.

CROW, crow-bar; V. ii. 21.

CROW-KEEPER, scarecrow; I. iv. 6.

CRUSH A CUP, (*cp.* modern phrase *crack a bottle*); I. ii. 89.

CUNNING, skill, art; II. ii. 101.

CURES WITH, is cured by; I. ii. 50.

CURFEW-BELL, the bell ordinarily used for the ringing of the curfew at night; IV. iv. 4.

CYNTHIA, the moon; III. v. 20.

DAMNATION; "ancient d.," "old sinner"; III. v. 235.

DARED, challenged; used with play upon the two senses of the word; II. iv. 13.

DARES, ventures; II. iv. 13.

DATE, time, duration; I. iv. 108

DATE IS OUT, time has long gone by, is out of fashion; I. iv. 3.

DATELESS, without date, without limit; V. iii. 115.

DEAR, true; ((Q. 1), *"meere"*); III. iii. 28.

——, important; V. ii. 19.

DEATH, to death; III. i. 143.

DEFENSE, defensive weapons; III. iii. 134.

DEMESNES, landed estates; (F. 4, *"demeans"*); III. v. 182.

DENY, refuse; I. v. 23.

DEPART, go away, part; III. i. 59.

DEPEND, impend; III. i. 128.
DESPERATE, reckless; III. iv. 12.
DESPITE, defiance; V. iii. 48.
DETERMINE OF, decide; III. ii. 51.
DEW-DROPPING SOUTH, rainy south; (it was a common belief that all diseases and noxious vapors came from the south); I. iv. 103.
DIGRESSING, deviating; III. iii. 127.
DISCOVER, reveal; III. i. 151.
DISCOVERED, betrayed; II. ii. 106.
DISLIKE, displease; II. ii. 61.
DISPARAGEMENT, injury, harm; I. v. 74.
DISPLANT, transplant; III. iii. 59.
DISPUTE, argue, reason; (Ff. 1, 2, *"dispaire"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"despair"*); III. iii. 63.
DISTEMPERATURE, disease; II. iii. 40.
DISTEMPER'D, diseased; II. iii. 33.
DISTRAUGHT, distracted; IV. iii. 49.
DIVISION, "variation, modulation"; III. v. 29.
DOCTRINE, instruction; I. i. 250.
DOFF, put off; II. ii. 47.
DOUBT, fear, distrust; V. iii. 44.
DRAVE, did drive, urged; (Q. 2, *"driue"*); I. i. 129.
DRIFT, plan, scheme; IV. i. 114.
DRY-BEAT, thrash; III. i. 86.
DUMP, a melancholy strain in music; IV. v. 108.
DUN'S THE MOUSE, keep still; (a proverbial expression not yet explained); v. Note; I. iv. 40.

ELF-LOCKS, hair supposed to be matted together by the elves; (Qq. 2, 3, F. 1, *"Elklocks"*); I. iv. 90.
EMPTY, hungry; V. iii. 39.
ENCOUNTER, meeting; II. vi. 29.
ENDART, dart; ((Q. 1), *"engage"*; Pope, *"ingage"*); I. iii. 98.
ENFORCE, force; V. iii. 47.
ENPIERCED, pierced through; I. iv. 19.
ENTRANCE (trisyllabic); I. iv. 8.
ENVIOUS, malignant; III. ii. 40.
ETHIOP, a native of Ethiopia; I. v. 48.
EVENING MASS, the practice of saying mass *in the afternoon* lingered on for some time; IV. i. 38.
EXPIRE, end; I. iv. 109.
EXTREMES, extremities, sufferings; IV. i. 62.
EXTREMITY; "everything in e.," *i. e.* at a desperate pass; I. iii. 103.

FAIN, gladly; II. ii. 88.
FAIR, fair one, beautiful woman; Prol. II. 3.
FANTASTICOES, coxcombs; (Capell's reading (from Q. 1)); Qq. 2, 3, 4, Ff. 1, 2, *"phantacies"*; Q. 5, Ff. 3, 4, *"phantasies"*; Collier MS., *"phantastickes"*); II. iv. 29.
FAREWELL COMPLIMENT, away with ceremony; II. ii. 89.
FEARFUL, full of fear; III. iii. 1.
FEELING, heartfelt; III. v. 75.
FEE-SIMPLE, hereditary and unconditional property; III. i. 36.
FESTERING, rotting; IV. iii. 43.
FETTLE, prepare; III. v. 154.
FINE, penalty; (Warburton's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"sinne"* and *"sin"*); I. v. 98.
FIRST HOUSE, "first rank among duelists," or, "of the best school of fencing"; II. iv. 28.

Fits; "it fits," it is becoming; I. v. 79.

Flecked, spotted; [Steevens' reading (from Q. 1); Qq., *"fleckeld"*; F. 1, *"fleckled"*; Pope, *"flecker'd"*; Capell, *"flecker'd"*]; II. iii. 3.

Fleer, sneer; I. v. 61.

Flirt-gills, flirting women; (*Gill* was a familiar name for a woman); II. iv. 169.

Flowered, alluding probably to the shoes *pinked* or punched with holes; II. iv. 69.

Fond, foolish; III. iii. 52.

Foolish, trifling; I. v. 126.

Forbear, abstain from; III. i. 94.

Form, used with play upon both senses of the word; II. iv. 39.

Forsworn; "be f.," commit perjury; III. v. 197.

Forth, from out of; I. i. 128.

Fortune's fool, the sport of fortune; III. i. 145.

Frank, liberal; II. ii. 131.

Free-town, Villafranca; I. i. 111.

Friend, lover; III. v. 43.

Frighted, frightened, terrified; I. iv. 87.

From, away from, to avoid; III. i. 33.

Furnish, deck; IV. ii. 35.

Gear, matter; II. iv. 107.

Ghostly, spiritual; II. ii. 189.

Give leave, leave us; a courteous form of dismissal; I. iii. 7.

Give you, *i. e.* retort by calling you; IV. v. 117.

Gleek, scoff; (*"give the g."*) to pass a jest upon a person; IV. v. 115.

Glooming, gloomy; V. iii. 305.

God-den, good evening; I. ii. 59.

God gi' god-den, God give you a good evening; (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Godgigoden"*; Capell, *"God gi' go' den"*; Collier, *"God gi' good den"*; Staunton, *"God ye good den"*); I. ii. 60.

God save the mark, "originally a phrase used to avert the evil omen,= saving your reverence, under your pardon; here 'God have mercy'"; III. ii. 53.

God ye good den, God give you good evening; II. iv. 121.

God ye good morrow, God give you good morning; II. iv. 120.

Good goose, bite not, a proverbial expression, (found in Ray's *"Proverbs"*); II. iv. 87.

Goodman boy, a familiar appellation; I. v. 81.

Gore; "gore blood"= clotted blood; III. ii. 56.

Grace, virtue, potency; II. iii. 15.

Grievance, grief, sorrow; I. i. 166.

Gyves, fetters; II. ii. 180.

Hai, a home-thrust in fencing; II. iv. 30.

Hall; "a hall, a hall," make room; I. v. 30.

Hap; "dear h.," good fortune; II. ii. 190.

Harlotry, a term of contempt for a silly wench; IV. ii. 14.

Have at thee, be warned, take care; I. i. 81.

Havior, behavior; II. ii. 99.

He, man; V. i. 67.

Healthsome, wholesome; IV. iii. 34.

Heartless, spiritless, cowardly; I. i. 75.

"Heart's ease," a popular tune of the time; IV. v. 102.

Heaviness, sorrow; III. iv. 11.

HEAVY, sad, troubled; I. i. 146.
HIE YOU, hasten; II. v. 72.
HIGH-LONE, alone, without help; (Q. 2, *"hylone"*; Q. 3, *"a lone"*; other editions, *"alone"*); I. iii. 36.
HIGHMOST, highest; II. v. 9.
HILDING, base wretch; III. v. 169.
HINDS, serfs, menials; I. i. 75.
HIS, its; II. vi. 12; V. iii. 203.
HOAR, hoary, mouldy; II. iv. 146.
HOLIDAME, halidom, salvation; (used in swearing); I. iii. 43.
HOLP, helped; I. ii. 49.
HOMELY, plain, simple; II. iii. 55.
HONEY NURSE, a term of endearment; II. v. 18.
HOOD, cover with a hood, (as the hawk was hooded till let fly at the game); III. ii. 14.
HUMOROUS, moist, capricious, (used quibblingly); II. i. 31.
HUMOR, inclination, bent; (Qq. 4, 5, *"humour"*; Q. 2, *"humor"*; the rest read *"honour"*); I. i. 138.
HUNTS-UP, "the tune played to wake and collect the hunters"; III. v. 34.

I'LL BE A CANDLE-HOLDER, I'll be an idle spectator; (a proverbial phrase); I. iv. 38.
ILL-DIVINING, misgiving; III. v. 54.
IMPEACH, accuse; V. iii. 226.
IN, into; V. i. 8.
INCONSTANT, capricious, fickle; IV. i. 119.
INHERENT, possess; I. ii. 30.
INDITE, (?) insist on inviting; (Q. 1, Ff. 3, 4, *"invite"*); II. iv. 142.
IN HAPPY TIME, à propos, pray tell me; III. v. 112.
IT, its; I. iii. 52.

JACK, a term of contempt for a silly fellow; III. i. 12.
JAUNCE, jaunt; II. v. 26.
JEALOUS, in any way suspicious; V. iii. 33.
JEALOUS-HOOD, jealousy; IV. iv. 13.
JOINT-STOOLS, folding chairs; I. v. 7.
JOY, rejoice; II. ii. 116.

KEEP, make; III. iv. 23.
KINDLY, exactly, aptly; II. iv. 64.

LABEL, a seal appended to a deed; IV. i. 57.
"LADY, LADY, LADY," a phrase quoted from the old ballad of *Susanna;* II. iv. 158.
LAMMAS-EVE, the day before Lammas-tide, *i. e.* July 31st; I. iii. 17.
LAMMAS-TIDE, the 1st of August; I. iii. 15.
LANTERN, a turret full of windows; V. iii. 84.
LATE, lately; III. i. 135.
LAY, wager, stake; I. iii. 12.
LEARN, teach; III. ii. 12.
LEARN'D ME, taught myself; IV. ii. 17.
LET, hinderance; II. ii. 69.
LEVEL, aim; III. iii. 103.
LIEVE, lief, gladly; II. iv. 223.
LIKE, likely; IV. iii. 36.
LIKE OF, like; I. iii. 96.
LIST, choose; I. i. 48.
LOGGER-HEAD, blockhead; IV. iv. 20.
LONG; "l. to speak," long in speaking, slow to speak; IV. i. 66.
LONG SPINNERS' LEGS, long-legged spiders; I. iv. 59.
LOVE, *i. e.* Venus; II. v. 7.

MAB, the queen of the fairies; I. iv. 53.
MADE, was doing; V. iii. 280.
MAMMET, puppet; III. v. 186.
MANAGE, course; III. i. 152.
MANAGE, handle, use; I. i. 78.
MANDRAKE, a plant, the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure, and when torn from the earth to cause madness and even death; IV. iii. 47.
MARCHPANE, a kind of almond paste; I. v. 9.
MARGENT, margin; I. iii. 86.
MARK, elect; I. iii. 59.
MARK-MAN, marksman; I. i. 218.
MARRIAGE (trisyllabic); IV. i. 11.
MARRIED, harmonious; (the reading of Q. 2; other editions *"severall"*); I. iii. 83.
MEAN, means, instrument; III. iii. 45.
MEASURE, a stately dance; I. iv. 10.
MEDICINE, medicinal; II. iii. 24.
MERCHANT, used contemptuously; II. iv. 160.
MEW'D UP, shut up; III. iv. 11.
MICKLE, great; II. iii. 15.
MINION, saucy person; originally = a spoiled darling, a favorite; III. v. 152.
MINSTREL; "give you the m.," *i. e.* call you a minstrel, glee-man, (with a play upon "to give the gleek"); IV. v. 116.
MINUTE, minutes; V. iii. 257.
MISADVENTURE, misfortune; V. i. 29.
MISTEMPER'D, "compounded and hardened to an ill end"; I. i. 96.
MODERN, commonplace, trite; III. ii. 120.
MOODY, peevish, angry; III. i. 14.
MORROW, morning; II. ii. 186.
MOUSE-HUNT, a woman-hunter; IV. iv. 11.
MOVED, exasperated; I. i. 7.
MUCH UPON THESE YEARS, about the same age; I. iii. 72.
MUFFLE, hide; V. iii. 21.
"MY HEART IS FULL OF WOE," a line of a popular ballad of the time; IV. v. 107.

NATURAL, idiot; II. iv. 101.
NAUGHT, bad; III. ii. 87.
NEEDLY WILL, of necessity must; III. ii. 117.
NEEDY, joyless; ((Q. 1), *"needful"*); III. v. 106.
NEIGHBOR-STAINED, stained with the blood of countrymen; [*"neighbour-stained steel,"* instead of *"neighbour-stained soil"* (Daniel)]; I. i. 91.
NEW, just; I. i. 167.
——, afresh, anew; I. i. 113.
NICE, trifling; III. i. 163.
NONE; "she will n.," *i. e.* she will none of it, she will have nothing to do with it; III. v. 140.
NOTE, notice; I. v. 73.
NOTED, noticed, observed; V. i. 38.
NOTHING, not at all; I. i. 121.

O, grief, lamentation; III. iii. 90.
ODDS; "at o.," at variance; I. ii. 5.
O'ER-PERCH, leap over, fly over; II. ii. 66.
OLD, accustomed, practiced; III. iii. 94.
ON, of; I. iv. 72, 73, 74.
ONCE, only; I. iii. 61.
OPERATION, effect; III. i. 8.
ORCHARD, garden; II. i. 5.
OSIER CAGE, basket made of the water willow; II. iii. 7.

Outrage, outcry; V. iii. 216.
Overwhelming, over-hanging; V. i. 39.
Owes, owns; II. ii. 46.

Paly, pale; IV. i. 100.
Part, side; I. i. 123.
Partisan, a kind of halbert, or pike; I. i. 82.
Parts, natural gifts, endowments; III. iii. 2.
Passado, a thrust in fencing; II. iv. 29; III. i. 88.
Passing, surpassingly; I. i. 246.
Past compare, past comparison; II. v. 43.
Pastry, the room in which pies were made; IV. iv. 2.
Pay, give; I. i. 250.
Peevish, silly, childish; IV. ii. 14.
Perforce, compulsory; I. v. 93.
Perdona-mi's, people who are continually saying *pardon me;* (Qq. 4, 5, *"pardona-mees";* (Q. 1), *"pardon-mees";* Q. 2, *"pardons mees";* Theobald, *"pardonnez-moy's"*); II. iv. 39.
Peruse, examine; V. iii. 74.
Phaethon, the son of Helios, the Sun god, who ambitiously tried to drive the chariot of his father; III. ii. 3.
Pilcher, scabbard; (used contemptuously); III. i. 87.
Pin, the center of the butt in archery; II. iv. 17.
Plantain-leaf, (supposed to be efficacious in healing wounds); I. ii. 53.
Plats, plaits, braids; I. iv. 89.
Plucks, pulls; II. ii. 181.
Poor John, a coarse kind of fish, salted and dried; called also *hake;* I. i. 38.
Poperin pear, a kind of pear; II. i. 38.
Portly, well-bred; I. v. 70.
Post; "in p.," in haste, post-haste; V. iii. 273.
Presence, presence-chamber, state room; V. iii. 86.
Present, immediate, instant; IV. i. 61.
Pretty fool, a term of endearment; I. iii. 31.
Prevails, avails; III. iii. 60.
Prick, point; II. iv. 119.
Prick-song, music sung from notes; II. iv. 23.
Prince of cats, (used with reference to *Tybalt,* the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*); II. iv. 21.
Princox, pert boy, saucy boy; I. v. 90.
Procures, causes her to come; III. v. 68.
Prodigious, monstrous; I. v. 144.
Proof, experience; I. i. 181.
Properer, handsomer; II. iv. 225.
Prorogue, delay; IV. i. 48.
Prorogued, put off, delayed; II. ii. 78.
Pump, low shoe; II. iv. 69.
Punto reverso, a back-handed stroke in fencing; II. iv. 29.
Purge, clear from suspicion; V. iii. 226.
Purged, cleared from smoke; (Johnson conj. *"urg'd";* Collier MS., *"puff'd"*); I. i. 202.

Quit, reward; II. iv. 212.
Quote, take note of; ((Q. 1), *"coate";* Q. 2, *"cote"*); I. iv. 31.

Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; I. v. 59.

Reason, speak, talk; III. i. 58.

Reckoning, estimation; I. ii. 4.

Reeky, squalid, foul; IV. i. 83.

Remedies; "both our r.," the healing of both of us; II. iii. 51.

Respective, regardful; III. i. 132.

Rest you merry, *i. e.* God rest you merry, God keep you merry; a form of salutation mostly used at parting; I. ii. 65.

Retorts, throws back; III. i. 173.

Ropery, roguery, tricks; (F. 4, *"Roguery"*; (Q. 1), *"rope-ripe"*); II. iv. 161.

Rosemary, a herb used at bridals and burials; IV. v. 79.

Rote; "did read by rote and could not spell," "consisted of phrases learned by heart, but knew nothing of the true characters of Love" (Schmidt); II. iii. 88.

Runagate, vagabond; III. v. 90.

Runaways', (v. Note); III. ii. 6.

Rush'd; "r. aside the law," "with partial eagerness eluded the law"; (Capell conj. and Long MS., *"push'd"*; Collier MS., *"brushd"*); III. iii. 26.

Rushes, the covering of the floors; I. iv. 36.

Sack, destroy; III. iii. 107.

Sadly, seriously; I. i. 213.

Sadness, seriousness; I. i. 205, 208.

Scant, scarcely; I. ii. 104.

Scathe, harm; I. v. 86.

Set abroach, incited, caused; I. i. 113.

Set up my rest, make up my mind, remain; a phrase taken from gaming; V. iii. 110.

Shield; "God s.," God forbid; IV. i. 41.

Shift, change; I. v. 2.

Shrift, confession and consequent absolution; IV. ii. 15.

Shrived, given absolution; II. iv. 203.

Simpleness, folly; ((Q. 1), *"willfulness"*); III. iii. 77.

Simples, medicinal herbs; V. i. 40.

Single-soled, contemptible; II. iv. 74.

Sirrah, a term of address to an inferior; IV. ii. 2.

Sir-reverence, a contraction of *save reverence* (*salvâ reverentiâ*); used apologetically, when referring to something improper; I. iv. 42.

Skains-mates, (?) scapegraces (v. Note); II. iv. 170.

Slip, used with a play upon slip = a counterfeit coin; II. iv. 56.

Slop, large loose breeches; II. iv. 52.

Sober-suited, quietly clad; III. ii. 11.

So ho! a sporting term; II. iv. 143.

Solemnity, celebration of nuptials; IV. v. 61.

Some other where = somewhere else, elsewhere; I. i. 209.

Sometime, sometimes; I. iv. 79.

Soon-speeding, quickly acting, quickly despatching; V. i. 60.

Sort, choose, select; IV. ii. 34.

Sorted out, found out, discovered; III. v. 110.

Spanish blades, Spanish swords; Toledo, in Spain, was famous for the temper of its swords; I. iv. 84.

SPED, despatched, undone; III. i. 98.
SPITE, vexation; II. i. 27.
——, "in s. of me," in defiance, to my mortification; I. i. 88.
SPLEEN, heat, impetuosity; III. i. 166.
SPOKE HIM FAIR, spoke to him with gentle words; III. i. 162.
STARVETH, "looks out hungrily"; V. i. 70.
STATE; "here stands all your s.," "the whole of your fortune depends on this"; III. iii. 166.
STAY, detain; V. iii. 187.
——, linger; III. iii. 148.
——, wait for; II. v. 36.
STAY'D, delayed; V. iii. 251.
STEADS, helps; II. iii. 54.
STILL, always; I. i. 182.
STINT, cease; I. iii. 58.
STOCCATA, a thrust in fencing; [*"Alla stoccata,"* Knight's emendation of Qq., F. 1, *"Alla stucatho"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "Alla-stucatho"; Theobald, Capell, "a la stoccata"*]; III. i. 80.
STRAIGHT, straightway; I. iii. 104.
STRAIN'D, forced; II. iii. 19.
STRAINS, constrains, wrenches; (F. 1, *"streames"*); IV. i. 47.
STRANGE, reserved, distant; II. ii. 101, 102.
——, retiring, unfamiliar; III. ii. 15.
STRATAGEMS, amazing deeds; III. v. 211.
STRUCKEN, struck; I. i. 244.
SUBSTANTIAL (quadrisyllabic); II. ii. 141.
SURCEASE, cease to beat; IV. i. 97.
SWASHING, dashing; (Qq. 2, 3, Ff., *"washing"*); I. i. 71.
SWEETING, a kind of sweet apple; II. iv. 88.
SWEET WATER, perfumed waters; V. iii. 14.
SWOUNDED, swooned; III. ii. 56.

TACKLED STAIR, rope ladder; II. iv. 209.
TAKE ME WITH YOU, let me understand aright; III. v. 142.
TAKE THE WALL, get the better of; (used quibblingly); I. i. 15.
TASSEL-GENTLE, male hawk; II. ii. 160.
TEEN, sorrow; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"teeth"*); I. iii. 13.
TEMPER, mix; III. v. 98.
TENDER, bid, offer; III. iv. 12.
——, hold, regard; III. i. 77.
TETCHY, fretful, peevish; I. iii. 32.
THEE, thyself; V. iii. 3.
THEREWITHAL, with it; V. iii. 289.
THOROUGH, through; II. iv. 16.
THOUGHT, hoped; IV. v. 41.
THOU'S, thou shalt; I. iii. 9.
TIMELESS, untimely; V. iii. 162.
TITAN, the sun-god; II. iii. 4.
TO, as to; II. iii. 92.
TO-NIGHT, last night; I. iv. 50; II. iv. 2.
TOWARDS, at hand; I. v. 126.
TOY, folly, idle fancy; IV. i. 119.
TRENCHER, plate; I. v. 2.
TRIED, proved; IV. iii. 29.
TRUCKLE-BED, a bed running on wheels, to be pushed under another, called a standing-bed; II. i. 39.
TURN THEE, turn thyself round, turn; I. i. 76.
TUTOR, teach; III. i. 33.

UNATTAINTED, sound, impartial; I. ii. 94.

UNBRUISED, unhurt; II. iii. 37.
UNCOMFORTABLE, cheerless, joyless; IV. v. 60.
UNFURNISH'D, unprovided; IV. ii. 10.
UNMANN'D, untrained, (a term of falconry); III. ii. 14.
UNSTUFF'D, not overcharged; II. iii. 37.
UTTERS THEM, causes them to pass from one to another; V. i. 67.

VALIDITY, value; III. iii. 33.
VANISH'D, issued; III. iii. 10.
VANITY, trivial pursuit, vain delight; II. vi. 20.
VERONA STREETS, the streets of Verona; III. i. 96.
VERSAL, universal; II. iv. 227.
VIEW, outward appearance; I. i. 180.
——, sight; I. i. 182.
VISOR, mask; I. v. 24.

WARE, aware; I. i. 123.
WAX; "a man of w.," as pretty as if he had been modeled in wax; I. iii. 76.
WAXES, grows; I. v. 130.
WEEDS, garments; V. i. 39.
WELL SAID, well done; I. v. 90.
WHAT, who; I. v. 116.
——, "what dares," how dare; I. v. 59.
WHO, which; I. i. 121; I. iv. 100.
——, he who; I. i. 139.
WIT, wisdom; I. iv. 49.
——, "sentiments"; I. i. 215.
WITH, by; I. iv. 57.
——, through; V. iii. 50.
WITHAL, with, by it; I. i. 121.
WITHOUT, outside of; III. iii. 17.
WOT, know; III. ii. 139.
WRIT, written; I. iii. 82.
WROUGHT, brought about; III. v. 145.

YET NOT, not yet; II. ii. 58.
YOND, yonder; I. v. 132.

'ZOUNDS, a contraction of "God's wounds"; an oath; (Ff., *"Come"*); III. i. 55.

STUDY QUESTIONS

GENERAL

1. What internal evidence is there to place Romeo and Juliet among the early love-plays?

2. What three chief forms of mediæval poetry are found in the play?

3. What were the sources probably consulted by Shakespeare for the plot?

4. Were there other plays on this theme? Cite literature upon it.

5. What gives the play its striking unity of effect?

6. Analyze the theme. What is the essential philosophy of it? What ethical deductions may be drawn from it?

7. What condition of affairs is punished in the death of the lovers?

8. Why did the deaths of Romeo and Juliet have a more potent effect upon the feud of the houses than the previous sacrifice to it, of Tybalt and Mercutio?

9. Compare Romeo's state of emotion in the case of Rosaline with his love for Juliet.

10. Describe the characters of Romeo and Juliet, and the qualities of their love.

11. What is the climacteric of Juliet's character development?

12. Describe Mercutio. Contrast him with Tybalt. With Benvolio.

13. How is the character of the Nurse valuable as a dramatic contrast for Juliet?

14. Designate the groupings of characters, and the respective parts of each in the dramatic construction. De-

scribe their movements, each through its own principal motive, towards the climax of the central action.

15. What is the individual significance of Friar Laurence in the drama?

16. What does the Prologue set forth?

ACT I

17. What does the first action of the play set forth?

18. What is the attitude of the Prince towards the family feud of the Capulets and Montagues?

19. What persons of the play discuss Romeo and his state of mind? How does the drift of the talk continue when he enters?

20. What does Capulet propose to Paris? What is his project for the evening, in conjunction with this?

21. Why does Benvolio propose to Romeo that he go to the Masque at the house of Capulet?

22. What is the theme of the third scene?

23. Describe the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet.

24. How does Juliet go about to find who Romeo is? What is Romeo's exclamation upon finding who she is?

ACT II

25. What does the Chorus set forth at the beginning of this Act?

26. Where does the opening scene discover Romeo?

27. What have Benvolio and Mercutio to say about him in this scene? What is Romeo's comment, upon overhearing them?

28. Wherein is the especial beauty and the convincing element in the expressions of Romeo and Juliet through the balcony scene? Describe the scene.

29. Describe the introduction of Friar Laurence.

30. What is the nature of his reply and counsel to Romeo?

31. What comment does he make upon Rosaline's view of Romeo's sentiment for her?

32. Why had Tybalt sent a letter to the house of Montague?

33. How does Mercutio set off Tybalt in his description?

34. Describe the encounter of wits when Romeo joins Mercutio and Benvolio in scene iv.

35. What purpose does the entry of the Nurse serve in this scene, for the expedition of Romeo's plans?

36. What constitutes the peculiarly natural element in the dialogue between Juliet and her Nurse when the latter returns with messages from Romeo in scene v?

37. How does the act conclude?

ACT III

38. What tragic occurrences are there in the first scene? What brings them about?

39. What is characteristic in the utterances of Mercutio when he is wounded to the point of death?

40. How does Benvolio explain the occurrences to the Prince?

41. Comment upon Juliet's soliloquy at the beginning of scene ii, and her lines upon hearing the news from her nurse. What is her reproof to her Nurse?

42. Why is it impossible for Romeo to accept the Friar's philosophy calmly, upon hearing the news of his banishment? How is his way of receiving it a key to the very elements of his nature and his love that precipitate the catastrophe?

43. With what reproof and advice does the Friar finally calm him? How does the Nurse serve the predicament at this point?

44. What are Juliet's parents planning for her meanwhile?

45. Describe the parting scene between Romeo and Juliet.

46. What news does Lady Capulet bring to Juliet, and how do she and her husband receive Juliet's refusal of the County Paris?

47. Upon Juliet's realization of the Nurse's character, to what does she awake,—and what does she decide to do?

ACT IV

48. How does the Friar receive the County Paris's news?

49. What advice does the Friar give Juliet in her distress, and what means of escape does he devise for her? How have we been prepared for his knowledge of such means as he suggests?

50. How does she carry out the first part of his advice? How, the latter part? Describe the dramatic development of her lines and action in taking the Friar's drug.

51. Describe the scene of the discovery of the supposedly dead Juliet.

52. What is the dramatic effect of the appended scene of the musicians at the end of this act?

ACT V

53. What is the effect of Romeo's cheerfulness in the opening lines, by contrast with the almost instant sequel of fatality?

54. Where do Romeo's lines express a tragic consciousness of the fatal prepartion of incidents towards a catastrophe?

55. What is the fatality connected with Friar Laurence's letter to Romeo? Does the incident seem inevitable?

56. What passes between the County Paris and Romeo in the churchyard? What impression of Paris does this scene supply?

57. What incidents develop the fatality in scene iii?

58. What does the Friar suggest to Juliet upon her awakening? What is made to occur that takes him away and leaves her alone?

59. What elements are given to the death of the lovers that would have been lost if Juliet had awakened before the poison had had its full effect upon Romeo?

60. What is the value of the concluding scene? What would be the result in the impression left by the drama, if it were omitted?

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